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YALE
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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

VOLUME FOURTEENTH.



NEW HAVEN :

PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.

T. J. STAFFORD, PRINTER.

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VOL. XIV.

No. 1.

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NOVEMBER, 1848.

NEW HAVEN:

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No. 1.

THE TAKING OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

OF the foes with whom the zealous Crusaders had to contend, the chief, and those alone worthy of mention, were the devoted followers of that preposterous but powerful religion, Mohammedanism. They had long held supreme control in the East, and the Holy City, Jerusalem itself, was in their power; and trusting in their strength, they challenged all Christendom, by persecuting, abusing, and insulting the pious pilgrims and palmers who came from distant lands to visit the Holy Sepulchre and other sacred places where once had been the meek and lowly Jesus. But this was not long to be. The haughty Moslems were bringing a dire punishment upon themselves; for those pilgrims who survived to reach their native lands, spread such sad reports of the cruelty and oppression of the insolent Turks, that there arose a feeling of deep-seated hatred and burning indignation against them throughout all Christian Europe.

Thus was the public mind prepared for the Crusades. And now was only needed the hand to fire the train already arranged. At length came Peter the Hermit, whom Gibbon calls "the accomplished fanatic," a man of forbidding aspect, but possessed of a gigantic genius, and of wondrous mental power; who had himself suffered insult and injury from the Turks, and was filled with the deepest hatred of them, and the most fervent zeal for the Christian faith. He first supplicated the pious Pope Urban Second to arouse the Western Kings to the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre from its impious possessors. Unsuccessful in this, he himself went throughout Europe, and by his burning eloquence and impassioned addresses roused the people of all Christian nations to buckle on their armor in defence of their holy religion. The standard of the cross was raised, and forthwith thousands and tens of thousands rallied around it, pledging themselves to protect it or die.

An army was soon organized and equipped, which contained the flower of European chivalry, while it startled the world by its immensity. Seven hundred thousand men, from every rank in life, marched forth to do battle in a glorious and holy cause, most of whom

were about to whiten with their bones the sandy and barren plains of Palestine and Arabia. This vast army was commanded by Godfrey de Bouillon, as noble, high-souled, and pious a Knight, as ever wore with honor his golden spurs. Under him were other illustrious and noble-born leaders, second only to him in valor and renown. Forth marched the mighty host, and the earth shook beneath the measured tread of the infantry and cavalry, all glittering with gold and gorgeous with the panoply of war.

The great wave of Christian warriors rolled on, bearing all before it. Victory attended their powerful arms, and, one after the other, Nice, Tarsus, Antioch, Edessa, and other cities, surrendered to them, though dearly were their conquests bought, for the pure life blood of thousands freely flowed, and the ground was strewn with the bones of illustrious dead.

At length the Holy City was reached; but of the seven hundred thousand warriors who had set out joyously from the broad fields of Europe, there remained but twenty-two thousand men fit for service. Contrary to their expectations, the country about Jerusalem was found barren and devoid of water, and to add to their dangers, there were sixty thousand armed men within the walls of the city. Still those high-minded and devoted warriors, each one a host in himself, well assured of the justice and righteousness of the sacred cause, were not at all daunted by these fearful and unexpected difficulties; their ardor was undiminished, their courage was increased, and when they first saw the spires, the mosques and minarets of the Holy City, glittering in the rays of the sun, such a shout rose from the whole line of march, as startled the heavens themselves, and sent terror into the hearts of their enemies.

On the 9th of June, 1099, the Christian army encamped before the walls of the city, and the siege was regularly commenced. The Moslems having burned all the timber about the city, there were no materials for building battering rams and moveable towers, and for five days the siege progressed but slowly; at last, on the fifth day, the Christians, led on by the valiant Godfrey, made a furious assault. Amid showers of opposing weapons, the courageous Knights and Squires rushed to the attack; the famous war-cry, "*Deus vult!*"—"God wills it!" rose above the clangor of battle, and the noble soldiers of the cross burst through the first barriers and attempted to scale the walls. But here most grievously was felt the want of proper engines of war. Unable to proceed farther without these aids, the valiant warriors, despite their supernatural efforts to press on to victory, despite their inspiring war-cry, which rose on every lip, were compelled to retreat to their camps, and mourn over the shame which had dimmed for a time the glorious banner of the cross, and over the companions who had fallen, fighting bravely for the holy cause.

And now there was a short season of anguish and suffering, and of agony unutterable. Starvation, with all its horrors, began to stare the little army in the face; and with it came the direful pangs of a thirst which could not be quenched. In vain they searched throughout all

the deep and rocky ravines which traversed the country, for those gushing springs of water that could appease their intolerable thirst ; at length, in despair, they dug deep pits, and pressed to their parched lips and swollen, cracked tongues, the cold, damp clods of earth. Yet all these terrible sufferings they bore nobly, feeling confident that ultimate success awaited them.

Day after day rolled by ; dangers and difficulties gathered about the Christian army, until it seemed fated to meet with destruction ; but in the meanwhile, through the great efforts of Count Godfrey, and of Raymond of Toulouse, his brave companion in arms, timbers had been procured, with infinite labor, from a distance, and by the aid of some Genoese mariners, two huge moveable towers were constructed, with draw-bridges to stretch from their tops to the battlements. These they rolled nigh unto the walls of the besieged city ; and on the morning of July 15th, when the rising sun scattered his golden rays over the wide-spread earth, the astonished Moslems beheld these mighty engines, filled with chosen warriors, fierce for the conflict, and eager to take vengeance upon their cruel foes. The noble Godfrey, taking his post as an archer, commanded one tower, and the brave Raymond the other, both determined to do desperate deeds of valor, to conquer or die for their religion and their honor.

Soon the battle commenced, and long was the result doubtful. Darts and arrows, and missiles of every sort, darkened the air, while ever and anon a burning brand marked its course by a line of fire ; and above all the clash of arms, were heard the terrible battle cries. At length fortune appeared to favor the sacrilegious Moslems, for Raymond's tower took fire and was burned to ashes. The Turks sent up an exulting shout, and for a time the Christian cause seemed lost. Still Godfrey's tower remained firm and unharmed, and still the battle raged more fiercely than before. " But at the hour," says an ancient chronicler, " when the Saviour of the world gave up the ghost, a warrior named Letolde, who fought in Godfrey's tower, leaped the first upon the ramparts. He was followed by Guicher—the Guicher who had vanquished a lion ; Godfrey was the third, and all the other Knights rushed after their chief. Throwing aside their bows and arrows, they now drew their swords, at sight of which the enemy abandoned the walls and ran down into the city, whither the soldiers of Christ, with loud shouts, pursued them."

And now the warriors, flushed with victory and maddened by the thought of the cruel sufferings they had endured, made indiscriminate slaughter. To none was quarter given ; no respect was paid to age, condition, or sex, but all alike were slain ; shrieks, groans, and heart-rending cries, formed the horrible music that greeted the conquerors ; the streets flowed with blood, and dead bodies blocked up the way. The scene was terrible ; at last, the victors having taken sufficient vengeance, and being struck with horror at the devastation they themselves had caused, sheathed their blood-stained swords, and desisted from farther slaughter. Thus alone was sullied the victory so bravely won.

The city conquered, the religious feelings of the warriors again resumed their sway, soothing and repressing their fierce passions; and in solemn procession they marched, with pious looks and altered demeanor, to the Holy Sepulchre. Kneeling on the hallowed ground, all bowed their heads in awe and reverence; a deep silence fell upon the multitude; no sound, not even a whispered prayer, disturbed the solemn stillness; when suddenly a strain of sweet, soft music broke in upon the profound quiet; and then the sublime *Te Deum*, rendered doubly impressive by the time and place, was chaunted by a thousand voices; and while the swelling tones ascended to heaven, there arose with them, as grateful swelling, the heartfelt praises and repentant cries of the pious Crusaders.

Thus was conquered the Holy City; thus, in one day, were the valiant Knights and bold warriors rewarded for their long continued sufferings and marvelous labors; for the same sun whose morning rays gilded the crescents of the Moslems most gorgeously, cast his last smiling glances upon the sacred banner of the cross, as it waved proudly over the battlements of the redeemed city.

SKETCHES OF VACATION.

"La jeunesse est une ivresse continuelle: c'est la fièvre de la raison."—*Reflexions Morales*.
ROCHEFOUCAULD.

"THERE'S a famous fabled country," so runs the song, far away towards the rising sun, greatly renowned as the abode of the fast disappearing spirit of original yankeeism. Partaking somewhat of the nature of fairy-land, it is best contemplated at a distance. Any attempt at approach only causes it to recede, and like the spectre-creation of Frankenstein, it mocks its pursuer with the tantalizing hope of reaching it, until it draws him into a strange country, strangely inhabited. Reader, have you ever, when animated by a roving spirit, attempted to explore the *terra incognita* that lies away down east? If not, rest assured you have lost much that would have arrested your attention, excited your curiosity, and delighted your imagination. You would have found—perhaps upon the borders of that shadowy land—a healthful climate, a curious, yet kind people, wild and beautiful rivers, lakes broad and deep, sleeping amid lofty and picturesque mountains; and you might easily have fancied that at times you stood beneath the shade of the primitive forest, where the wildness of nature was its beauty and glory.

Well, then, reader, taking it for granted that you are as yet a stranger to this wonderful land, and hoping also that you are one of that class of honest dreamers who are willing to abstract themselves at times from the realities of the Present, for a quiet ramble into that happy land lighted by the "moonlight of memory," let me ask of you to follow me a little while, as I endeavor to place before you a few

sketches of life, drawn from among the woods and lakes, far, far away towards the borders of that undiscovered country I have already mentioned.

By a reference to any common school map of the Eastern States, it will be seen that around the source of the Androscoggin river, forming it indeed, cluster quite a number of small lakes—small when compared with those inland western seas, but still of sufficient magnitude to claim designation upon every ordinary map. Three of these, the infliction of whose hard Indian names shall be spared you, reader, at present, form the scene of my narrative, or whatever you may choose to call it. Situated near the State line between Maine and New Hampshire, they are surrounded by the dense forests of the one and the granite hills of the other. The heart of the American, as he wanders among them, will throb with deep emotion, viewing here, as he may, a varied magnificence of scenery that no country in the world can surpass. Hardly a single point can be taken in any of them, but that the wildest and most glowing forms of natural beauty meet the eye. Every variety of landscape, tinted with a thousand hues, surrounds the beholder; while light and color, shadow and sunlight, seemed poured upon those deep solitudes in richness and glory.

It is a mistaken, although commonly received idea, that the scenery of the northeastern part of New England is of a desolate, solitary character; its northern climate and the intense cold of its winters combine to give this impression. We readily associate whatever in the natural world is full of loveliness, with the warm and genial character of a southern climate; all the while forgetful that Nature, when she discloses herself amid the beauties of the North, is wont to free herself from all glaring and fantastic coloring, that she may gain homage to her chaste and severer beauties.

The traveler, in the country I am attempting to describe, will, during the summer months, be exceedingly delighted with the many unthought-of beauties that are constantly meeting his gaze. The scenery is in itself exceedingly diversified; while at one time it would seem as if he was wandering among mountains that appear to usurp the whole face of the country; but a short lapse of time may present to him the sight of some dashing river, whose banks for miles exhibit portions of rich and fertile country, level as the western prairie, and blooming with every description of flower and fruit. These 'intervals,' as they are termed by the settlers, present striking contrasts to the bold rough hills by which they are skirted; and hardly a more beautiful picture could be described, than that which meets the eye, when from some elevated position it traces their various windings through the hills, catching here and there glimpses of them, sufficient to tell their direction, by the flashing of the waters borne in their midst.

The landscape is also relieved by the almost constant succession of lakes, varying in size and the character of scenery, which seem thrown in to fill out the parts of a perfect whole. And then, too, the forest, upon which the constant activity of the lumber-men seems to have made no impression, richly colored with every variety of foliage, now

so dense that hardly a sunbeam struggles through, again free and open where the stately pine and the monarch oak, standing alone, seem to brave the tempest.

Such is our own New England; wild it may be, but never desolate; and to him who loves the woods, lakes, mountains, and rivers, nowhere can he find nature better modeled to the humor of his mind. And now, as I have made somewhat of an introduction to my narrative, in order that we not stare you too blankly in the face, permit me, reader, to bring you at once '*in medias res*,' and to introduce to your notice, with but little formality, an old friend of mine—

UMBAGOG.

A clear, warm, September day, a bright, cloudless sky, towards the evening time, an easy conscience, a light heart, and plenty of tobacco: such were the immediate circumstances under which I found myself, not long ago, looking out, in a happy reverie, upon the calm, blue waters of the Umbagog lake. To all these good gifts, which it pleased God to shower upon me, I must add another, not that it was forgotten in the foregoing enumeration, but because it deserves mention by itself. Behold it, then, in the particular providence that gave me as a companion the mighty fisherman, Piscator. A mind keenly alive to every thing beautiful and glorious, whether found in a sunset such as we have seen together, or in a woman, perhaps nearer to perfection; a body careless of fatigue, a soul full of fun and humor, loving danger for danger's sake; imagine all this, and much beside, that goes to constitute the perfect man, and then, reader, you may conceive something of him at whose instigation I had broken the trammels of sloth and now stood with him alone in the wilderness. Alone, did I say? By no means, for I would not forget him who was the guide of our wanderings—*honest* Joe York—prince among knaves and thieves, most bungling of pathfinders, most hardened of liars, most excellent counterfeiter, and most genuine rascal; best fitted for a pack-horse, as a carrier of honest folks' burdens through the woods, as a game-bearer, fish-cleaner. 'Thou and thy mongrel breed of beggars were stains upon the simple and kind people around thee. But for thee, we would have roamed about those fine old woods, believing that every thing around us was as pure as the air we breathed. So thou shalt not be forgotten, but mentioned, that future wanderers, perhaps, may learn to avoid thee as a pestilence—thy foul home as a viper's nest.

Thus have I given you, reader, a slight inkling of the circumstances under which we made our first acquaintance with the lake called—not unmusically, I think—Umbagog. Now, if it be your pleasure, I will attempt some description of our first view of the lake proper. We had traveled all the morning throughout an almost continuous forest, where hardly a running stream had crossed our path; when, at last, when well nigh worn out, the broad, magnificent prospect of the lakes broke upon us. As we ascended a long hill, the forest was gradually left behind, and before us, at a distance of about two miles, nestling among the hills and woods, reposed the dark waters of the much longed for lake.

Having quickly made a deposit of our luggage, we turned to revel in the view. Over the whole scene was thrown the soft and dreamy hue of a summer's afternoon, which, blended with an atmosphere ordinarily remarkably pure, gave to the landscape the semblance of those we may imagine the Italian gazes on.

Luckily, we were high enough up to command a considerable prospect, and a better point of view could hardly have been selected. Everywhere around us, as far as the eye could reach, rose the mountain peaks, that seemed scattered carelessly over the landscape, while, immediately beyond the lake, rose, range after range, a continuous succession of hills, each growing, as the distance increased, softer and more shadowy, until the outermost of all stood in simple blue outline against the sky. The surface of the lake, owing to the shadows of the mountains, appeared dark and sombre, while here and there, to the eastward, you might have caught occasional glimpses of its waters, shining and sparkling in the rays that reached them through some sudden opening in the surrounding hills.

I can hardly believe that the lapse of time will blot out that glorious scene from my memory. The deep hush of nature, the setting sun slowly sinking behind the furthest mountains, lighting up the more elevated parts of the landscape; the deep blue over head, while around the western horizon a flood of light shed itself upon the sky; and the lake itself, dark and quiet, seemed an emerald set in gold; as if the hues and coloring of some almost forgotten picture, whose image yet lingers on the mind, had been spread out, living, breathing, upon the canvas of the Eternal.

Presto. The scene changes to the morning of the following day, when at sunrise we pushed our "light shallop from the shore," and, bending manfully to the 'ash,' shot out from the wood-covered bank, upon the broad, placid surface of the lake. A word or two about the boat that now bore 'Cæsar and his fortunes.' I am afraid I slandered it fearfully by calling it light.

The only method of conveyance upon those solitary waters is by a few rough specimens of naval architecture, designed and fashioned by the settlers, after models of their own, and are about as ugly and uncouth as their makers. The one that had the honor of bearing the distinguished trio, Piscator, his friend, and the guide, was indeed a caricature upon all other boats, from Noah's ark down. A few planks, roughly hewn and spiked together, long and deep, of great beam, and only fitted for two oars, without rudder or a rag of sail; such were some of the particulars of the barge which we had the pleasant prospect in view of pulling many a weary mile, through deep and shallow, over mud and rapids, and perhaps of carrying through the woods, the Lord only knows how far.

However, with stout hearts we stowed our plunder away in the bows, comprising ten days' provision of bread and pork for the woods, the knapsack, creel, rifle, fishing-rods and axe; then establishing Joe at the 'stroke,' Piscator at the bow-oar, his friend at the helm, behold us—started, knight-errant like, to run a tilt against the world, as we

found it before us in the woods. We had every prospect of a fair day. The sky was cloudless, and the sun just making its way up through the woods that covered the eastern bank, caused shreds and patches of sunlight to fall, streaming across our pathway, as with steady pull shot by the shore. The helmsman was weather-prophet enough confidently to predict a strong wind ahead, and come it did, soon enough. Keeping in close with the windward shore, and occasionally doubling, around the promontories and islands, we made good headway, re- turning a sharp point, there lay before us a long stretch of some ten miles, pulling dead to windward in the face of it. Taking a spell after a long pull at the 'Invigorator,' the science that owed its perfection to the long sweep of the 'Augusta' and her matchless crew, soon told upon the distance. And what mattered the wind? did it not cool the hot brow and strengthen the weary arm? And what was the hindrance, when days and weeks were before us, and the light heart revelled in hope and freedom?—

The character of the neighboring scenery changed almost with every stroke of our oars. True, there was the same blue sky overhead, the same deeply colored woods around us; but form and shape continually varied. At one time we would seem to float upon some inland sea, the tall grass waving upon its marshy shores, its waves mimicking as it were the tossing of those upon the mightier deep. At another, we shot quietly along the dark surface of the water, when, narrowing in between the mountains, the sunlight reached us not, and the wind seemed scarcely to ruffle up a single wave. Now, some island would start up, magic-like, at our very side, while sharp and jutting promontories would change into sweeping bays, and rivers would come dashing under the old branches, leaping and flashing in the sunlight, to pour themselves into the lake. Now, the woods ahead assumed curious and fantastic forms; and again, as we shot swiftly by, new shapes would arise from their retreat.

The remarkable purity of the atmosphere brought the far-off mountains sensibly before our view; and frequently, as we neared some sheltering island, we lay awhile upon our oars in mute wonder at the glorious panorama that was mirrored faithfully in the clear blue waters by our side, thinking truly enough that we had wandered into a northern Elysium.

It was, indeed, a glorious superstition that placed beneath the sea-wave and in the caverns of the deep the stern sea-god and the host of his attendants, watching the rolling of the ocean and ruling the storms. So is it a beautiful fancy that creates strange and holiest forms of ideal life beneath the laughing waters of these gem-like lakes, mingling the genius of the mountain with the spirit of the waters, and teaching the waves to "sound their hollow music" in proper harmony upon the air. Perhaps, Piscator, some brighter spirit of those deep crystal waters watched over us as we floated along, laughing when we were joyful, cheering our toil, welcoming us as strangers into Fairy-land.

Thanks to the beauty of the climate, the freshness of mountain air, and the *Invigorator*, uncorked occasionally for adding a spiritual to the

dry. natural beauties of the scene, our row of fourteen miles was rendered
mug] a lightsome task, and quickly the broad besom of the lake is left, and
s turning a sharp point in the shore, we entered upon the river that con-
nects the Umbagog with the upper lakes. For some distance here the
river is exceedingly rapid, and dashing along in its narrow bed, under
we the branches of the old oaks and pines, its waters grow dark in the oc-
casional eddies, while all around the surface is crested with foam.
post Here, in spots easily discernible to the eye of the sportsman, the beau-
tiful trout love to cluster, seeking the 'cooler waters of the running
stream. And now, while Piscator sends the 'fly,' in many a graceful
curve, circling above his head, and then dropping the long line from
the whip-like pole into the silent and sombre depths, his friend, re-
leased from the "bondage of the oar," stretched at length upon the
thwart, sends also circling and waving above his head, up among the
gray and stricken branches of the overhanging pine, a cloud, from a
pure 'Sylvia' that had wandered from its brethren at 'Gorham's,' to
breathe its sweetness upon the wilderness. Ye gods! what must the
genii of those old forest trees have imagined when first the incense of
the true Havana floated around them!

What! no luck, Piscator? Well, my pipe is out, so "all aboard,"
and following the winding river, up under causeways the work of nature
only, now skimming over some smooth bay, unbroken by a ripple, and
again driving our unmanageable barge through swift and foaming rapids,
until, finding it impossible to proceed further by water, we concluded
to 'camp' for the night, and on the ensuing day strike through the
woods for the upper lakes. So, leaving the boat, let us glance at the
life of the woodsman.

THE CAMP FIRE.

Wood and water in abundance are the only requisites for a location
in the forest. God knows we were well supplied. Fortunately, the
provision of former wanderers had left tenable quite a respectable camp;
a few words will suffice to acquaint the unsophisticated reader with
its 'materiel.' Two upright posts, about eight feet apart, from whose
top, sloping to the ground at a small angle, a few saplings supported a
birch bark roof; a bed strewn from the young branches of the fir; a
fire, whose dimensions would have astonished the coal-warmed in-
habitants of the city, blazing and crackling in front; such was the camp,
which after a day's work and excitement, looked far more inviting for
a night's rest, than many a softer couch under a shingled roof. With-
in but a few feet of us swept the beautiful Androscoggin, tearing along
over its stony bed, its waves shining and sparkling in the rays of the
setting sun; while far up above us is seen Piscator, standing, unmin-
dful of the torrent, in the middle of the stream, ever and anon draw-
ing from out its raging waters the golden-spotted trout, whose fair pro-
portions would have kindled an epicurean passion in the breast of an
anchorite. Soon the axe has ceased ringing in the woods, and, seated
around the fire, three hungry and weary mortals eat and thank Provi-
dence for its gifts.

I know of no more delightful feeling than that which comes stealing over one, when, after a day's work in the woods, he seats himself by his camp fire at the close of day, and after a hearty meal from the sides of some noble trout, coupled with the sweet bread of the settlements, washed down with a sip of good cogniac, he lights his pipe filled with fragrant Kanastre, and sends the smoke wreathing in blue volume upon the air.

Seated, Indian-like, around our council fire, we listened, till the shades of night closed around us, to the quaint stories of the guide, of what mishaps befell the early settlers in these wilds, of strange denizens of the forest, rough border men, and their adventures when the Indian was unbroken by whiskey, and the deer roved fearless of the white man's rifle. And when at length the night shut in upon us, and we heaped the fire for the last time, strange feelings came over us,—alone in the wilderness, the roaring of the rapids the only sound that broke the deep silence, save when in fitful spells the night wind sounded a dirge-like melody among the old branches of the forest trees, around us the tall and bare pines shooting up amid the more graceful but sombre foliage of the oak and maple, and above all the sky,

“So darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,”

and from the stars a pale light would come through the gnarled branches of the oaks that covered us. Again, around us the woods assumed strange and fantastic images, and easily might you have fancied that you heard the sound of fairy voices, and caught a glance of weird shapes darting among the thick covert and mingling in the air. But sweet to weary limbs was the bed of the bracken and the fir; and perhaps fairies sang to us as we slept, and kept the night dews from harming us; for the morning bright and clear found us unhurt by forest elves, ready for the action and labor of another day in the woods.

But here, while my pen is running at random, a gentle jog reminds me that already I have usurped more than sufficient of the pages of *Maga*. So, kind reader, I bid thee *au revoir*, and hope again to lead thee among the woods and lakes, to catch glimpses here and there of nature in her most glorious forms.

P.

CHANSON D'AMOUR.

None to love, and none to love me,
None to know my wild desires;
Nought but lowering clouds above me,
Lighted up by passion's fires.

Night and storm are gathering o'er me,
Round me sweep the pelting rains;

While the future, dark before me,
Hides its pleasures—not its pains.

Still upon my night of sadness
Oft are stealing moonlight beams;
Memories of former gladness,
Like the memory of dreams.

Swift and swifter still retreating,
Coming only to depart;
Dreams can never check the beating
Of my bruised and broken heart.

Crushed and sad, I wander lonely
Through a desert long and lone;
While my spirit searcheth only
For a spirit like its own.

Give me love, the soul of pleasure,
Life is death devoid of love;
Give me love, the purest treasure
Which the angels own above.

HYDROPHOBIA.

"Ties we weave we soon must sever—
Such is fate;
And the heart is left forever
Desolate."

ANON.

"Long, long has been their rest!
In dreamless slumber do they repose
In Death's dark valley, where no wild wind blows
Above each tranquil breast."

R. E. CRANSTON.

FEAR of water—God's greatest blessing turned into an absolute curse—the little fountain-drop an object of abhorrence and disgust—Death approaching in the midst of merciless torture! How terrible the disease!

There seems to be no assignable limits to the advancement of medical science. Maladies, which a century ago would have borne off their doomed victims without a struggle, are now met and baffled by the boldness and skill of modern art. A fortunate discovery has barred the progress of one disease, which in other days raged unconquered, marring the face and form of its victims, and dreaded as the disgusting herald of danger and death. Surgery has disclosed a remedy for another, and, by removing a diseased lens from the eye, has given the blind man sight, and torn away the veil which shut out nature from his view. And, within the last few years, we have seen added to the

resources of the surgeon, a powerful agent, which annihilates pain—which makes men insensible to the torture of the turnkey, the sharp anguish of the knife, and the hideous grating of the saw.

And not only has an advance been made in the management of specific diseases, but new *systems* of medical treatment have been formed, based upon widely different principles, and each collecting around itself a multitude of zealous and able advocates. Thus, one class of practitioners maintain the efficacy of simple vegetable preparations, and pass their lives in Botanic researches. Another class base their system upon the assertion that such remedies should be used to eradicate a given disease as would, if applied to a person in health, produce that or a similar malady—*similia similibus curantur*—and turn their attention rather to the remote than the proximate causes of disease. A third class, whose practice and reputation are rapidly extending, make *water* the sovereign remedy for all diseases, and take the chilled limbs and feverish brow to the same fountain of health. And yet a fourth class advocate and practice the system of Hippocrates, which has existed in various forms for more than twenty centuries, and which more than any other system has won the confidence and approval of the public.

But notwithstanding these changes—this rapid and continual advance in the arts of Medicine and Surgery—diseases exist unconquered and unconquerable—driving their poisoned weapons into the hearts of men with an energy that no human shield can successfully oppose—their voice the tolling bell—their breath the deadly Pestilence. And as years roll on in rapid and restless flight, these terrible foes pursue their relentless warfare—cutting down with remorseless hand the old and the young, the oak and the flowret, and placing side by side, 'neath the drooping willow, the fair young brow with its raven tresses, and the wrinkled forehead with its locks of snow.

There is a flush on the maiden's cheek, warm as the sunbeam's glow, but it is neither the blush of modesty, nor the high coloring of health. Beneath her heaving bosom lies concealed the conqueror Death: in the wild lustrous gleam of her troubled eye, you may read the evidence of his approach. Paler becomes her brow, but on her cheek still burns that deceitful flush. Alas! it is but the funeral torch with which *Consumption* lights his victim to the grave. Vain the Physician's art—vain the boundless resources of human skill—vain the tears and prayers of friends! A few short days and the funeral train sweeps by, the funeral prayer is said, and the willow waves over another tomb!

Death in the crowded city! From the icy north sweeps down the fearful Pestilence, and the hollow rumbling of its phantom car is heard in the streets at midnight. On! through the Russian realm of snow and ice, the conqueror drives—on! 'mid the rustling vines and joyous peasantry of France—over the beetling cliffs and thronged cities of England—on! over the stormy ocean, fearless of rolling surge and billow—on! through the bustling masses of this western world, that fearful chariot rolls, and "corpses choke the streets." Of what avail the slender energies of man, when the hand of God is lifted in wrath!

what power, save that Omnipotence which guides the whirlwind and controls the storm, can check the murderous march of the *Cholera*!

I have mentioned two diseases against whose ravages human skill is powerless. There is a third, more mysterious, more certain, more terrible. The teeth of a rabid dog meet in the victim's flesh. The subtle poison, infused into the wound, leaps rapidly along the veins, mingling itself with the purple tide of life, and corrupting the very fountains of health. Days and weeks roll by ere Death approaches to claim his prey, but when he does appear, he comes not in the guise of a gentle messenger sent from Heaven to bear the spirit to its native home, but in robes of wrath, bearing about him the direst instruments of torture, and severing the silver cords of life in the feverish moments of delirium. A burning thirst seizes the sufferer, but how alleviate his anguish! Bring him water? You but increase his agony. He shrinks from its glassy surface with horror, his whole frame quivers like the trembling of a leaf before the autumnal storm. Fearfully bright is the gleam of his restless eye, and terrible the paroxysm when Life and Death struggle for the mastery. Need I say on which side rests the victory!

An examination into the remote causes of Hydrophobia might be interesting, but, I am persuaded, would be attended with no fixed and certain result. I am not aware that any satisfactory explanation of the *rabies* as it exists in the dog, the wolf and one or two other animals, has as yet been given. That the poison which produces such fearful effects, when introduced into the human system, is contained in the saliva of the rabid brute, is perhaps unquestionable; but the sources from which the poison springs, the exact nature of the disease which transforms a healthful and necessary secretion into a virulent poison, are points as yet unexplained, and which in all probability will forever remain so. The supposition has been hazarded more than once that hunger is the cause from which *rabies* results, but experiment has shown the fallacy of such an explanation. Other causes have been assigned, and afterwards abandoned, so that we are now as far from the discovery of the real cause as ever. The phenomena of Hydrophobia as exhibited in the brute may be frequently and carefully observed, but the cause of the disease itself is one of those mysteries with which the mind has ever vainly struggled—a secret which the ingenuity and wisdom of posterity may read, but which is sealed to us.

But though we know not the cause, may we not find a remedy for this mysterious disease? I have heard of but one which has reason in its favor, and which has generally proved successful—a remedy however which is painful in the extreme, and which requires on the part of the patient courage and energy. That remedy is *Cautery*. The application of iron heated to a red, or better still, to a white heat, to the wound inflicted by the rabid animal, will in almost every case prevent the poison from extending its pernicious influence, and thus stay the progress of the disease. But this remedy, to be efficacious, must be applied immediately, or at least within the space of ten or

twelve hours. Longer delay than this is fatal, and finds the poison distributed through the system, and doing its terrible work despite the power of medicine. One other remedy I may mention which, if applied instantaneously, is perhaps equally efficacious. I mean that of sucking the poison from the wound; an operation which may be performed with perfect safety, for the venom which destroys life, when mingled with the blood, is perfectly harmless, when taken into the stomach. A remedy for the disease, after it has revealed its existence by apparent symptoms, has not as yet been found. Suffered to proceed thus far, it invariably ends in Death.

I have made these remarks as introductory to a melancholy circumstance which I have concluded to relate, though with many misgivings as to the result. My readers will perhaps turn from the recital with impatience, and wonder why I have chosen to weave a thread of sorrow into the fabric designed only for their amusement. But they must remember that life is not *all* sunshine, and that stern fate may ere long force from them the emotion from which they now shrink almost with horror. They must remember too that they have lessons to learn in this world—lessons in the school of sorrow as well as in that of joy—and that they have sympathies to be cultivated, kindler feelings to be drawn out and developed, which, were life all happiness, would be dormant and inactive. To those then, who are not afraid to look truth in the face, and are disposed to draw valuable instructions, as well from the woes as the pleasures of life, I commend the incidents which I am about to record.

What scene can be imagined or invented more beautiful than a child playing among flowers! There is the grace and pliancy of muscular action, the winning loveliness of personal beauty, and, above all, the ennobling influence of an artless and innocent soul, each and all displaying themselves amid a throng of nature's most lovely creations. There is something in the movements of a child, in the rich tones of its eager and joyous laugh, in its playful questionings and changeable moods, that excites a current of warm and generous thought in every breast susceptible of gentle emotions. Its very helplessness, its entire dependence upon others for life and health and happiness, is perhaps one source from which these emotions spring, and degraded human nature can give no more conclusive and convincing proof of complete and abandoned heartlessness, of refined and concentrated villainy, than by inflicting cruelties upon a child. Children are to the world of humanity what flowers are to the physical world. The landscape may be adorned with the tall and stately oak, the unfading evergreen, and whole fields of golden grain, but unless the flowers are there—peering out from their beds of moss or crevices in the rock, softening and beautifying the scene, we feel as if something were wanting, as if the absence of a feature necessary to the landscape had marred its beauty and symmetry. And in the great world of mental and moral life, though we may find at every turn men of powerful and stately intellects, and women of proud and peerless beauty, yet we cannot spare, as accessories to the scene, the thousand and varying graces of childhood.

I spoke of a child playing among flowers, and pronounced it a beautiful scene, and surely, had you, dear reader, stood in the window whence the venerable Judge C—— was watching the infantile sports of his joyous granddaughter, you would have instantly acknowledged the truthfulness of my remark. The "little Lillian," as she was familiarly called—for she was the pet of the whole neighborhood—had passed her fourth summer, acquiring and exhibiting every day some new beauty to charm her parents, some new trait of character to win the praise and admiration of her doting grandfather. She was an only child—sylph-like in form, graceful in every movement, and blending in her features the high brow and brilliant eye of her father, with the full cheek and scarlet lip of her mother. Parent and grandparents seemed to live only for her; their watchful eyes guarded her footsteps with ceaseless and sleepless care; their almost doting fondness surrounded her with everything that could contribute to her comfort and happiness, everything that could make life more pleasant—existence more enchanting.

She was playing among the flowers. A wreath of roses, entwined amid her light and wavy ringlets, lent a deeper flush to her cheek, already reddened with the healthful glow of exercise. A handful of violets lay crushed and broken at her feet, filling the air with their fragrance, thus teaching proud man the sublime lesson of the gospel—to return good for ill. Who could read, in this scene of simplicity and beautiful innocence, the fearful destiny whose fulfillment had already commenced! Yet thus it ever is. Mankind stand ever upon the brink of a fearful precipice—sporting with their destiny—defying Death even while the ground on which they stand is falling from beneath their feet. The happiest hours of life are often the preludes of sorrow and suffering—like the burning train of a rocket, or the flashing of a meteor, brilliant, but O! how brief! There is a winged spirit ever near us—invisible—and often unsuspected—who holds in his hands the threads of destiny—who scorns a prayer and laughs at a curse—and whose errand is one of fearful import—emanating from the court of Heaven. That spirit is Fate. Aye! and his mission is to the poor as well as to the rich, to the young as well as to the old.

Fate stood by the side of Lillian as she sported among the flowers! Wearied with play, she forsook her garden treasures, and ran merrily and fondly to her kind old grandfather, and clambered upon his knees. The venerable man bent his head to her's, until his silvery locks were mingled with her silken tresses, and, with gay fondness, imprinted a kiss upon her cheek. Youth and age—the very extremes of human life—were met together. The child—living in a world of summer and sunshine, fearless because ignorant of the future, deeming every thing around her as gay and guiltless as herself, and already filling the broad fields of coming years with fairy temples and palaces, with a thousand sources of amusement and pleasure, and the old man, pausing upon the extreme boundary of life—looking back upon years of care and toil—upon visions vanished and hopes forever flown—and almost trembling as he looked into Lillian's eyes, and reflected upon the sorrows before

her, upon the dangers which would beset her path, upon the snares which would meet her at every turn—these two, so different in every thing save that which is common to humanity, the viewless influence of love had drawn together in an almost indissoluble union—a union of sympathy and affection. But why looks Lillian so earnestly into the old man's face? What request is she urging with the innocent warmth and pertinacity of childhood? She asks the fulfillment of a promise long since made and often repeated; a promise which she has remembered well, and upon which she has based many a vision of future pleasure. Her grandfather had promised her a present, and, for a whole week, the child had been expecting its appearance, and tormenting him with earnest and varying inquiries. He looked into her earnest eyes with a mischievous glance as she pressed her petition, and, reaching forth his hand to the bell cord, summoned a servant, and ordered him to bring Lillian's present. The little creature's eyes fairly danced with joy, and she almost smothered her benefactor with thanks and caresses. A moment after, the door swung open, and in bounded a beautiful Newfoundland dog—capering clumsily around the room in the enjoyment of newly acquired freedom, and pushing his head into his mistress' face as if they were the best of friends.

The child, with the natural timidity of her age, at first drew back affrighted, and clung to her grandfather for protection, but, gaining courage as she saw the folly of her fears, she ventured to place her little hand upon the animal's head, and to call him by his name. Carlo was evidently pleased with this mark of attention, and showed his satisfaction in a thousand ways. He was a beautiful animal—symmetrically built—with long black hair, and a sagacious look in which one could almost observe evidences of mind. Henceforth he was the "little Lillian's" constant companion, gamboling by her side as she strolled through the garden, coiling himself at her feet when she sat down within doors—her chosen favorite—her incorruptible guardian. Indeed, his fondness for the child almost savored of human love, so watchful seemed he for his mistress' welfare, so pleased when she praised him, and patted his rough cheek. At night, he would even coil himself up in front of her chamber door, and remain a watchful sentinel during the hours of darkness, but when the morning sun was up, and Lillian came forth from slumber, her frame refreshed and elastic, the dog first greeted her upon the threshold with many a low bark and sportive bound, and would remain by her side during the whole day. Ah! they were spoiled creatures—Lillian and her dog—and many were the broken flowers, and torn shrubs, and trampled plants for whose destruction they were called to answer.

Time rolled on. The summer months flew by, and took with them the gala dresses of the garden flowers. The leaves began to fall, and Autumn with her treasures of fruit and grain, her cool winds and clouded skies, took possession of her throne. All nature seemed tending to a momentary death, and Lillian was doomed to vanish with the flowers.

One sunny afternoon the little maiden sat in the porch before the door, watching the passers-by, while the dog played among the leafless

tubs, whose foliage had fled at the approach of the coming winter. There was something singular in the animal's conduct. Usually so fond of his bright haired mistress, he now seemed to avoid her notice, and when he called him he appeared sullen and irritable. His eyes, formerly so mild and kind, had now become red, and shone with a wild, unnatural light. He seemed to have lost all control over the muscles of the throat and jaw, for the latter hung loosely down, or was closed suddenly with a convulsive movement. Lillian observed that something strange and extraordinary had happened to her favorite, and her sympathy was instantly excited. She called the animal to her side, and he crouched at her feet, looking up into her face with a mingled glance of madness, fear, and love. She put her hands upon his head, and spoke to him with her usual gentleness and fondness, but the dog, instead of exhibiting emotions of pleasure, suddenly bounded to his feet, with an eye rolling in its orbit like a ball of fire. An instant—and his teeth had pierced her arm! She ran hurriedly to her mother—the tears rolling down her cheeks—weeping, not so much at the pain resulting from the wound, as at the ingratitude of her favorite. The injury to her arm was not serious, and but little blood followed the infliction of the wound. A few hours passed by, and the circumstance was forgotten. That night the dog was not seen. The next morning came, but Carlo was not to be found. He did not appear to welcome his mistress as on other days, and Lillian's little heart was grieved. The day went by, but still the truant did not return, but, late in the evening, a man called at the residence of Lillian's father, announcing that the animal had been *shot* while raving in the paroxysms of *Hydrophobia*! Who can imagine the horror that darted through that little household, like a flash of electric light, at this terrible announcement! How describe the agony, the torture that racked every heart—an anguish to which "gashes were relief!" Consternation and terror pale the father's face, and the big drops of cold and clammy moisture stood like crystal beads upon his forehead. The mother swooned. For a long time she reclined upon a sofa—motionless and almost lifeless—freed from insupportable misery only by unconsciousness. The aged grandsire wept—wept like a child, as his thoughts dwelt upon the future. He had stood before a criminal whose days on earth were numbered, and pronounced the sentence of the law without a tear, but now, to see his little grandchild doomed to an early death, whose tortures, and agony, and delirium no human power could avert, was too much—*too much*, and the old man wept. In the midst of this scene of unutterable sorrow, its unconscious cause suddenly appeared. The child looked with wonder and surprise upon the unaccustomed sight. She flew to her mother's side, and clasped her hands about her neck, and mingled her bright tresses with her parent's braided locks, and, in the plaintive tones of sorrowful childhood, begged for a kiss, a smile, a kind word, but all in vain. Her mother heard her not. She turned her eyes, brimming with tears, to her father, and wondered why he looked so mournfully upon her. Her grandsire too, who had ever greeted her with a gay laugh or a cheerful remark, now gazed upon

her with suffused eye and moistened cheek, and Lillian feeling, instinctively, that some sad event had occurred, hid her face in her mother's breast, and wept as if her heart would break. She did not know that those tears, that anguish, that apparent death, were a union with her. She did not feel that a deadly poison was coursing through her veins—that an element was mingled in her blood, disorganizing her nature—slowly undermining the foundations of existence—bringing down the delicately woven barricades of life, and corrupting the purple fountain, whose purifying influence alone sustains the frail tenement of the soul. O! God, how mysterious are thy ways—how far removed from the scrutiny of mortal vision—how terrible—how sublime! The flower blooms, but blooms to die—the snowflake falls, then melts away—the Aurora props the Northern sky with blazing columns, then fades into utter darkness. On every thing of earth is written the eternal mandate of Jehovah, “thou shalt surely die.”

Two months had passed rapidly away and Lillian was reclining upon the bed from which she was doomed never to rise again. The once rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed child had changed into the pale and helpless invalid, around whose couch friends nightly prayed, and parents wept. Poison was doing its merciless work—disease and Death were contending for their prey. The wound inflicted upon her arm weeks before, had long since healed, leaving however an unsightly scar. A slight pain in that scar, accompanied by a sudden chill, first announced the approach of Hydrophobia. Preparations of opium, purgatives of various kinds, and every resource of medicine were applied, but failed to obstruct the progress of the disease. The pain in the little sufferer's arm extended upward to the base of the throat; she became silent and fearful; her sleep was disturbed by the most strange and terrible dreams, and her eyes became unnaturally brilliant, shining with a wild, fitful glare that was painful to observe. The presence of water, or anything with a smooth surface, threw her into convulsive fits, during the existence of which the strength of a full-grown man seemed concentrated in her slender form. The paroxysms increased in number and intensity with frightful rapidity, until, at the close of the second day after the appearance of the first symptoms, the little patient seemed at the very gates of death. Her father and mother hung almost distracted around her bed, looking into the Physician's face with the most intense anxiety, and striving to detect in his sorrowful and despairing glances one ray of hope and comfort. Her grandsire too was there—the scalding tears rolling down his furrowed cheek as he beheld the dying child struggling with her terrible destiny.

The sun went down that night, veiling his waning radiance with a dark drapery of clouds, and the moon arose, calm and placid as one of Heaven's angels. A little child, that night, went down into the dark valley of Death, and a soul arose, soaring aloft to Paradise.

Reader, there is a solemn lesson interwoven with the thread of this little narrative. It warns us not to board up our affections for the ephemeral things of earth—not to stake our all upon a chance which is inevitably against us—not to place a creature of mortal mould between

ourselves and Heaven. Life is a fearful game, and wo to him who plays it rashly, and loses. Let us all remember that we are ever upon the borders of eternity, that an hour—a moment—may close our brief career—that “in the midst of Life we are in Death.”

MRS. CHILD.

It is not so much our intention, in the present paper, to enter into an elaborate criticism of the style and opinions of Mrs. Child, as to give simple utterance to a few thoughts upon the character and influence of her writings. Among all her productions, her “Letters from New York” seem to mirror most faithfully the true spirit and tendency of her thought. It is in these Letters that she seems to have made a record of her every-day existence; a history of her intellectual life, of her impulses, emotions, and conclusions, as connected with passing events. And it is upon these writings, chiefly, that our observations will be based.

Amid all the melancholy and sombre coloring of life, it is truly refreshing to meet with so hopeful and genial a character as that of Mrs. Child. Refreshing is it to turn aside from the burning, dusty highway, and at the foot of the old festooned rock quaff the crystal water, right from the pebbly fountain. There is the cheerfulness, freshness, and elasticity of youth in all she writes, that is contagious, and makes you ever read with a smile on your countenance. Her own soul is tuned to the gushing melody of happiness, and thus she fills the hearts of her readers with the most pleasing and vivid emotions. This blithesome, contented temper pervades all her productions. She teaches you to turn the eye away from the dark and sombre, and rivet it upon the bright and enchanting hues of life; to forget the gloomy wail of the birds of night, and listen only to the song of the gem-breasted lark. We would not be understood as intimating that our authoress would have you be unmindful of the sorrow and misery that must meet you at almost every step, for upon no other theme has she discoursed more truthfully or eloquently. But she would have you remember, that life is not sorrow and misery. She would have you meet that grief and distress with spiritual as well as physical comfort, with the best gifts of hope and cheerfulness.

We are not so much fascinated by any brilliancy or splendor in the writings of Mrs. Child, as won by the loveliness of their spirit. Nor do we think they will ever cause her to be so much the subject of eulogy, as of the silent blessing of the sad. She is far from being one of those fierce and lonely spirits, whose agency it seems to be to purify the atmosphere of society, with the fearful energy of the storm and the lightning. But we must rank Mrs. Child among another class, who, noiseless and unobtrusive, distill the influence of noble thoughts and generous deeds; and as the dew is only perceived by

the renewed fragrance of the rose and by the gem that sparkles on its every leaf, thus their presence is only known by the happiness that springs up in the bosom of misery, by the joy that beams upon the brow of despondency ; a class whose beautiful mission is to regenerate mankind by the winning voice of love and sympathy, and to beckon him onward with the thrilling tones of courage and anticipation.

There is no characteristic of Mrs. Child's productions so conspicuous as her enthusiastic love of nature. We are not conversant with her as a poetess, or rather we do not know that she has written sufficiently in numbers to merit this title ; but poetess she undoubtedly is, in inspiration of thought, in feeling and imagination. To call our authoress merely a lover of nature, may seem like descending to cant ; for of what authoress can it not be said that they at least feel quite friendly towards nature. But with Mrs. Child it seems to be something more than mere love. It is an intimacy, an absorption, a devotion, a principle of being. All the forms of nature, like living, speaking embodiments, touch the harpstring of sympathy in her soul. They are no less suggestive of the loftiest thought, than of the purest, holiest feeling. She makes companions of the very flowers, spiritualizing them. She converses with the opening rose-buds, which are cherished by her care, as though they were sentient and responsive in emotions of gratitude ; and finding the first fair flower of spring, coming forth hesitatingly, on the warm hill side, she seems really to sympathize with its tenderness, and desire to shield it from the frosts that may soon make it their victim.

We cannot more clearly express the ecstasy that seems to thrill her sensitive being when alone with nature, than to say that she hears as it were a music, borne onward from shrub and rock and dale and forest, which, all unheard by other ears, sweeps through her soul in the wildest as well as the softest tones. It is not difficult for any one to love nature, when they can wander away and find her in her galadress, amid the pomp of her mountains and woods, her rivulets and enchanting shades. But Mrs. Child could look from her window on the most cheerless day, and find something to admire. And while once passing down Broadway, in New York, with a thousand human forms on every side, she seems to have had no companions but a flock of doves, that were continually sporting in airy circles around her ; and the emotions caused by the circumstance, afford a most beautiful passage in one of her letters.

There is a peculiar liveliness of thought displayed by our authoress, that often becomes even playfulness, enabling her to throw out images and illustrations, so animated, so startling, as to make you almost greet them with an exclamation. There now recurs to us a single passage, in which she exhibits not only the poetry of her thought, but especially this vivacity of which we have been speaking. The full moon is shining down upon a lake, which is gently agitated by the breeze. She speaks of the moon as having in its reflection broken to pieces there upon the surface, and that every little wavelet is scam-

pering off with a silver fragment. It is true, this does not possess the deep, quiet beauty of that line of the poetess Amelia, where she says,

" Each wave had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there,"

but well illustrates that characteristic life and sprightliness that meets you on almost every page.

Mrs. Child refines and etherializes our most common thoughts, often making such a display of feeling on the constant occurrences of life, that were it not for the simplicity, earnestness, and sincerity, that are so conspicuous, we should become disgusted with an apparent sentimentality. If our authoress is ever wearisome, it is when she is endeavoring to etherialize our common and prosaic ideas. She is ever ready to treat us to an aerial tour, on her balloon-like imagination, to the far off cloud-land, but our earth-born spirits cling too fondly to the material, and shudder at so distant a separation. In these speculations there is a kind of transcendentalism, and often a feeling of dissatisfaction with the results, however beautiful they may be.

Those mystic and shadowy thoughts of man's destiny, and his relation to the visible world around him, that often just flash for a moment on our mental horizon and then vanish, like the play of the lightning on the lowest verge of a summer's evening sky, she endeavors to grasp and to retain, until they shall have shed inextinguishable brightness over the whole intellectual firmament. But they mock her daring, and shrouding her in endless theorizing, often make her speak with the oracular solemnity and unmeaning verbosity of a pytho-ness.

We have mentioned, in general terms, the enthusiasm Mrs. Child displays in her writings ; but to bring this prominent feature out more distinctly, we would refer to her own description of the emotions which the music of Ole Bull aroused. It is as though she became a part of all she heard. From this enthusiasm of her nature, it results, that in music, she not only listens to the melody that charms the common ear, but infinite symphonies seem to flood her soul, from the harps swept by the unseen hands of angels. It is not merely sound, but to her imaginative spirit music has infinite and untold harmonies and relations with matter and the secret action of the mind, which rush through her soul with unutterable interest. Still, with all this ideality, she desires to blend the practical. Though she seems, at times, to ascend above the fairest dream of the poet, instead of permitting the airy creation to fade into vacuity, or die like the lingering swell of music, she endeavors to make it lend yet another hue to life and reality. She would be the priestess, in the temple of this secret and higher life, pervaded by solemn sounds and soft accords, to teach man their hidden but truthful and serious relations to his existence.

While endeavoring to give the leading spirit of Mrs. Child's productions, we have intentionally left unnoticed her grave and rich reflections upon all liberty, moral, intellectual, and physical ; upon the

means of social improvement ; upon kindness and its kindred virtues, because adapted to a more serious criticism than what we have attempted in this paper. Upon every theme of this nature, her thought is eminently original and progressive. But we would by no means be understood as adopting all her views upon these subjects.

If we have been successful in portraying the spirit of our authoress as a writer, we think its influence cannot be doubted. But to remark briefly on a few of the leading characteristics that we have mentioned, we can never deem that writing useless, which has a tendency to point our thoughts at times away from the gross, the material, the practical, to the higher and more refined joys of the ideal, the spiritual, the imaginative. For while it imparts delicacy and compass to the mind, it teaches more extended and loftier views of truth than it is possible we can reach by the contemplation of the merely material. Also, whoever gives us faith and hope in humanity, does a noble deed, showing us that there is kindly passion latent in every soul, that needs but a single breath of love and sympathy to kindle into a flame of the warmest devotion, and directing the too often averted eye to this avenue of reciprocity, confidence, happiness.

But above all, we consider it the happiest tendency of Mrs. Child's writings, to impart contentment and cheerfulness ; to show us how various and rich are the sources of comfort ; how many are the bright colorings of life ; how much, too, of its darkness is but the reflection of our own spirit, and how much it is our duty to make our own life a radiant spot on earth. It seems as though her power in this respect was peculiarly gentle and reformative upon the bitter and desponding. This is one influence of her thought, which, often unobserved but in its genial results, will murmur through the secret record of a thousand hearts, as the refreshing brook, whose hidden source, welling up in the cooling shade, is only known as it is curtained by the flowers and foliage which it has nurtured into life and beauty.

We have finished our essay, or criticism, as you may be pleased to term it, and shall be gratified if what we have written may direct the attention of one of your readers to our authoress, whose writings, we think, truly add another ornament to the literature of our country.

A WORD

TO THE MAN WHO STOLE MY UMBRELLA.

I BOUGHT a new Umbrella, sir,
Its price my pockets draining,
And bore it home one stormy day,
When old King Rain was reigning.
Its color was the ebon hue
Of coal, or black prunella,
And all who saw it spread, admired
And praised my new Umbrella.

I left it in Linonia, sir,
One evening in October—
I recollect th' occasion well,
For *that* night I was sober.
A man thus negligent you thought
Must be a stupid fellow ;
And then your choler rose so fast
You *collared* my Umbrella.

The cloth that covered it was sound,
Unbroken every thread ;
And, like our College Faculty,
The stick was *deeply red*.
Upon it was a plate of *brass*,
Or something quite as yellow—
Much like the face you must have worn
When hooking my Umbrella.

I guess that you're a ladies' man,
In Cupid's wiles *au fait* :
Such things as you are, please them well,
You've such a *taking* way.
Man ever makes you stern and hard,
Sweet woman melts and mellows ;
For, though you do not *steal* your heart,
You *do steal* stray Umbrellas.

Then send my lost Umbrella back,
For showers treat my cap-ill ;
You'll find me, sir, at "twenty-two"
In High street—south of Chapel.
Just "cut" the devil once, my friend,
Do be a clever fellow ;
Present yourself at "Paradise,"
And bring my lost Umbrella.



NOTIONS AND NOTICINGS.

DEAR READER, I wish I had a little inspiration ! Then what good times we should have together over these few pages. I would write off-hand—not as I do now, biting this goosequill, now looking steadfastly into my lamp-flame, and now out into the darkest corners of my room, seeing nothing in both cases—but dealing out great truths in one sentence, showering right and left the most glorious conceptions, uttering the sweetest melodies "like a god in pain," unlocking a perfect

world of fun—while you, with your whole soul riveted to the page, should hold your breath in wonder, shout in ecstasy, melt in tenderness, and explode in laughter. But in all seriousness,—for in this world, as you and I have experienced, do come thus quick the widest extremes,—did you ever think in what way inspiration must have acted upon the minds of those ancients divinely favored? Did they merely feel all their faculties at once deepened and quickened, so that, without any consciousness of a foreign influence acting upon them, they had power to grasp what was before unattainable, intuitive perceptions into the minds of their contemporaries, and “strength to sweep adown the vale of time?” Or did they suddenly feel their own powers humbled and superseded by a strange spirit, which took possession of their minds and dictated their mission to their fellow-men? But this is the vaguest question, reader, I shall ever ask you. You hope so?—now there was no need of whispering that remark.

SPEAKING about vague questions, one of the very worst I know, is, “How are you getting along?” I never yet, on the first trial, gave the correct answer to this question. I meet a person whom I have not spoken with for a fortnight; after a brief salutation, he exclaims, “Well, how are you getting along now-a-days?” Thinking he refers, of course, to my studies, my cheerfulness vanishes, as I reply, “Why, not very well.” “No, I thought not,” he adds, glancing at my phiz, “there is not that color in your face that there ought to be.” Again, I have but fairly seated myself beneath the paternal roof for a vacation sojourn, when *le père* inquires, in an animated tone, “How have you been getting along, my son?” “Finely, finely, never enjoyed better health in my life.” “Ah! glad to hear it—but I asked the question in reference to your studies.” “Oh! yes—well—on the whole, why, rather—quite well, sir, quite well!”

THERE is a practice at present, perhaps, in times past, certainly, quite prevalent among “Yalensia’s sons,” (the medical students, I rather suspect, though “Yalensia’s sons” was so poetical I couldn’t help introducing it,) which, reader, if I take the liberty to entitle *abominable*, I pray thee have me excused. It is a practice indicative of shallowness, demonstrative of folly—without any object, without any excuse—and, therefore, worthy the uncompromising rebuke of every lover of letters. But here I am quoting from my last speech in society, without having told you what this withering piece of rhetoric is aimed at;—it is the practice of marking in books belonging to the public libraries. Why, you can scarcely take out a book, but, upon opening its pages, you find it scrawled over, here and there, as thickly with nonsensical remarks, as it would have been with creeping vermin, had it been lying a twelvemonth in a damp cellar. Is it a history? The author is upbraided for his partiality and ridiculed for his ignorance. An argumentative work? The reader finds pencil marks on the mar-

gin, kindly warning him against being led astray by the gross blunders in the writer's reasoning. A poem or a novel? A single word, and two donkey-eared looking exclamation points effectually settle the merit of every striking passage.

But as "truth is my object," take these instances of my own experience. I had occasion lately to look into Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, and, on the first page I opened to, I found this courteous reprimand—"You lie, Sir Walter." Of course, my belief in the veracity of the author was much shaken at the time, but it was completely demolished when I met, on the third page, with the decided poser, to which poor Scott could make no reply, "Then why did you say he didn't, on p. 73?"

When I was a ——— that is, when I had just entered college, I obtained a volume of Macaulay's works; but was in an instant deterred from reading the first article on Lord Byron, by the announcement, in ink—in ink, mind you—"This is a scandalously false statement of the errors of an injured man."

In Combe's *Constitution of Man*, which is here lying on my table—but I'll turn the pages and give you the marginal commentaries as they strike my eye:—"Without foundation."—"Query?"—"They never *could*."—"Yes, but is it so?—no, manifestly."—"Then you are a gump, by your own showing."

But how happy the author who wins the commendations of anonymous petit-scribblers! Preceding Webster's reply to Hayne, is the (apparently) ingenuous confession, "A really able speech." Who now will say that geniuses are envious of each other?

Between the title, CHRISTABEL, and the first line of that noble fragment, I am informed that it is "a *sweet poem*."

And, finally, beneath a soliloquy in Hamlet, I once found, in staring letters, "Beautiful, *very beautiful*." There, reader, I think that will do.

To me there is something exceedingly touching in the death of John Keats. A nobler son of song, certainly, never walked this sphere. With a powerful intellect and a heart throbbing for every thing grand and heroic in humanity, he united a spirit so pure, a sympathy so exquisitely gentle, so sweetly divine, that he declared the intensest pleasure he had experienced on earth, was in watching the growth of flowers! And there he is dying far away from home, amid the sombre ruins of the Eternal City, with one only friend to cool his burning brow! Though brief his intercourse with the world, his sensitive nature has already been wrung to bleeding by the ills of poverty, the treachery of friends, and the heartless abuse of the guardians of literature. His youthful efforts have met mainly with ridicule—his youthful love with cold neglect. And now, amid the agonies of pain and the stings of memory, his distracted mind views this world only as the abode of misery and despair; and with a joyous fervor he exclaims, at the immediate prospect of death, "I feel the daisies growing over me!"—Upon those verses, immature as they are, which will

invest his name with a glorious immortality, he looked with a carelessness amounting to aversion. This is not, I imagine, because malignant criticism had made them the sport of contumely, nor that he had ceased to value them at their proper worth, but because they bore such an humiliating inferiority to that great ideal—that *aliquid immensum infinitumque*, which forever floated before his kindled vision, and which he was confident, if life and health were granted, he could attain and display to the world. Debarred from this consummation, he little regarded those first fruits of his now blasted genius; but desired to pass away, unknown and unremembered, choosing for his epitaph,

Here lies one whose name was writ in water.

HAPPENING to be in my intimate friend Uriah, his room, the other day, the following confab arose between us, wherein *I* standeth for me, and *U* for my friend.

I. Well, we are upon our last year in Old Yale.

U. Certainly, you are right there.

I. The fact gives rise to many reflections in my mind.

U. Yes, so it does—I see no way to help it.

I. Uriah!

U. What?

I. Your mind is evidently wandering. I say, the fact that we are now upon our last year in college, frequently sets me reflecting. I think upon the aspirations and splendid resolutions my romantic brain was filled with before my feet trod upon college ground. I think how these brilliant fancies have gone out, one by one, since I made my first blunder in Greek; and how, consequently, I have floated carelessly, drowsily along the stream of college events, till now my alarmed senses begin to catch the heaving billows of life. But you have been saved from such a mortifying change. You are one of the sensible of earth. You came here with rational views, and your collegiate course has been that of a rational man.

U. Much obliged for your good opinion, but I'll show you in a few minutes how much it is worth. You have begun to *reflect*? Your first mention of the subject threw *my* mind into a commotion to which reflection beareth the same relation as the movement of clock-work to that of a bunch of eels in an eel-pot. (Pretty good, isn't it?) But let me give you ocular demonstration.

Uriah, rising up, goes to his desk and takes therefrom two letters, one of which he hands to me, saying,

"Read this."

BIRCH HILL ACADEMY, June, 1845.

Dear Cousin Tom:—You are now, I suppose, firmly established a counter-jumper, or dubbed a knight of the yard-stick. *Quemque sua voluptas trahit*—so the Mantuan bard sings. "The tools to him who can handle them," was the saying of Napoleon Bonaparte, "the most extraordinary man, perhaps, the world ever saw." I am really glad, for thy sake, dear Tom. Would that my own destiny were marked

as clearly. But *incerta fortuna* shall guide me onward, and many a rough trial, at least, of life, shall be made, ere I yield to despondency. In a few months I shall enter the time-honored walls of Yale. How my heart beats at the prospect! How must the most sluggish spirit be there aroused to triumphant effort by the memory of the great and good, which lingers around those classic halls; by the generous rivalry of the youthful intellect of our common country; and by the constant communication with the "departed spirits of the mighty dead" who dwelt in the classic ages! Dear Tom, is not this an enrapturing prospect? But my judgment shall not be led away by a gorgeous dream—an *ignis fatuus*. No, I have clearly marked out my path. By rising early, and by faithful study, I shall thoroughly master my text-books, reading, at the same time, such collateral authors in the classics as will give me a complete idea of the subject in the text, and in mathematics, working original solutions till every principle is fully mastered. I shall take up a regular course of historical reading, which will occupy the most of my leisure time during the first two years. The last two will be better employed on the standard works of English literature. Of course, I shall not neglect any opportunity of improving myself in speaking—for, consider the influence of able orators in our country! As to the modern languages, I shall acquire but three, the German, French, and Italian; the others I care nothing material about. And now, all I want is my health—*mens sana in corpore sano*. I shall, therefore, shun the common absurd error of students; three hours' exercise I must and will have, every day, "Sundays excepted," as the steamboat notices have it.

But can these several things all be attended to? "*Improbis labor vincit omnia*," exclaims the ancient divine—I mean the divine ancient. Yes, dear Tom, my mind is resolved, my soul is athirst for entombing knowledge.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

And while I am climbing Parnassus, be assured, a letter from thee shall be accounted no hindrance; but for thy sake it shall meet with a hearty welcome.

Thine, as ever,

URIAH —.

U. There, as true as I am alive, that is a faithful transcript of my feelings at that time. I begged the letter from Tom last vacation, for particular reasons, which I kept to myself. I also purloined another, which Tom will not miss, for I have written him a dozen such within the last twelvemonths.

So now read this.

YALE COLLEGE, July, 1848.

Dear Tom:—This writing letters is a perfect bore! Excuse me, I mean nothing personal. But when the fact just came into my head that I had put off replying to your heartily welcome epistle three weeks, at least, beyond the proper time, this was the first reflection that rose uppermost. But, really, Tom, if you knew how I am actually situated, you could not find it in your heart to blame me. Not that I am whol-

ly undeserving of something like censure, but for the very reason that I am daily getting an outrageous superabundance of that same article. My friends here blame me because I am too indolent to enter into any of their plans for pleasure or improvement; the Tutors, because I am rapidly falling in what little scholarship I once had; Cousin —, because my few dull letters to her are horribly scented with tobacco; father, because he hears from me only through Tutor H.; and my old teacher, because he never hears at all. So, you see, I catch it all around. But then, Tom, — confound that piece of poetry, I can't recall it—I shall have to give you my meaning in plain English—*conscience*, too, blames me. Ah! *there's the rub*, Tom. The complaints of friends, the admonitions of instructors, may be easily set aside; but to have the harrowing consciousness ever with you, when you lie down and when you rise up, of precious time utterly thrown to the winds; of faculties deadened by inactivity, or vicious employment, worse than inactivity; of habits formed which must through life load the soul with heavy, infecting chains—who shall endure these things? But, whew! I am moralizing on an extensive scale. This reminds me of my last recitation in history, where, not being very minutely acquainted with the facts concerning the death of Socrates, I plunged into a profound fit of moralizing. But the next person was requested to take the same topic. So I have determined to cut the practice.

As to reading, about which you inquired, it is true, we do enjoy fine opportunities, as you remarked. But for the last month, I have made out to read only a few articles in the reviews. As for going through a regular, standard work, I have not been guilty of such a thing since I came to college. We had the privilege this term of commencing one of the modern languages; but the idea of beginning a whole language this weather! 'Tis preposterous. But I wish somebody would get out a *translation* of the French Grammar. Mathematics!—now you must have known (therefore I do not like your congratulatory expressions) that I *never* had any love for that crabbed, bitter race; why, I have not done out an original problem since—since Adam. Speaking in society I am convinced is of but little practical benefit; besides, I have not time to attend to it. Not time! pray, how do you occupy all of your time? Why, Tom, if any one asks you this question, offer five dollars reward to the person who can propose a satisfactory answer—I'll bear you out in it. Now the question naturally arises, what are my prospects for life? My profession—but, there—the recitation bell rings! I predict a flunk from somebody.

Truly, yours,

URIAH —.

P. S. I have just returned from recitation, and have time only to inform you that the prediction, which I so hastily and thoughtlessly made, was sadly realized. How I felt for the fellow!

U — —.

APROPUS of the above. My dear young friend, who hast just been numbered in our collegiate ranks, I would fain speak a word in thine

ear. I know thou hast an opinion of thine own, and a distrust of intermeddling advice ; I knew it. But one moment only with thy candid judgment. You have had some false notions of college and college-life. Don't trouble yourself about that ; keep at work, diligently, cheerfully at work ; these notions of themselves will properly depart, like the thin mists before the clear, manly day. There is no hunting for work ; there it is, laid out before you ; up and begin. Your work rightly done, I will trust thee for the management of thy leisure. But work ! why, it is a satisfaction, a comfort, a joy, a medicine. Do you hear the syren whispers around you ? " He stands high, and yet he doesn't study." Shun it as you would the imputation of meanness—the brand of disgrace. " He is a hard case." For shame, you forget where you are ; if so, there's a terrible waking up ahead. " Do you know that dissipated genius in the — class ?" You know not the feelings of that heart, or you would cry for very sympathy.

Oh ! if I could only bring you to a serious *thinking*, at the present moment, I know there would be two happier hearts for life. Heaven bless thee, and make us all wiser.

LET OUR FAREWELL BE MERRY.

TO —.

Nor a teardrop in thine eye,
 When thou say'st to me, " Good-bye ;"
 Be the last sound in mine ear,
 Thy own laugh which rings so clear.
 It shall echo in my heart,
 Till *Life's* echoes thence depart :
 If my soul be merry, this
 Shall augment the rising bliss,
 And the cup of joy shall fill,
 Till the foam-drops o'er distill :
 If my heart be sad and lonely,
 And my song a dirge be only,
 And my eyes of gazing weary,
 And my life as winter dreary,
 Then that glorious smile shall bring
 Gladness brighter than the Spring,
 When through wastes and ice-twined bowers,
 Flinging songs and flinging flowers,
 Rove I in the torrid land,
 'Mid Sahara's flaming sand,
 When the sky 's a fiery wreath,
 And the air has lost its breath,
 And my spirit pants, and, faint,
 Bows as 'neath a lead restraint,

And sensation falls in slumber,
While my pulse forgets to number ;
Then thy smile, like Israel's pillar
When they'd crossed the Red Sea billow,
Shade by day and light by night,
Shall the sunblaze put to flight,
With its mild and cheering glow
Making earth a heaven below.
Quick the desert shall assume
More than Eden's pristine bloom ;
Dates and palms and tamarind trees
Bring to earth the heavenly breeze ;
Fountains high spangled arches throw,
Like the ether-spanning bow,
And a distant voice low hymn
As the far-off seraphim.
Dwell I in the bleak north land,
Where th' eternal icebergs stand,
Where was laid in winding-sheet
Nature when her first pulse beat ;
Where no living thing can bloom,
E'en to grace poor Nature's tomb ;
When the life-blood in my veins
Cold hath turned to icy chains,
And my spirit's froze so low,
Scarce a life-stream 'neath can flow,
Shining through the misty years,
As the sun through heaven's tears,
That magician smile shall raise
Scenes e'en Fancy's eyes shall daze :
All those icebergs drear shall seem
Silver temples of a dream,
And the lesser isles of snow,
Swimming, swan-like, to and fro,
Shall with roses hid appear,
Flung adown from starry sphere ;
Too, the water black and cold,
Like Pactolus' liquid gold,
In the sunlight, dancing, shine—
Sunlight of thine eyes divine—
And the killing air be mild
As the breath of sleeping child
On a lilled bank a-lying,
When the Spring 's her last breath sighing,
While a gentle tune shall come,
Whispering thoughts of thee and home.

MASTER PASSIONS.

MAN at his birth possesses an inherent moral element, which guides and restrains him throughout his earthly existence. The Creator has wisely and graciously granted to the race an unchangeable standard by which their moral life and actions are to be tested. The human soul demands something steadfast and unfailing, from which it may obtain instruction and sustenance—it claims some steady light to direct its course, through night and tempest, on the untraversed ocean of life. And relying on the infallible guidance of this moral judgment, it reposes calmly and securely, encompassed by darkness, danger and death.

Something remarkably analogous to this moral element may be discovered in the *mental* constitution of mankind. There may be discovered in the intellectual, as in the moral man, the same desire for stability—the same fixed elements of character—the same strong influence moulding and directing thought and action. As the soul, oppressed by doubt and hesitation, looks upward to its moral counselor for guidance and support—so the mind, surrounded by the shifting scenes of life, and acted upon by the ever-varying forces of circumstance, grows strong and energetic, when nerved by the giant strength of an unconquered purpose.

The *necessity* of such an element in the character of man is obvious. Purpose, developed and strengthened by desires, is a fundamental principle in his intellectual as well as spiritual nature. The mind remains originally inactive and devoid of thought or sensation, until the influence of something external to itself awakes it into action. It primarily possesses within itself no sources of thought or knowledge. The faculty of conception and the strong force of desire lie alike dormant in its undisturbed recesses. The power of motive alone can quicken them to action. But all motives, whether they be ideal or tangible, are of external origin, and can be discovered only through the media of sense. And hence motives, in some of their manifold forms, lie at the foundation of all human thought and action. These are with reference to our knowledge, what the sun and soil and showers are with reference to the unexpanded germ—they vivify and strengthen and sustain it. Such is the constitution of the mind. Desires spring up instantaneously within it, whenever sensation discloses any external inducement to action; and desires, strengthened and enlarged till they become impelling motives, lie at the basis of all human knowledge. Uninfluenced by these, the mind would lie forever torpid and effortless. Its energy and power and vitality would be lost together; and like a blasted flower it would decay and perish!

The motives which operate upon and influence different men, are widely *various*. God has filled the world around us with a thousand incentives which give activity and energy to the mind. The apple swaying gently on its bough—the clustering grapes upon the sunny

hill-side—the sparkling fountain, gushing from its rocky bed, and gliding merrily through mossy dells—the dappled landscape, radiant with a thousand forms of beauty and of life—are all incentives, awakening desire, and arousing the whole soul into activity. The universe is overflowing with such glorious creations, appealing to passion and to thought, and awakening new and strange emotions in the breast.

These creations—universal in variety and in extent as they are—are adapted to satisfy both the mysterious wants of our *physical nature* and the still more mysterious longings of the *spirit*. They have a double use and value—a two-fold influence—a mission to the body, and a mission to the soul—and hence arises a wide distinction in the characters and lives of men. The common mass have scarce a thought unwedded to sensual things—scarce an emotion, elevated above the daily avocations they pursue. They are readily satisfied with such sources of enjoyment, as appeal only to the senses. The splendors that delight the eye—the melodies that soothe the ear—the sweets that gratify the taste—the pleasures that thrill the touch—the fragrance that floats upon the evening air, are sufficient to satisfy their minds, and to still the restlessness of their emotions. Their desires, spell-bound as they are to the senses, are easily gratified to fullness, and are ever changing in their nature and their object. They have no supreme and ultimate object of existence—no supreme and ultimate end of life, compared with which all other ends are trifling, and in which all other ends are merged. They are born, and eat, and sleep, and die, without one yearning thought of that spiritual realm in which the heart and soul have life—without one strong emotion, swallowing up all others, and strengthening within the soul till it becomes a master passion, governing the whole man, and moving him onward to some definite and settled end.

There is however another class of men who fasten their desires on objects more elevated and enduring in their nature—on objects lying far beyond and above the circumstances more immediately surrounding them. Their minds are open to the spiritual elements in the universe around them; and all within their souls is but a living reflection of that which lies without—silent, immutable, eternal! Their desires are as lasting as the objects of their hope. These objects—whether they be education, honor, power, skill, fame, wealth, or any other of those purposes which sway and move the mind with such inexplicable power—are the goal of all their thoughts. Years of toil and struggle and hope may intervene between their first bright aspiration and the final consummation of their wishes; but years in their sight are valued only as they serve to bring about the object of their strong desires. All their views and hopes and thoughts revolve around one common centre—the sun of their existence.

These exalted desires, to which a passing notice has been given, as well as those more trivial wants which occupy the mass of men, seem to spring from an innate longing after happiness—the first and greatest MASTER PASSION in human existence. By far the larger portion of mankind derive the only happiness of which they are conscious,

from the gratification of their sensual desires. There is, however, a nobler happiness which thrills through every fibre of our being, and stirs the soul with more than earthly power. To gain this—whether from the pleasures of education, or the thrilling joys of power, or the possession of a fame immortal—is a *master passion*. It is an indispensable element of greatness. It must be pre-eminent in the mind, swallowing up, like the rod of Aaron, all minor feelings, and engrossing all other thoughts. The whole soul must be fixed on this, as the polar star of its existence. The whole heart must rest on this one hope—every affection must be centred there.

It may be argued that such a powerful feeling as we have just described, must necessarily be *excessive*. The same argument would prove that conscience, controlling as it does to some extent every thought and action of life, must also be excessive. A wide distinction should evidently be made between a controlling and an excessive desire. The human mind requires some controlling element as an essential to success—some guiding principle of existence. All men are actuated by controlling desires, yet in most cases these desires are not excessive, or even sufficiently powerful to wield their appropriate influence.

Again it may be urged that man should be actuated by *no controlling desires*—that in order to preserve a proper equilibrium of mind, every passion and emotion should be subdued, and suffered to have no supreme control over the decisions of the judgment. But if the mind acts only at the bidding of desires, how can these desires be subdued? Will not the mind itself then cease to operate and to exist? And can such an event take place as the entire subjugation of all controlling desires? Such an attempt, under whatever circumstances it be made, would be a difficult and fruitless contest—a war of Achilles against Chiron—a war of intellectual might against its teacher.

These desires, springing out of the constitution of the mind, and inherent in its inmost nature, possess a *perfect mastery* over it. They hold the destiny of man. They wield an influence, widely various, yet almost omnipotent, over his character and his life. The history of humanity is replete with many an instance of men whose lives have been consecrated to the furtherance of a single end—to the obtainment and fruition of a single hope. Every reflecting and observant mind can fill out the measure of its thoughts with many an example of the moral and social hero—the warrior, the missionary, the philosopher, the poet, the statesman—men of strong and far-reaching desires, of broad and subtle mental vision, of resolute hearts and measureless hopes. Such men are the leaders and the light of the ages in which they live. Their self-created radiance shines out upon the surrounding darkness, and scatters a profuse and living lustre over its otherwise rayless gloom. No human mind can measure the mighty influence of a single desire, planted and nurtured in the fruitful soil of a resolute heart. It expands and enlarges, embracing age after age and generation after generation within its widening folds, and marching onward with resistless impulse and ever increasing power, till, pass-

ing the boundaries of time and space, it reaches far out into the dim isle of eternity.

With this thought filling and moving our minds, let us cast a brief glance at the two classes of men whom I have partially attempted to describe. Their inherent characters are betrayed by the character of the objects they pursue. Those, whose only object in life is their daily subsistence and gratification, are necessarily more or less sensual in their nature. Their thoughts never rise above the atmosphere of the Present. They rarely & never dream of the Future, and of that happiness which a life-long effort alone can furnish. They never realize the glow and inspiration of a single hope, dawning upon their souls, and outshining all other inspirations, as the radiant sun outshines and casts a shade upon the paler lights of midnight. The epitome of their lives is, in the language of the poet,

" Seen in the common epitaph,

Born on such a day, and died on such another, with an interval of threescore years.

For time hath been wasted on the senses, to the hourly diminishing of spirit;
Lean is the soul and pineth, in the midst of abundance for the body.
And this is death in life; to be sunk beneath the waters of the Actual,
Without one feebly-struggling sense of an airier, spiritual realm:
Affection, fancy, feeling—dead; imagination, conscience, faith,
All willfully expunged, till they leave the man mere carcass!"

Such men as Buonaparte, Bacon, Washington, Milton, must be men of *great desires*. Their hearts were set upon the fulfillment of great hopes. The objects for which they lived and toiled and died, were the great facts in their existence. Life in their sight was not merely To-day—the Past, the Present, and the Future, were all one—absolutely, eternally one. The world was full of great deeds waiting to be done; and with giant hearts and measureless desires, they strove to do them. Glorious hopes shone, like rising suns, upon them; and when their time of rest drew nigh, they laid themselves, like brave old warriors, down and slept.

Such is the moral and social hero. His life is no scene of trivial and desultory play. An unmeasured depth of silence and solemnity overshadows and gathers around him. His heart throbs not in unison with the light and playful tread of the passing hours, but rather with the deep and solemn music of eternity. In the quaint, yet forcible language of Carlyle—

"Not a may-game is this man's life; but a battle and a march, a warfare with principalities and powers. No idle promenade through fragrant orange-groves and green flowery spaces, waited on by the choral Muses and the rosy Hours; it is a stern pilgrimage through burning, sandy solitudes, through regions of thick-ribbed ice. He walks among men, loves men with inexpressible soft pity, as they cannot love him: but his soul dwells in solitude, in the uttermost parts of creation. In green oases, by the palm-tree wells, he rests a space;

but anon he has to journey forward, escorted by the Terrors and the Splendors, the Archdemons and the Archangels. All Heaven and Pandemonium are his escort. The stars, keen-glancing from the Immensities, send tidings to him; the graves, silent with their dead, from the Eternities. Deep calls for him unto Deep!"

Would that our hearts might be more firmly set on the great hopes of life. The voices of the good and heroic, who have passed away, are calling us. We hear their solemn tread in the chambers of the Past. They beckon to us from the silent dead. Shall we not follow them, and hold high converse with all that is truly great and glorious in life? Oh, let us be aroused to energetic thoughts, to great desires, to mighty deeds, feeling in our souls the noble inspiration of the Poet:

"The Star of the unconquered Will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene and resolute and still,
And calm, and self-possest."

FLY-FISHING.

CAST THIRD.

"On the fair bosom of a wide-stretching lake, might have been seen a frail birch canoe, gliding swiftly under the weight of three dusky forms."—NOVELIST.

We would haul up closer to your heart than that, reader, and ask you not only to look at, but to feel for us, mid-way up the length of the muddy, troubled waters, lumbering along in a crazy shallop toward the head-waters of Pizeko. To feel for us, reader, for we know you to be compassionate, to feel for us as you sit comfortably on the crest of that old hill yonder, gazing down upon our feeble, heavy-laden craft, as it toils among the muddy little breakers; and to feel with us, too, for now that you have arranged your glass, and see distinctly, through the heavy sweat rolling down Dunning's Indian-like visage as he tugs at the oars, through my frantic exertions to master this big leak with the bailing dish, and through Charlie's clenched teeth and twisted mouth as he labors with that piece of plank to make the craft's bows face the breakers, see distinctly through all these a fixed but pleasing determination, after some distant but agreeable object. Yes, reader, we are bound for the head-waters, thence far away through long winding stream and lake's fair bosom, away, away, into the deep, silent recesses of the forest. Come, reader, come awhile with us, and though, now and then, you may lose us among the wood-matted windings of the stream, we will do our best to make the way agreeable to you, and will endeavor to arouse those eager longings, and that eagerness in pursuit of pleasure, which moves ours, to a lively sympathy in your breast, exciting an interest with you in whatever we

take delight. But we fear our promises are far in advance of our craft, for here we are only at the lake's extremity.

As we glide on towards yon opening in the trees, see how the widely-stretching shores of the huge lake have narrowed themselves, and from rude hills and ragged woodland melted away into the gently undulating outline; how the broad bosom has contracted, and stayed its troubled heavings, to await the reception of its gently gurgling forest friend. We pass under the trees, almost arched above our heads, into the streamlet, large enough, indeed for the full sweep of our short oars, but small in comparison with the broad sheet of water that but a moment ago was in full view. We are now fairly in the channel of the stream, and now as fairly out of it again, for our little skiff is high and dry on the rocks, and right heartily are the three laboring to drag it, with its complement of guns, rods, and provision, over them, to that water some fifty yards ahead. Troublesome things are these riffs, right beautiful to behold, when, in the spring-time, the foam dashes madly over the rocks; but quite a different thing, of a hot mid-summer's day, with the water lost to view among the cracks and cranies, and a heavy boat to be drawn bodily fifty or a hundred yards, where there are but slippery footholds, ere it can again reach the water. But these are difficulties which you have made up your mind to encounter, and luckily this one is over, and we are again hull-down to the lake, while our motion and the opposing current are between themselves making a little gurgling music for our gratification.

Well, with a stray cast here and there, merely to announce our coming, and a few little trout to get our hand in, we pass quietly up the stream. The channel grows narrower; the trees begin to arch a little above our heads; oars are useless now, for the boat's sides graze the brush upon the banks, and we push and pull the boat along as well as we can; even then it is hard work, for these troublesome little twigs mat themselves across the stream, entangle themselves in our row-locks, whip off our caps, and trouble us in every way possible, till they seem jealously guarding some sacred retreat—but, bless us! where are we now? surely we have not chosen the wrong one of those twelve little branches! Most surely we have, for here we are, splashing and floundering among the reeds of a deer-swamp. Never mind your rheumatism, Dunning; out with you, Charlie, and look up the stream, while I keep her bows on.

Well, reader, here we are again, in the right stream, to be sure, but yet it is no easy task, either finding or pushing our way through all this mass of briars and matted brush. But don't be disheartened, there must be something worth the labor, ahead, after all this opposition; yes, here we are, the stream has widened again, the brush has gone, and we are now under the big trees of the forest, with a clear path ahead. Not so fast, not so fast—yonder is something in the distance, not quite so promising. By my faith! a dozen stout trunks right across the way, some under, some above the water. There, Dunning! here's two hours' work for your axe. Go it, old Rheumatism! never say die, while you can keep your arms above the water, and have two to spell

you. There go one—two—three of them : now for my turn ; glorious exercise for the arms this ! But hold !—leave that big fellow under the water for Charlie, he is a lazy dog, and wants a little of the oil of exercise to get those limbs of his in hunting order. Ah ! it does one good to look at him ; see how he scowls and grits his teeth as he buries the axe within an inch of his toe ; a little spite goes a great way into soft wood ; two cuts more and it will part ; one—two—it's gone !—and so has Charlie. "He has sunk with his victim," as the novelist would say, axe and all. He wishes himself at home again, I dare say, aye, even in horrid old South Middle. But here he is—head up and axe in hand like a man. This water-cure is a glorious thing for laziness and spleen ; he went down scowling, but has come up again laughing and spluttering, and throws his arms about him with appalling energy.

But we can't wait for passengers ; Charlie is safe aboard again, full length among the traps in the bow, hugging the whisky-bottle as if his life depended on it ; Dunning tugging at the oars, and the boat under full headway. What ! more trees ? This will never do. Charlie has put his veto upon any more cutting, and hard at it again we are dragging the crazy old craft through the brushwood to another point in the stream. The old ceremony of breaking a bottle over the bows upon launching is faithfully observed, and goose-like the shallop glides majestically into the water.

Poor sport this ! exclaims one, as we are again under weigh ; poor sport, creeping along between brush and briar, among old rotten tree-trunks, at one time on dry land, at another no better off, on the scant surface of this niggardly stream. So saith the man of common mould ; but to one of your contemplative mind, there is beauty in this wilderness of difficulties. You are looking beyond the mere obstructions, and, spite of that briar threatening your sight, your eyes with your mind are sweeping as much of the surrounding scenery as you well may. And well may you be interested. You have traversed the broad river, surveyed its proud headlands, its long, low-lying meadows ; but never before, on the narrow channel of a mere brooklet, have you penetrated to the depths of a woodland waste like this.

Seldom has the hand of man here interrupted the course of Nature ; your eye rests upon yonder old trees, some prostrate, some half fallen, and we see in your features an emotion of deeper interest than mere outward form could create. You contemplate the quiet process of undisturbed Nature ; you conceive of that old crumbling trunk, once standing strong and sturdy, the giant of the forest ; you see its foliage dropping from the boughs, to come no more with returning spring, the bark leaving its trunk, and its old form left bare and sapless, until under the gradual process of decay it lies before you, the noble wreck of time. Your imagination carries you still further, and from amid its very rottenness you behold other forms arising, fresh with vigor, soon to tower above their forest brethren, to crumble and fall in turn, some prostrate among the long reed-grass, others withered and tottering with age, to sink into the strong embrace of their younger brethren. Yes ! there is a slumbering beauty amid this quiet region of Nature.

But time is creeping on, and we must away. Again we are passing through a long straight vista, skirted by thick impenetrable brushwood, lined in turn by the stronger fencing of the forest. Night is fast lending to the scene a wilder interest, and we must hasten. The last note of the wood-robin is our vesper-bell, and its sweet departing sounds, as it nestles on its couch among the dense thicket, has left this wilderness more quiet and wilder than before. Night is fast falling, but still our way is clear. Here a deer or a bear once fell by the ruthless hand of our guide, and there a noble moose received the leaden messenger. Now we are passing beneath the high arching trees, and now have lost our way, and, completely covered by the long water-reeds, we are floundering about in search of it. The light breaks through a little opening—a few smart strokes start her swiftly forward and our little skiff glides silently on to the bosom of a placid and beautiful lakelet. Dim shores are stretching around us, and the shades of night are resting upon the waters. There is no sound save the whirring wings of a few shell-drakes, startled by the strange visitants. All else is buried in repose, a repose so deathlike as none can know save those who have lodged on the prairie or visited those wood-embosomed waters. Instinctively our oars rested in the air, and our boat stayed in its course, sank into its place as if pressed down by the stillness which seemed almost as perceptible as the darkness to settle upon the waters. Perhaps, reader, in moments of deathlike repose, you have felt the stillness weigh heavily upon the overstrained membranes of the ear; so it seemed to us as we sat motionless listening for it, somewhat in that state of drowsiness which tempts the unfortunate wanderer to sink upon the snow in a pleasing, but fatal slumber. But the falling dew reminded us of other cares, and turning our boat to one point of the shore after another, we sought long in the darkness for a camp which had welcomed our guide when once before similarly benighted. Our search was at length successful, and clambering up a steep bank we stood at the opening of a shanty that may have, for aught we know, made an Indian's heart leap for joy. A little patching of birch bark rendered our shanty far from uncomfortable, a huge tree trunk rolled to within a few feet of the entrance made a glorious back-log, and in a few moments a long wreath of smoke, fragrant with the savor of freshly caught brook trout, was purling heavenward through the thick foliage, ay! so sweet that Charlie vowed he heard the angels snuffing it. Supper over, our night-wood piled on and cigars lighted, we stretched ourselves on our backs and with our feet to the fire prepared to enjoy the night. But, reader, you were peering in upon our cozy resting place,

———“A birchwood shed,

Leaves were our walls and hemlock was our bed.

* * * * *

A crazy boat was drawn up on a plank,

Mats were our pillows, wov'n of osiers dank,

Skins, caps, and ragged coats a covering made:

This was our wealth, our pleasure and our trade.”

An hour or more had passed over us thus comfortably quartered, when, startled by the silence, we turned towards our comrades, but they, on madam night-mare, were jogging on, far into the regions of Nod-land, going a-fishing probably. Our fire was blazing brightly, and save its crackling and the slight splashing of a deer on the opposite shore, all was buried in profound repose. The moment was one when the sensations dozing in unison with the quiet of Nature, relax their watchfulness, and leave the elfin-like impulses to come forth from the deep recesses of the soul. The rays of the fire flickering on the dark brown roof-bark, completed the spell, and fancy was wantoning at its will. Ours for the moment was in a fitful but pleasing mood, and soon had borne us far away from the wild woodland, to a gay and laughing scene. Our college life was ended, and with the blue ribbon of a diploma—bless us! could it be true, or was it

———“but a fancy born ’mid woodland dells,
Nurtured within the sound of tinkling brooks?”

Yes, reader, it was a veritable sheepskin peering accidentally from our pocket. We were standing in the midst of a happy group. A fine old matron and the venerable gray-haired gude-man, having received the first filial salute, were looking fondly on. The younger scions clambered up our legs and body—our gravity-centre lost, we rolled on the carpet under the accumulated load. Happy object of affection! we were patiently submitting to be smothered in the rosy arms of twenty superincumbent responsibilities—but they were gone. Surprised, we glanced our eye along the floor. Alas! children will be children. That little speck of blue ribbon—curiosity excited—told it all. Our devoted sheepskin was the bone of contention among forty outstretched arms—’twas a wild discord—flaxen hair flew in clouds, and there was the sharp crack of rended calico. Soon from the midst came forth the youngest cherub, our pride, Alexander-like astride the Bucephalus of our recorded merits, and in the midst of kicking and frisking, shouting triumphantly “while we on ponies ride before.”—Audacia! so young too! we sighed and threw ourselves into the arms of six lovely cousins, who were anxiously waiting to comfort us—recollection recalls no more. As far as we remember, we were in a few moments far away, wandering sadly among the scenes of bygone memories. But a strange sound broke in upon our reverie—it was the crashing of some huge tree, as it sank from age into the bosom of the forest, and the wild screech of the owl, startled from its roost, breaking upon the deep repose of night. It was an unearthly sound to our ears. Our reverie was broken, and we rolled over into the embrace of the slumber angel.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE chime of the little hour was ginging in our ears, and yet nought graced our paper save the few oft-repeated words, "A new volume of our beloved —!" We had descended from flighty Poesy, had gladly left the dry subjects of Essay, and wearied even with the lighter pleasures of vacation stories, dropped cozily into our big arm chair. A smouldering fire had cast a warm glow around us, and we were all prepared to spend a pleasant evening with you, reader. Our designs were good, but, nevertheless, our candle was waning fast, while we still looked around for inspiration, somewhat like him who sat with pen in hand and mouth wide opened to catch some stray idea intended for another. The spark on the hearth caught our eye, but the flame was gone—not an idea rested upon the downy cushion of our old arm-chair—not one even upon our Table, the receptacle of wit, the laughing-board of humor. In despair we sank back upon our editorial tripod, and, oh! reader, that you could have seen the anguish unutterable in our quivering eye, as it rolled tearfully heavenward. But there was aid in that pious, though involuntary motion; our optic axis rested upon that little black ceiling-spot, which we ever invoke in the hour of need. The spell was broken—the gloomy clouds that girt the prison-home of the bright Idea rolled away, the fairy inmates burst forth in wild confusion—the space around us was in a moment filled with their airy forms—Fancy trembled in every candle-beam—wit and puns were scattered around us in wild profusion—humor grinned from every nook, and rollicking fun was in full riot about us. As you have seen Panch, so sat we, all smirks and smiles. Our sleeves were up-rolled, our pen all ready, and we were about to stamp upon the paper their fitting forms in characters of ink, when, alas! reader, for your pleasure, the light flickered and trembled—threw one bright, tantalizing flash across the dim figures, and then sank into the socket—the pen dropped from our hands, our eyes closed, and we were conscious no more.

And yet, reader, it was not sleep, for we saw plainly the pale light of the moon falling through the diamond glass, in dim frescoes upon floor and column, lighting with its mellow tints the arch high above us. We saw no more of the strange old place, for our eyes rested instinctively upon a huge pile of dusty volumes, that possessed some strange, inexplicable interest. Motionless we gazed upon them, until they seemed to quiver and heave, a rustling noise issued from their leaves, and from their top uprose a little, quaint old figure—knee-breeks, a long wig and flowing robe bespoke him of the olden time. Old Father Yale himself stood before us. The bosom of the little man heaved, his eye flashed, his arm was outstretched, and he seemed about to chide some imaginary injurer;—when his gaze fell upon us, the arm dropped, the eye relaxed its severity, and with a bland smile calling us toward him, he whispered that in our ear, which made our cheek blush with pride, and which modesty forbids that we should mention to any except our brothers of the Quintumvirate. Again the little man's eye wandered, again the breast heaved, the arm was raised, and a dreadful imprecation seemed falling from those quivering lips upon the head of some invisible wrong-doer, and the little man sank into the surface as quickly as he had arisen. A second time the pile heaved with some strange emotion, and a low murmuring voice issued from the leaves: "Student of Yale, for thirteen long years we have been with you. A plain and unpretending form we have dwelt thus long in these old classic halls. Your generations have one after another passed away, and yet we linger here. We have known you in the good old days of olden fashion, we have known you amid the changes of time, and we know you now. Once we were the child of your tender care, again your cherished companion, and again we looked upon you with the affectionate gaze of a mother. As an infant we grew under your fostering care. As a companion we walked by your side, we shared your moments of sorrow and of gladness, and oft when all others had gone, upon our upturned features yours would smile, in sympathy, a smile of joy, or sadden with a kindred expression of sorrow. As a Mother—did a strange or earnest thought, a bright gleam of beauty, or of laughing humor, cross your mind, you would throw it into our lap to be treasured, among your boyish hoards, in the countless cells of a mother's memory.

"Year after year has passed away, and gone with them have Class after Class of

your College mates, son of Yale. As, for thirteen long years, one after another has departed, they have reverently laid one volume after another upon the old oak shelves. They have passed and are now passing, while we rest quietly under the falling dust of time. But why as they go forth to the world do we linger here within these time-honored walls? Why but as the record of their times! the sacred tabernacle of their memories! the last filial tribute to their Alma Mater! Nay, more! not merely their gift, but their written testimony, to the character of her teachings, left upon the threshold as they go forth forever—the wavering mark of each successive wave upon the shore-sand, as it swells up and lingers for a moment ere it sinks back into the ocean of life. Aye, and we make it our gentle boast too, that we are the links of the successive eras of College history, of their history and yours, of their and your pleasures and sorrows. And most of all do we claim that through our pages runs the almost invisible thread that links your and their intellectual natures, that, despite the changes of time, preserves unbroken the union between soul and soul. Have you had emotions, has high ecstatic joy thrilled your frame! ours has quivered with like throbbings. Has gentle humor wreathed your face in smiles! our pages have smiled in sympathy, and almost rustled with inward laughter in harmony with that rollicking humor that shook your sides. Has one of your number withered and drooped at your side! we have sorrowed with you. Have friends passed out in successive classes! you have mourned their absence not alone. We hold within us their promises of future greatness, the first expressed aspirations of their daring ambition, and with you we rejoice or grieve when tidings of their fulfillment or their failure come in echoes back from the busy hum of life. All these have we seen and felt in sympathy with each other, but ye have forgotten them, while we retain their record treasured in our memories. They have passed from your minds to make room for others, and to you they are now as things gone by. But here there is room for both the past and the present, here they live fresh as ever amid the tomes of this old dust-sheeted pile. They linger here in silence, awaiting for the gathering records of increasing time, of events that from your memories are day by day dropping into the womb of forgetfulness. So that when the spirit of meditation passes over you, you may turn and amid our old forsaken leaves live again with the past, and trace the history of times, of events, of the feelings and of the intellect of College life, from the past to the present. Turn once again, son of Yale, turn to us, and when you have gently brushed the dust of time from our leaves, and again piously laid us in our accustomed places, tell us is it not fit that you too should leave the record unbroken, a sacred trust to those who come after you? But is *unbroken*, enough? is it enough that we were a mere record? Oh, no! as well might we be you yellow lifeless Catalogue pile, a long expressionless list of bare names. Our aspirations are far different. We care not to boast the names of the great, of those who have stood as shining lights among us, mountains of Intellect in the fair vale of Feeling. We would be more closely linked with your common sympathies, a friend of the student's more genial moments, the mirror-like reflection of that mellow tint pervading these old classic elms, when the more glaring light of intellect has gone, leaving behind all its purity and all its beauty. We would have moving and heaving within us those gentler emotions, awakened by the refined influence of intellectual culture in the bosom of feeling. Such, were our voice heard, would be the record inscribed on our pages—a record not only of your intellectual efforts, nor yet of your untaught emotions, but rather would our spirit be the pictured image chiseled by the refining touch of tasteful intellect from the rude, exuberant mass of untutored feeling.

“Such were we once. Did you feel a pleasing emotion, a sensation of joy, with generous hand you hastened to share it with us, and placed among our number, here in this obscure nook, it shot through the members of this old pile, until our odd, uncouth frame, heaving with like emotion, shook the dust of time from its sides; the lifeless shelves, from our awkward joy-thumps, catching the feeling, shook and danced and creaked in sympathy; the old walls took the merry humor, and from them and from every arch grinning faces peered out upon us; while Father Yale, roused by the unwonted confusion, arose from the cover, rubbing his eyes, heavy-laden with the sleep of ages, and catching the magic influence, threw off his old silver-buckled shoes, and hopped through the old Yale jig until the venerable walls, forgetting their dignity, rocked and swayed in harmony with the wild jubilee. We have no such merry doings now. Alack-a-day! times have sadly changed. No one now tells us his joys, but

some sage critic sends us the sharp-cornered offspring of his intellect. No more, son of Yale, is our heart gladdened, as in the olden time, by knowing and sharing what is next to thine. Not more than two thirds of our age was passed, when divorce took place between us. You then took one path and we another; since that time the separation has grown wider and wider; never in your moments of pleasure do you turn and share them with us. But whenever stern, sharp-featured intellect asserts its supremacy, then with magnificent air you grasp the pen and give to us the dry, unsooiable conceptions of your genius. The only conscious receptacle of your greatness, we would willingly leave the unkind gift a hidden nook in our bosom. But hidden it will not be; no sooner is our frame moved by some little remembrance of past feeling, than its sharp corners prick our sides and send a jagged thrill of agony through every member; but our pain is shockingly augmented when we feel the old man on our cover writhing and twisting in his coffin, through anguish unutterable. Nay, more envious aspirants launch the darts of criticism against your offspring, and our poor sides, pierced with their cruel points, writhe in agony undeserved, and, to heighten our anguish, grinning, devilish faces peer down upon us as though we merited our suffering, in forgetting our places and attempting what we were unable to accomplish.

"Thus, Student of Yale, has our separation every day become wider, until now we are scarcely known as the children of the same Alma Mater; until you have forgotten that you are bound to us by ties of consanguinity, and leave the five poor priests, whom you have appointed the guardians of our sacred sanctuary, alone to supply us with food and nourishment. Nay, ingrate! you have not only forgotten them, but have even dared to launch the cruel shafts of criticism at their filial labors. When you have asserted your high prerogative in selecting them, you leave them alone at their labor, excepting that when their toil is slackened an application of your pedal extremity is deemed necessary to their renewed exertion. This should not be, Son of Yale: 'Kick our faithful quintumvirate, but help them.' Help them at their labors; make our welfare your common interest, and let us be, as of yore, the sharers in your common emotions, the receptacles of the brightest effusions from the mingled sources of your intellect and feelings; let us, we entreat you, be the friend unto whose bosom you confide your treasured thoughts, your cherished emotions. And in turn, when the hour lags, when sadness or dejection is resting upon you, we will return whatever you have given, whatever you may have committed to our sacred trust; we will be the comforter of your sorrows and the companion of your listless hours. 'A friend in need is a friend indeed' "

With these words, the old dust-covered pile, heaving a moment with the lingering emotion of its own unwonted expression, sank gently to rest. We stood, gazing in astonishment at the lifeless heap of old moth-eaten volumes; in astonishment that aught could have called up the utterance of these long pent emotions. But while we stood, the spell was broken, our eyes opened on darkness, but yet we rest satisfied that we were fast in our old arm chair, and had never been out of it. It was all a dream, reader, but yet we thought there was reason and justice in it, and we have written it down and allowed our Magazine to make its own appeal. It may be too long; it is long, we candidly confess it now, that you may skip it if it so pleases you. But if you do so please, you cannot escape us, here is another from ourselves, and it will only be from Scylla and Charybdis with you.

We would add, then, a few words for our own selves. While with the present of the first number of our fourteenth volume we would wish for those who have just entered the classic portals, a happy four years of College Life, and to those who have already sojourned here, every happiness during their further stay, we would beg of you all to have some regard for us during the short period that we have new to remain among you. A single class have appointed us to edit a Magazine—not theirs, not ours, but a common College Magazine. We would ask them, if in choosing us to edit, they did not bind themselves to support it by their contributions; and we would ask of the whole college, if the same obligation does not rest upon them, to aid us in preserving the reputation of that which will soon come into their hands, and for which reputation they will hold us responsible. As to criticism, we fear it not. Our Magazine were poor indeed, did it stand in awe of criticism, and our labors worse than lost, did our pages not provoke it. We lay no claim to perfection, but low and pitiful were our goose-quill flights, could they not educe some critic's shafts. No, we court it rather than avoid it. With Sterne, we think naught so foolish as to have no place at the

table for a critic ; and so, with him, we have left in our Table half a dozen places purposely open for them ; and, still further, we pay them all court. "Gentlemen, I kiss your hands ; I protest, no company could give me half the pleasure ; by my soul, I am glad to see you. I beg only you will make no strangers of yourselves, but sit down without any ceremony and fall on heartily." By thus courting we hope to improve, and by begging all to fall to without ceremony, make all express themselves so heartily, and have no half-way, sniveling fault-finding, but a good wholesale, honest criticism. We see not how else to attain any excellence from it. But while we court it, we beg of you to bear it with us. We thought to disarm it of injustice, by the concealment of the author's name, and to raise it up gradually to a correct standard, by laying our hand gently upon each one's shoulder, and bidding him strike carefully, lest he hit his friend. We thought that by thus making it a matter of personal interest, each one would judge more discreetly, thereby aiding his own powers and his own taste, and thus, from a multitude of testimony, that the true criterion of judging would be elicited. And we now flatter ourselves that we have not been disappointed. We do think that the tone of that criticism has changed, or at least is changing, and we thank our readers for a more gentle consideration than has been exhibited towards the Magazine for years. We hope much from it, and while it encourages us to greater exertions, we still think that there is much on your part yet to be done. A just standard of criticism is now gaining the ascendancy, and it needs more labor to meet its requirements. We would have you hear it with us. You have appointed us to attend to the interests of the Magazine ; that, we are determined to do ; we are determined to have its pages filled, and well filled, if we have to accomplish it, as we have hitherto almost wholly done, by our own exertions. Filled they must be, and if you will not aid us, we must beg of you to forbear your criticism. Burthened with college occupations, it is not in our power to fill up forty-eight pages, nine times in the year, with elaborate, or even with articles more than moderately finished in their tone or construction. Our matter must necessarily be thinly spread. Our subjects are chosen, and what time we can we expend upon them. If they do not please us on further acquaintance, time permits us not to choose new ones. If the tone of our composition does not satisfy us, no articles from your pens make for us a budget from which we may select in preference to our own, and in ours must go, what our first efforts have made them, and such you must take them. We have choice, then, neither of subjects or pieces, whence we may cater to your tastes. Hence when you criticise, do it with these considerations, and let us hear no more that "you will commence writing when the Editors have done *splurging*." Again and again we have urged you all to write and relieve our labors. If we hear, then, a second expression of such an extremely ungenerous sentiment, prithee, friend, beware ! or we may have to entreat thy public acceptance of a fool's cap and ginging silver bells, just suited to the head of the author of so brilliant a sentence.

But enough of this ; these things are old, and we fear have gained nothing by repetition from us. We did intend to contribute, if possible, something for your amusement, but our limits are now too much prescribed to admit of it. A mirth-moving description of our two noble contributors and their several eccentricities awaited you. Suffice it to say that, rolling on our softest cushions and gazing vacantly into our little heap of editorial embers—while their souls, happy fellows, have ascended to the seventh heaven on the smoke clouds of our glorious tribuccos, they are now bodily with us in our "sanctum sanctorum"—the retreat sacred to the pleasures of heaven-descended contributors ! But they deserve such happiness, glorious, generous souls, aye even to the smoking of our luscious tribucco. Poor wretches ! devoted to literature, they seldom experience such unalloyed pleasure. Oh ! reader, that you could see them now, as each one grasps another weed—four only remain, generous reader—and with lighted brand prepares to send up a cloud of incense. But stop ! here is still another, a queer little oddity. It is a poet. For the last half hour has he been intently watching the smoke clouds bursting on the ceiling. But now the lord of the sanctum seizes the fattest, the plumpest tribucco—three only, now remain, dear, kind, generous reader—a few trial whiffs stream from his mouth, a smoke wreath curls around his glorious beard, the little poet's eyes glisten with inward delight, a conception grand, magnificent has entered his soul ; another and another smoke wreath writhes itself free from the comely jaws

of the Editor—the conception waxes—no longer does that eye, that lustrous eye, glister and sparkle, with varying emotions, it is fixed and stern—one idea has seized upon the poet's soul—one moment, and it will be accomplished or kill him with its intensity. The jaws again expand like unto the entrance of some dark chasm—forth rolls a dark heavy volume of smoke, gradually it falls into the wreathed shape of a huge circle, for a moment it swings sluggishly in the air, then with steady motion floats upward and now hovers at a little height above the table; in a moment that idea has roused to action, one bound has borne the little man to our elbow—another, and he hangs for a moment intensely poised—then sinks down into the smoke wreath, feels the mellow vapor press upward against his arms and throwing his head aback,

“Lest fancy steal o'er him, touch with her wand
The imagery fountains, the ideal band,
And guide him along with her silvery rein
Through lands ever smiling, through Fairies' domain”——

while, like the far off notes of excelsior, strikes on his ear the strange sounds “go it Fre-e-esh,” squeaked from the fat lungs of our glorious contributor.

But hold! we have meanwhile almost forgotten the two more noble occupants of our sanctum, our magnificent prose writers!—happy dogs in our forgetfulness, for with the smoke wreaths of our two last waning tributes, is fast ebbing all their remembrance of our sacred office; and happy we, for at our leisure we may now mark their several dispositions. How different! yonder one in the chimney nook rests supremely happy. Contentment is written on every feature. And why not? His jolly form just fills the easy rounding of that old cushioned chair; that mellow smoke just suits his soft voluptuous lips, and those lazy wood coals fill up his idea of careless happiness. A quiet smile plays upon his full broad face and as it twinkles among the fun-wrinkles of that laughter-loving mouth, we read the merry wine songs, the soft love ditties and the sugary-sighing to his rustic nymph, wherewithal we may fill up the little cozy nooks in the future numbers of our beloved *Maga*. The unpleasant reminiscences of that last ride upon the uncouth elephant—where you lately saw him perched, reader, in the very perfection of uncomfortableness—are fast disappearing, and in the dim smoke cloud the monkeys are again at their merry antics. Nought troubles him save the fast waning of his last tribute, and even that grieves him not longer, for his merry eye has leered from our long stemmed meerschaum, to the full, plump paper of our “Feinen Kanaster”—the measure of his happiness is full and we love him for it—we love

“Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much, such men are dangerous.

* * * * *

Would he were fatter.”

We tremble as we sit near him. True! he smokes; but it has no mellow influence upon him. True! he sendeth forth a long streaming whiff and seemeth satisfied; but in another moment he champs and gnaws the end and fretting the smoke in his lips raises his long lank body from its rest, squirming and twisting until we tremble for the effect of his angular development upon the delicate texture of our cushion. No pleasing smoke-dreams flit across his vision. These he deems folly, and even now his sharp unsteady eye rests in scorn upon his contented, unconscious companion. And he hath that too which speaks not well for him, he “hath a beard of useless length, like unto a winter's night, long, dark and cold.” Mark you that spare form, a very Cassius; that restless eye hath ambition in every motion, that long beard treachery in every fold. Such men are dangerous; he has a design and we tremble in our seat as we look upon him. Mark you! that man will be an—Editor.

“Would he were fatter; —————”

But where, where, meanwhile is the Poet, the man who doeth our verse? Oh! we had forgotten that we saw him, smoke encircled ascending to a fancied heaven. Much we fear that we shall never, never, hear from him again. It matters not, he rejoices, as do we, that never again will he visit those earthy landscapes,

"Where richest of spices impregnate the breezes,
And incense of odor drips sweet from the treezes."

(Vide Poet's corner in the coffin.)

But names, names? we fancy you ask. Oh no! reader, we have placed a finger on our lips, a hand on our heart, and that, you know, with an Editor means——. And "what's in a name"? Why! you have not recognized our dear contributors even from our glowing description, and how could you form any estimate of their character or their persons from the mere mention of their names. Pardon us, reader, you surely do not believe in that lady's absurd philosophy which asserts that to Dick, Tom, and Jerry belong appropriate dispositions? We do sometimes cherish the opinion of Sterne, that laying aside these more common names, certain others do exert a sort of magic influence upon character. Tracing with him the matter "*ab ovo*," we think with Mr. Tristram-Shandy-Gentleman's philosophical father, that his Tristram's misfortunes began nine months before ever he came into the world. But before we begin, we advise him who hath not a minute and inquisitive judgment to follow us no further into the paragraph, as he might not enter into its true spirit and utterly misconceive of our real design—we think then with him, that in certain cases, certain characters are ever associated with certain names, at the moment of the child's christening, and that upon these associations depend the whole tone of a man's life. Now for the existence of these associations, to the fact of which he brings the testimony of a certain very eminent philosopher, we would add that there must have been some prior cause: and tracing forward *ab ovo*, *ad horam natalem vel ad diem lustricum*, it is evident that during this embryotic period, the fond mother must have ever had the image of the child, in connection with some chosen name, playing upon her mind, and in connection with this name a common character or some disposition which has struck her fancy. And it is equally evident that the humors of the mother during this period, must have had an influence upon the little being's delicate formation, and that, the association growing stronger and stronger, up to the time of birth, this character at the present moment of the little fellow's first bow upon the threshold of the world, must have been stereotyped upon the name, and made him for life an honest man or a thief, a dunce or the contrary, that is, if Sterne's theory be true. So that, reader, you see the question, "What is in a name?" is not so idle after all, and you will now believe that this is a magnificent theory of ours. "But," says a fair one—as she presents the following pronomens of three interesting members of the Beman family—"can you, sir, show us the application of your theory in this case?" Certainly, madam, with the greatest—"Did ever woman, since the creation of the world"——Certainly, madam, nothing will afford us so much pleasure. Our magnificent theory, madam, began far in the dim ages of the past. Others may trace back theirs to the first square foot of Ararat's peak, left dry by the subsiding waters, or even to the gates of Eden. Ours exceeding all others in antiquity, began nine months before the youthful Cain opened his eyes for the first time on the fair gardens of Paradise. Long concealed amid the changes of time, it was left for us, in the glorious light of the present century, to assert its greatness and add its powerful influence to the promotion of civilization throughout the world; to apply it—as to its present application—its application consists, madam——pshaw! we leave the thing to you, reader: here they go; sing them, chant them, howl them, make what you will of them:

Queen Caroline—Sarah Rogers Rushannah,

Beman,

Robert Hubbard Hunk—Dan Dunk—Peter Jacobus Lackeman,

Beman,

Charity—Freelove and Ruth—

Grace—Mercy and Truth—

Faith and Hope and Peace pursue,

And that will carry you clear through,

Beman.

Oh! you're puzzled, reader: as well might you endeavor to explain the intimate connection between one of King David's psalms and that little word "Selah" at the end

of it, as to attempt to gain a knowledge of the character of any particular "Beman," from the words that precede it. These names have no appropriate character, and we are astonished that a man of Sterne's experience should ever have proposed a theory so absurd. Therefore, reader, we trust that you will not again trouble us with your ridiculous request for the names of our contributors. No! we fully agree with our fair questioner, that this theory of names is both ridiculous and absurd. Yet will we hold that there is one single sweet exception to the rule; we know not how it is that there ever belongs a gentle, angelic disposition to Mary. Still this will not aid you, inquisitive reader, for we solemnly assure you that Mary is the name of neither of our most noble contributors.

Some lazy Sene, during a sudden burst of excitement, hath wrung the College Bell—from the depths of his lethargic mind—and hastened to us to beg his dear Editors to make it known to the world. The dear Editors cannot refuse.

THE COLLEGE BELL.

De gustibus non est disputandum.—HORAC.

THE FRESHMAN.

It ringeth, it ringeth—the matin bell—
And biddeth us drink from the crystal well,
From the crystal well and the sparkling fount,
That glimmers on Learning's rock-based mount.
O'er valley and meadow and sun-lit dell
It ringeth, it ringeth, the matin bell.

THE SOPHOMORE.

It ringeth, it ringeth! Confound the bell,
For the morning is dark as a hermit's cell,
And Tutors alone from their slumbers creep,
Their consciences trouble them: *they* can't sleep.
I'm tired and weary—I don't feel well,
Yet up I must get. O! blast that bell!

THE JUNIOR.

It ringeth, it ringeth—the clanging bell,
And awfully clear its loud notes swell,
No hopes of slumber its rattlings leave,
For the Devil is in it, I do believe.
Confound the metal! it vibrates well,
And noisily ringeth the clanging bell.

THE SENIOR.

It ringeth, it ringeth—the tinkling bell,
Like the prisoned tones of an ocean shell,
But the murmuring notes scarce reach my ear,
For gentle-eyed Slumber is lingering near.
Thy tones have lost their magical spell,
Then ring till your metal splits—tinkling bell.

One of our antiquarian contributors has, in his researches, recently wandered into the paternal ash-hole. Lost in contemplation, he imagined himself standing on the precincts of another world, whereof the clay floor was the ground work and the arched roof, the heavenly concave, studded with soot-spots as is the firmament with stars. Determined to explore the nature of this singular realm, and advancing still further, he fancies that, in the ashes strewn over the surface, he beholds the inhabitants. On his knees he had been studiously learning their several natures and raking one sort after another from the main heap, has likened them to the characters in his own world. He has just raked up and disposed of potash in a fitting analogy, and now pearls meet his eye—but hear himself discourse, for he has, an odd and, now and then, an apt fancy of his own—"Let us now introduce you to a near relation of this last character, coming from the same paternal stock, though somewhat modified in

his developments by external circumstances. You see him there a gentle seeming, smooth faced man, looking for all the world as though his heart's blood were a purified extract of honey, such is his sweetness. Happy, yea, thrice happy man is he, honored by the acquaintance of such an one. Doubtless he is the favorite of all his friends, their beau-ideal of an amiable character. Come let us speak with him,—Gracious Heaven! what a cross grained specimen of humanity! “*Noli me tangere*,” he snarls out and off he goes. Well, cynical friend Diogenes, our theory has purposely a variety for you, even though no gem, you shall be called pearlsash. You are not so very useless either. You answer well to correct the sourness of better men, and to raise up their heavy hearts. In truth, we could not get along without you, we should not appreciate a light hearted man; did you not exist, our cakes would be all dough.”

“The Judgment of Paris.” It is with much regret that we notice a recent publication bearing this title. We had scarce expected to see these old walls, ennobled by the memory of men and devoted to the culture of manly accomplishment, desecrated by the presence of those who could reciprocate a family's kindness by the revelation of their fireside secrets, and serve up that for a mockery which the honor of a gentleman must ever hold sacred—a woman's confidence. As the production of a thoughtless moment, it might have passed unnoticed, had not the author or authors boasted of that for which a man should have blushed with shame, by issuing it a second time in pamphlet form; but we forbear, our abhorrence has been sufficiently expressed, and in that expression, we think we do but assert the common college feeling of injured pride, for the connection of our student name with aught so dishonorable.

And now, reader, bless the Lord, we have done! and in conclusion, to all that advice which has been so lavishly thrust upon you, we would add ours, and we sadly and solemnly advise you, that whatever you may decide in respect to valedictories, now, upon the threshold of college life, firmly and solemnly resolve never to become an Editor—of the Yale Lit.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The first two numbers of the Amherst “Indicator” are before us. It is not with common feelings that we read its motto,

“*Alii multa perficiunt, nos nonnulla conamur:
Illi possunt: nos volumus.*”

As students, we rejoice in the revival of a college magazine among those treading the same paths of learning and possessing like feelings; but as “five guardian priests” we sympathize more nearly with *their* pleasures and labors, who exercise a similar guardianship, while we are pleased with that youthful vigor and buoyant life-like expression, which it has been our aim to revive in our own pages. Go on then! “brothers five” of Amherst, and, if a voice of sympathy from our little “sanctum” in the bosom of old Yale can cheer your midnight labors, you have it right heartily; and when, in the dearth hour of contribution and subscription, your eye glances timidly at the device “*nos volumus—we'll try.*” look again boldly and you will see a “*macte virtute—on and prosper,*” from us, written close after it. Long may your numbers continue to grace our table—they will ever be welcome.

We are sure of forgiveness, while we tear this little beauty-fragment from the symmetry of their pages.

“Love's alphabet, Jenny, I teach you in vain,
In vain, every letter I quote,
For, believe me, too soon that's forgotten again
Which is merely repeated by rote.

* * * * *

If you wish me your tutor, first *I* you'll select
Beyond all the rest to esteem,
By day you must constantly *I* recollect,
By night 'tis of *I* you must dream.

Let the next then be *L*, with which life is begun,
(That 'tis ended so, heaven forbid!)
Add an *O*, and a *V*, and *E*—ah! you've done
Already, the task *I* have bid.

Ah! Jenny, I know that my meaning you scan,
 For your eyes tell that *now* you attend,
 But though this fond vision 'twas *I* that began,
 It is *U* that must give it an end.

* * * * *

I love you, my teaching amounts to but this—
 This is all I wish to impart—
 Reward then my lesson, dear girl, with a kiss,
 And repeat it, as I do, *by heart*.

The "Literary Record and Journal," conducted by a committee of the Linnean Association of Pennsylvania College, is no less welcome to our table. But this stands in need of no encouragement from us, as it is already nearing its fifth volume. In it we notice an article on latin conjugations, from the pen of Prof. Gibbs of Yale College.

These are our only exchanges—we would be glad to increase their number. We would be proud to count among them every periodical, conducted by those of our own age, throughout the whole country, and more especially those by the students of our several colleges. They are widely separated, and there is little in common between them. Happy would we be to lend one link to bind them more closely to each other, and that link an interchange of our several magazines. We would learn from them whether there existed the same sympathies, the same student feeling, as among ourselves. From their successes, we would gain knowledge useful to the further prosperity of our own, while from our more extended experience they might, perhaps, gather some hints as to the more effectual direction of their efforts. They will do us a favor then, who send us a copy of any college magazine and may expect a prompt reciprocation on our part.

Among others, none would gratify us more than "The Collegian" of the University of Virginia. Our library contains its bound numbers, and their perusal has already shortened a lonely hour. If it still be in existence, we would be much pleased to see it again on our table.

With the "Lowell Offering" we should also be happy to exchange. As also with the "New England Offering."

The "Albany Rose" has, they tell us, drooped and died, but may it not bloom fresh as ever beneath the tender care of a lady's hand. We would add its fragrant beauty to the gracing of our poor editorial table. Throw us the posy, fair girls, and we will tax our sweetness to thank you filly.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

"Mrs. Childs' Letters" are accepted, but we must beg the author, when he again contributes, (as we hope he soon will,) to be more careful both in the use and in the spelling of his words, since we cannot consent to perform the drudgery of the school-master in addition to the severe labors of editing.

"The Taking of the Holy Sepulchre" also appears in this number. We must enjoin upon the author that the medium of the post-office will be necessary to the acceptance of any future communication.

"Fancy" is rejected decidedly. The two of our number, "who are professed lovers of fine poetry," are unable to appreciate that quality in the author's first effusion.

"Ashes," at least the unconsidered part of them, have, at the request of the author, been "tenderly" consigned to the coffin. "Ashes to ashes—dust to dust—will the Editors not take you—the Sexton must." Yet we would not "break the heart" of Solomon Scriptor, for in raking over the dry material, our Sexton turned up a few bright sparks that might have fired even the dull contents of the coffin. One of them we have dropped into our table, where we do not think the like danger exists. The same author, on a more interesting subject, would, most likely, find acceptance with the Quintumvirate.

We must beg our readers and his reverence, to excuse the omission of the usual pun on the devil's name.

After this, positively, no notice will be taken of articles not communicated through the post-office, and anonymously.

The authors of the several pieces may obtain their manuscript by calling upon the editor of that No. in which they are published.

VOL. XIV.

No. II.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

DECEMBER, 1848.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV.

DECEMBER, 1848.

No. 2.

ION, AS AN IMITATION OF THE GREEK DRAMA.

Aut famam sequire, aut sibi convenientia finge
Sculptor.

HORACE.

STARE not, gentle reader, at the long title that heads our article ; think not that we are about to bewilder you with learned disquisitions upon Greek writing. Far from it ; we only ask you to join us in hunting out the varied beauties of one of the gems of modern poesy. Let us seat ourselves quietly in our good arm chairs, and as the coals blaze cheerfully, forget the dull cares of life, and live once more with Ion, in the olden time of Greece. What though the cold winds of December howl among the bare limbs of the bending elms, we, at least in imagination, are under the clear sky of that joyous land, and the only air that fans our cheeks is the zephyr.

But before we plunge "*in medias res*," let me ask you one question, my gentle reader. Tell me, has it ever occurred to you, when upon some momentous occasion in the debating society, when, filled with the genuine *flatus*, you were not only piling Ossa upon Pelion, but planting even the tree of liberty upon Ossa, boiling at the same time with the idea of your intellectual liberty, that you were in fact only a sort of mental automaton, acting merely upon those impressions which habit had fixed in your mind? Do not, my dear sir, think by this, that I would throw out any insinuations against the originality of your speech ; you no doubt in that case had read nothing except an essay or two by Macauley, and seven or eight pieces in the Edinburgh Review. Your speech was, undoubtedly, in your eye, entirely your own. I am merely preaching a sermon to you, from the text that "man is the creature of habit;" but lest your self-love may incline you to deny the truth of this proverb, when you are cited as the example, suppose we take a wider range, and see whether it does not apply to nations, as well as individuals.

You can scarcely have failed to observe, when reading a book of travels, how close a connection exists between the character of a people, and that of the country which it inhabits. Let us leave to philo-

sophy the separation of mankind into races ; for us, it is only necessary to consider now what are the circumstances of the climate and scenery of their respective homes. Not that I would have you understand me as saying, that race is of no consequence, for such an assertion would of course be absurd ; but merely as alluding to the peculiar likeness in the characters of all nations who occupy similar localities, and the still more striking differences, which a variety of such circumstances causes in the feelings and dispositions of two people really of the same family.

As examples of this, I shall bring forward only those two nations who have in turn given a tone to the feelings of civilized Europe. The first of these, the Grecians, were placed in a situation calculated in a rare degree to cultivate a taste for the beautiful. Living in a land whose scenery was ever exciting feelings of delight, though but seldom rising to that grandeur which calls up deeper emotions, under a sunny sky whose serenity was almost unbroken, and a climate which invited all to enjoy to the full the bounties which nature had so lavishly poured forth, they caught inspiration from all that surrounded them, and acquired a strange elegance of thought. While, however, their situation inspired them with this love of the beautiful, it by no means imparted that sense of the wildly grand so striking in the German. The beauty of the Greeks was of a bright and sunny cast ; it was the beauty of rounded forms and sparkling eyes. To reach perfection in this, elegance of execution is absolutely necessary, and this consequently connected with an even balance of parts, and strict unity of design, and extreme finish.

The attention being so entirely taken up with mere outward symmetry and physical enjoyment, they were naturally led into a certain degree of sensuality in all of their ideas. For instead of pondering upon the mystic workings of the mind, the Greek was ever reducing the intellectual to a level with the material ; and even when striving to express his idea of the divine, we see him carving

“ The Lord of the unerring bar,
The God of Life, and poesy, and light,
The sun in *human* limbs arrayed.”

The German, on the other hand, occupied almost an opposite position. In the savage mountains and dismal forests of his northern home, there was little indeed to excite his fancy, but there was much to appeal to his imagination. While the Grecian painted Zephyr young and beautiful, floating on airy pinion over the earth, and strewing flowers along his way, the German, cowering in his subterranean dwelling, heard in the howling of the wintry blast only the voice of the dread spirit of the storm. Repelled, and yet excited by the wild scenes around him, his soul soared above earthly things, and he was filled with the idea of the spiritual and the romantic ; but his reason refused to enclose within walls a deity whose works were so grand, and he worshiped the God of Nature in her own solitudes.

Still this very elevation was ever running into the mystic and irregu-

lar; and while the Greek is apt to sink into sameness and insipidity, the German but too often becomes extravagant and unintelligible. This opposition of character breathes in all their works, but is nowhere seen so distinctly as in the dramatic poetry of the respective nations.

Dramatic poetry, I say, for I am convinced that while other branches of poetical composition afford to the student an insight into particular traits of national character, still that it is only in the drama that we can obtain a view of it in full. The hymn, indeed, marks the prevailing idea of the divine, the epic of the heroic; the lyric raises the veil that hides the gentler feelings; the ballad throws open the house, and paints the domestic manners of the age; but the drama, the drama alone, blends into one common picture the superstitions, the prejudices, the passions, and the customs of a people.

The reason is obvious. Even granting the poet to be an isolated being, sympathizing in no respect with his countrymen, and unmoved by any of those local influences which give direction to the thoughts, yet the mere fact that his work must be subjected to the criticism of a promiscuous assembly, would lead him to choose such a theme as would be most likely to interest his hearers. But this is a most unwarrantable supposition; the poet does indeed differ from his countrymen, but surely not by wanting this nationality, rather is it by having it to excess, by being as it were the embodiment of their peculiarities. And this is only natural, for the circumstances which excite a common mind, form his sensitive nature; the superstitions that float dimly before the eyes of the vulgar, are seized upon by him with avidity,

“And as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shape.”

When, therefore, he throws his conceptions into the form of a play, we have the spirit of the people placed evidently before us, while the exigencies of the case also oblige the introduction of their customs to a very considerable extent.

Thus may we trace in the theatrical works of every nation its specific character, the contrast in which, from the reasons already alluded to, becomes very striking, when we compare those of Grecian and Teutonic origin, or in other words, the Classic and Romantic dramas. These have been well called the Plastic and Picturesque schools; for while in the one the aim is to group gracefully a limited number of highly drawn characters, the other calls in the aid of numerous and strikingly diversified personages, who may give relief and effect to the picture, by a display of the varied and deep workings of the human heart.

Even in moments of the most intense excitement, the Classic drama moves on stately and elegant, compelling us, like the Laocoon, to which it has been compared, to pay our meed of admiration to the beauty of the execution, even while our deepest emotions are called up by the force of the conception. The Romantic drama, on the other hand,

flows in like some mighty river ; a hundred rills, each springing from a separate heart ; here one dancing in the sunlight of innocence and youth, there another disturbed by envy and hate, and again a third tossed by strong passion, pouring each its tribute into the common stream, unite to swell the tide of song.

The last distinction that I shall now allude to, is the opposite views that these two schools take of human nature, and its connection with the divine. For, while in the opinion of the Greek, human nature is self-sufficient, and Fate a stern tyrant whose dictates gods and men must alike obey, the Romantic poet paints man ever weak and erring, ever turning to a benign deity for aids in this, and happiness in a future world.

Having thus glanced at the leading features in our own and the ancient school, we can turn with more intelligence to our immediate subject, and examine how well based Ion's pretensions are to the title of an imitation of the Greek drama. By an imitation of the Greek drama, I of course do not mean a mere servile copy of the metres and technical arrangement of a Greek play, for this demands only some study upon the part of the author, and no more makes him a Greek dramatist, than transcribing Childe Harold correctly would give a penman a right to the name of poet. An imitation is something much higher than this, and is only to be reckoned successful when the piece so completely expresses the feelings of the people, that we can imagine a Greek author writing, and a Greek reader sympathizing in it. To succeed, the author must as it were forget his own nature, and take upon him that of another.

In this respect, Mr. Talfourd appears to me to have been singularly successful. Unlike the French writers, whose Greeks and Romans smack so strongly of the Palais Royal, and through whose jargon about liberty the hollow philosophy of the Gallic school is continually exposing itself, his Grecians are the veritable children of Hellene, feeling and acting as becomes such.

The leading idea of the play, that of fatality, is eminently Grecian. The notion that an ever ruling destiny urges them on and directs their career, has indeed been held by individuals at all times and in all places, but nowhere did it take so complete possession of the public mind, as in the land of Æschylus. This idea, when fully developed, exerts a moral force, which it is scarcely possible to limit. Does the individual possess power, he gains still more by the belief that he puts it forth at the command of fate. Is he weak, his very weakness adds sublimity to his obedience. The insignificance of the agent is lost in the greatness of the directing power, or rather the nobleness of the action gains by this very weakness.

Seizing upon this view of the workings of fatality, the author brings it finely before us in Ion. That gentle boy whose

" Life hath flow'd,

From its mysterious run a sacred stream,
In whose calm depths the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored ; which, though shapes of ill

May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them,"

no sooner feels upon him the hand of destiny, than he breathes a sterner spirit. Life, honor, and even love, weigh with him no longer. He steels himself to noble deeds, and rises equal to his mission. At one bound he leaps over years, and the child of yesterday, who scarce knew a serious thought, stands before us the determined man—the instrument of fate—ION THE DEVOTED.

In bringing about this conviction, the poet rises, however, above the character of a mere imitator, and shows the clear perception of a man of genius. Every one must have observed the readiness with which the mind, strung to the highest pitch of morbid excitement, lays hold upon every thing that can strengthen its own convictions, drawing from

"Trifles light as air,
Confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ."

And this is brought constantly before us. At first we see him shrinking back at the very thoughts of the greatness of his daring, then catching at a chance-word from Clemanthe, then again faltering, now more convinced by an accident of the reality of his mission, and then buoyed up by a sense of duty, triumphing over every obstacle, and finally sacrificing all other things, nay even life itself, in his obedience to fate.

There are two points, though, in which the author has departed most widely from his antique models, in omitting the chorus, and in introducing such a multiplicity of characters. The absence of the chorus, so injurious to the truthfulness of the imitation, needs hardly any explanation. The piece was intended for the stage, not the closet, and the form of our theatres forbids its introduction. But not only is this a loss itself, but it involves a still greater evil, by requiring the poet to bring in many characters. In Ion this violation of classic rules is singularly gross. No less than nine grace the boards, none of whom have the complacency to play "dummy," as Orestes does, but speak out volubly, almost in general council. How effectually this destroys the desired statue-like simplicity, every one must perceive at the first glance.

But of this enough; a far more inviting field for criticism lies in that melody of verse, and elegance of thought, which are so delightfully obvious in the whole piece, and which are so much in harmony with the Grecian spirit. For whether it is in painting the innocence of youth, the beauty of nature, or the sterner scenes in the drama, he lays on the colors with classic delicacy.

How lifelike and touching is the description of his youth and early love, which Ion gives to Adrastus the misanthrope, when he bids him

"Taste in thought again
Of the stolen sweetness of those evening walks,

When pansied turf was air to winged feet,
 And circling forests, by etherial touch
 Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,
 As if about to melt in golden light,
 Shapes of one golden vision ; and thy heart,
 Enlarged by its new sympathies within,
 Grew beautiful to all."

When, however, the poet is required to make beautiful a passage that he intends at the same time to be grand, the task becomes much more difficult. Innocent enjoyments naturally suggest sweetness of versification, but the expression of the violent emotions is likely to lead an author into a certain stern ruggedness of language. To preserve this beauty in violence, then, was his object, when the king, speaking of his own death, declares his intention to make, during his last hours, a revel, in the face of the grim destroyer.

" Have ye beheld a pine,
 That clasp'd the mountain summit with a root,
 As firm as its tough marble, and, apart
 From the huge shade of undistinguished trees,
 Lifted its head, as in delight to share
 The evening glories of the sky, and taste
 The wanton dalliance of the heavenly breeze
 That no ignoble vapor from the vale
 Could mingle with, smit by the flaming marl,
 And lighted for destruction ? How it stood,
 One glorious moment fringed and wreathed within,
 Which showed the inward graces of its shape,
 Uncumbered now.

Never clad
 By liberal summer, in a pomp so rich
 As waited on its downfall, while it took
 The storm-cloud, rolled behind it, for a curtain
 To gird its splendors round, and made the blast
 Its minister, to which its flashing shed,
 Aloft towards heaven, as to the startled depths
 Of forests, that afar might share its doom !
 So shall the royalty of Argos pass,
 In festal blaze to darkness ——."

How—but now, forsooth, the gentle reader is gentle no more, and waxeth warm at the thoughts of more quotations. Be it so. We had intended to have given a long and most able dissertation upon the manners of the ancient Greeks, as developed in Ion. We had intended to have been subtle, nay, even witty, upon the subject of love, showing the why and wherefore Ion became enamored of Clemanthe, and why he did not "fall in love" with some one else before ; and

this we had designed to illustrate by our own experience, cited in a note, for the benefit of our fair readers. But "Othello's occupation's gone," our candle (verily 'tis a lamp) curls its sickly flame at us contemptuously, and our pen, spattering savagely, refuses longer to indite nonsense for a sleepy reader.

X. A.

MY BOOKS.

"Not many ; some few as thus."

JOHN WOODVIL.

I AM a lover of books.

Now when I say this, I do not signify that I love reading ; that is quite another thing, and may come after. But all I wish to say now is, that all men have their whims, and mine is a love for books. And that too by themselves considered, without regard immediately to their contents. I feel a deep reverence, almost amounting to a *tendre*, for what Crabbe describes as

"That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid ;
Those ample clasps of solid metal made ;
The close-pressed leaves, unclosed for many an age,
The dull red edging of the well filled page."

All have their charms for me. But with the permission of Mr. Crabbe let me leave the "*red edging*" to the stolid, dull, phlegmatic German, to whom it now belongs, and give our more elegant taste, gilt edges, or if not, the pure paper undefiled. As for the "*weight*," let them be as heavy as they may, it will never sink them out of my good graces. I like your giant folios, your huge tomes, whose Russia leather seems redolent with age and erudition, whose heavily ribbed backs seem to bar intrusion, who stand in none of your *deshabillé* half-bindings, but in full dress, erect, stiff and stately, as if monarchs waiting to grant an audience. Not that we do not favor marble-papered covers for some books, as we would advise undress costume for some ladies, were we appointed *arbiter elegantiarum*. With octavos and duodecimos, it is our favorite suit for every day books—with our favorites we stipulate for full garb of Turkey morocco. But for your folios and quartos we want nothing less than full dress, in cut at least, albeit the material may be calf, Turkey or Russia at your pleasure. In the matter of colors too as well as material is there great room for variety of tastes, yet should we not fail to clothe the "*Botanical Garden*" in green ; "*Gibbon*," in a dignified russet brown, and "*Fox's Martyrs*" in blood red.

And while we speak of binding, we must not forget to mention what the obliging and accomplished Librarian of our College once suggested to us, that there can be no greater mistake for a large library than a uniform binding. For, as he knew by experience, we, in looking for any particular book in a variously bound collection, recall its general appearance, and find it much sooner by that than by its title ; but where

all are bound alike, we are compelled to pass from book to book with a careful glance at the lettering of each. And so much for externals.

And now can we confess ourselves a lover of books *and* their contents. Not indiscriminately though. We are no great readers of small books; none of those who get learning by the cord, and devour so many square feet of literature per week. *Procul! O procul!* be such gormandizing habits from us. We read but few books, and those few, not too profound. We are *not* well informed. Our worst enemy could never fling that in our teeth. *There* at least we think our character is "armed, strong in its innocence," and bids defiance to aspersion. We are not of the number of those who aim to know something of every thing, and succeed in knowing little of any thing. Yet have we no pretensions to great depth. What little we do read, we understand, or if we do not, by the fourth or fifth perusal we probably shall do so. We say "fourth or fifth perusal," because a book that is worth reading at all, is worth reading more than once or twice or three times, and the work must be a dull one if you grow wearied at the dozenth trial.

Sua cuique voluptas, and every book lover has his tastes and favorites. Mine are for books that converse not about mankind generally, that are neither deeply metaphysical nor philosophical, that do not pretend to a knowledge of human nature, but rather for those which display individual characteristics, idiosyncracies and peculiarities. Egotistically disposed myself, I find the keenest pleasure in the works of those egotists who have made their own minds their study, and the theme of their discourse. Hence autobiographies, letters and essays are my delight, and hence on my bookshelves will be found—but let me introduce you to my library and you shall see for yourself.

"Not many some few as thus." There at your right hand on that lower shelf are Walton's "Complete Angler" and his "Lives" standing side by side,

"All in a robe of darkest grain,"

as Izaak and Charles Cotton used to stand, clad in sober black, upon the banks of the Dove, on some "fine, fresh May morning." It is bound, as you see, in Turkey morocco, with gilt edges, for it were hard if one who slept in his lifetime in "linen that looks white, and smells of lavender," should not find a comely resting place after death. Next to these, in invisible green, a color whose very name seems diplomatic, stands Machiavelli, the coolest and most philosophic of villains, with his "Prince" in its matchless rascality, and his "History of Florence," dignified and impartial. Strange neighbors are these, truly, the simple Izaak and the keen "Nick Machiavel," as Hudibras calls him, yet not stranger than the companions we see in life, so they can still hold their position. Farther on we see that "child of fancy," John Keats, in the rich sunny hue of the leaves and the grass he loved while living. Not his works only, though they teem with fancy and beauty, though you roam with Endymion through land and sea, amid woods and waters, amid leaves and flowers and waves and spray, though you sit with "gray haired Saturn,"

" Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star ;"

though with Porphyro on St. Agnes' Eve you watch over "thoughtful Madeline" as she sleeps

" Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again,"

still his works are not all. In the same rich green and gold are his Letters and Life—that life that was

" Nought but a lovely sighing of the wind
Along the reedy stream ! a half-heard strain
Full of sweet desolation, balmy pain."

As your eye travels along that line of British Essayists, it rest upon Talfourd with the same pleasure that the wayfarer feels as he sees a grove of rich dense foliage amid the trackless wastes of a western prairie. A kindlier reviewer never graced an English periodical. Free from the envy which we are wont to attribute to genius, his encomiums breathe forth a warm-hearted encouragement to each who either is, or bids fair to be, worthy of it, and his Magazine brethren may thank him if the name of critic be no longer a bugbear to frighten children with. Milton, in imperial purple, befitting his high station in the temple of the Muses, Gibbon in the dignified and studious brown which we have before assigned him, and some half dozen nobodies, such as Campbell and Mrs. Hemans, presents, and hence remaining where they are by sufferance, fill up that shelf.

Let us ascend one story and continue the inspection. And first, if you begin at the right as before, you encounter a stout, burly looking duodecimo of 1633, gaping violently—as your thick old duodecimo of eight hundred and odd pages always will—without lettering on the back, and the leather torn away from one corner of the cover. Such are its outward charms ; nor will you be surprised if, on opening, you discover it to be a Greek or Latin Lexicon to the New Testament ; but skipping the dedication to "*illustribus et prae-potentibus Hollandiae et Westfrisiae Ordinibus*" and turning the leaf, read the preface or address "*lector benevolo.*" Nay, friend, be not horror-stricken at the crabbed Greek—there is a translation on the opposite page, in Latin ! It is an amusing production, being an essay on the true system of education for youth, wherein Homer and Hesiod, Virgil and Horace, are rebuked most scorchingly. As we owe three of those worthies a grudge, *Georgius Pasor*, for such is our author's name, shall have a "showing." In the very opening, with what pathos does our author exclaim, "*Vah tempus*, (he is speaking of youth,) *cujus sumptus debebat, esse preciosissimus, ejusmodi fabulatores perdunt !*" So say we, and a good many of our readers (an editor or so too perhaps) echo this righteous indignation. Our conscientious lexicographer goes on to remonstrate against the study of

the classics, and with a really delightful consciousness of the truth of what he utters, solemnly lays it down as a maxim, that the heathen of old times, ignorant of the true God, were not able to speak accurately concerning him, that Virgil was guilty of a monstrous impiety in saying "*mista deo mulier*," and that Homer "*et socii ejus*" clearly show "*se atheos fuisse*." You see it is quite an oddity—but it was standard authority in its own time, if constant republications for seventy-five years are any evidence of its reputation among its cotemporaries. It is a strange circumstance respecting this edition of 1633, that the most extensive and elaborate catalogues of books, published in Germany and England, giving, for the most part, extremely accurate and minute notices of all the editions of any work they may mention, contain no account of any edition of Pasor, prior to 1647, some fourteen years later than the date of this copy. It may therefore be unique, though this is improbable.

On the top of this is an old pamphlet of 1671, on *Magnorum Corporum Mundi Magnetismus*, a learned treatise enough, with a considerable degree of dullness, full of crude notions and subtle arguments, but of little value save as a "*Curiosity of Literature*."

Not so with its neighbor, *Count de Grammont*, as he stands in a gay maroon-colored dress, as lively, chatty, and satirical as when he dazzled and delighted the brilliant court of Charles II. Age has not dimmed his sprightliness, and we still see him as his own time saw him, at one time making love to the mistress of Louis, at another, setting Catherine of Portugal, Lady Castlemaine, and Miss Stewart by the ears, for the first ride in a new carriage; again playing cards and winning, making love and losing, now gaining conquests among the frail dames of the court by *bon-bons*, or winning the heart of the gay Charles with accounts of intrigues and adventures; a sharper, a black-leg, and the most elegant gentleman in England, and as the climax to the whole, sincerely and honorably enamored of Miss Hamilton, and *actually forgetting to marry her!*

But what have we here? The *Emblems of Francis Quarles*, with a villainous wood cut of the author. The oddest and most laughable book in the collection. It consists of a series of designs illustrative of certain passages of Holy Writ, with a series of poems illustrative of *them*. We can well believe the stories of pulpit puns and ministerial jokes in old times, when we look upon these caricatures, so pious in intention, and so laughable in effect. One that is particularly ridiculous I beg you will notice. It is near the end and illustrates "*My soul melted while my beloved spake*." The poor soul, as miserable and disconsolate in appearance as Mark Tapley could wish, stands in what seems a flannel night-gown, and while meekly receiving a beam of light from above, is *melting and running down in huge drops from its influence!*

Farther on, in a garb particularly appropriate to the sceptical state of its author's mind: viz, in a brown hesitating to be red, or a red half tempted to be brown, stand the *Religio Medici*, *Urn Burial* and *Christian Morals*. Whether we trace the delightful egotism and wild

speculation of Sir Thomas Browne in the first, whether we gloat over graves, urns, ashes and funeral pyres, or rise into lofty dreams and exulting paeans as we read of eternity in the second, or are nerved to duty, truth and holiness in the perusal of the third, there is but one feeling of kindly love, sympathy and reverence for the learned author. The bibliographical history of the *Religio Medici* is a strange one. Published surreptitiously somewhere, if we remember right, about the year 1642, and that too with most outrageous blunders and typographical errors, Sir Thomas was compelled, in his own defense, to print a correct and authentic edition, which he did, A. D. 1643. Singularly enough, every edition save one, (and numerous editions have been printed,) from that time to this has taken its text from the first surreptitious and blundering edition, and entirely lost sight of the author's own reprint of the year following. Every edition, I said, save *one*; I should have said, save an English one and its *verbatim* reprint in this country. And this too, while most learned editors and commentators have been expending their labors upon successive annotated editions of this work, and have yet failed to distinguish blunders, distorting the sense, confusing the meaning and destroying the grammatic accuracy of our author.

Apròpos of commentators. We read in the last "Yale Lit." some very just remarks upon the absurd practice of annotating books belonging to the public libraries. It is, indeed, a crying sin, but in rebuking scribblers with pen or pencil, let us not forget the far worse crime of notes *in print*. Not that some notes by some men may not be proper and commendable, but a mania for annotation has of late arisen, which threatens our nerves excessively. We can suffer your notes in pencil, because India-rubber is not yet lost to the world. We can endure

"A chield amang ye takin' notes,"

but when we learn

"And faith he'll prent it,"

we are compelled to shudder and say, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" What has especially irritated us of late, is the effort of Mr. J. A. St. John, the editor of our edition of Sir Thomas Browne, to make himself ridiculous. Now would we humbly suggest to this really profound scholar, and, we doubt not, worthy man, that he is making a great mistake when he undertakes the office of commentator to Sir Thomas. He had written a very elaborate, and, we understand, a very interesting volume on the manners and customs of the ancient Greeks, entitled "The Hellenes." Why could not he have rested satisfied therewith, and spared us "our midnight darling," the *Religio Medici*? Might not the fate of Bentley, fruitlessly impaling himself on the *Paradise Lost*, have warned and deterred him?

But for an example or two. (P. 41 :) "In this I cannot agree with Sir Thomas Browne." (P. 62 :) "A fine burst of enthusiasm, which warms the author into eloquence." (P. 95 :) "A very splendid thought." Mr. St. John doubts and says "Credat Judaeus Apella." He admires and remarks "A strain of splendid piety." He disap-

proves and observes "This reads like a sneer for whatever it may have been intended," because forsooth the author, to express the trustingness of his faith, makes use of Tertullian's famous paradox, "Certum est quia impossibile est." Really the sneer would seem imperceptible to all eyes but his, and he proves himself one who would find treason in a love-letter, a mad Hamlet ever crying "a rat, a rat."

But enough of Mr. St. John, *et id omne genus*. What next? *Magnum et venerabile nomen* CHARLES LAMB! (that name in capitals, if you please, Mr. Printer.) And now, dear reader, if you have accompanied us thus far, sit you down in yon easy chair, throw your feet upon that glowing "Olmsted," (you'll find sugar, lemons, &c., in that right-hand drawer,) and with your leave we will read you an article we think of publishing in the "Yale Lit." on

CHARLES LAMB.

"A Lamb without blemish."—LEV. ix, 3.

OF most of those whose genius and talents command our admiration, and through the palpable medium of their works, enchain our attention, it may be said in sober earnest, we know them as if we knew them not, and see them not as they are, but as they fain would be.* We read their productions and we see therein the reflex of their minds and not of their hearts. We place them upon our book-shelves, and read them, as we listen to a Webster or a Brougham, with unmixed wonder and admiration. They are as marble statues raised aloft on mighty pedestals above our reach, which we may behold afar off, but which we are unable and undesirous to approach nearer. There are, however, a few, with whom we may feel at our ease; in whose company we may indulge ourselves at all times; from whom in our duller moments we may draw pleasure and profit in some degree, from whom, when more invigorated, we may derive vivid enjoyment and permanent advantage. Such are, generally, *Izaak Walton*; *Sir Thomas Browne*; *Montaigne*, the father of Essays; and *Burton*, the author of that quaint and pedantic, yet noble book, the *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

Such is preëminently LAMB; among the latest of the great succession, but in this respect decidedly at the head of his school! He is, *par excellence*, your friend, your old acquaintance among authors.

Though you may have known him but for a day, a day with him is as a thousand years, and you seem to have been of his company from all time. While the world, the realm of busy thoughtlessness, recognize him as the author, Mr. Lamb, or Elia the Essayist, to you if an admirer, (and, if a reader, you are an admirer,) he is something more—Charles Lamb the *man*. The noble, high-souled, sensitive, affection-

* Such would have ill pleased the witty Walpole. "I do not love," says he in one of his coxcombical letters, "great folks till they have pulled off their buskins and put on their slippers, because I do not care sixpence for what they would be thought to be, but for what they are."

ate, thoughtful, lighthearted *man* ! You enter into his feelings, you love a book or an author for no other reason than because he loved them. His sister, who cherished him and stayed his declining years, seems your sister ; his God you are almost ready to worship as your God. His works are preserved with care ; an accident that may happen to them wounds you to the core. Your own copy is an object of especial affection, and seems almost sacred, as a legacy from the departed. You reserve it for your own private reading, and, if a stranger opens it, watch jealously his countenance to divine whether he be worthy of such a treasure. You are more careful of his reputation than of your own, and would rather be called foolish in his defence than have him called so. An insult to his memory seems something personal to yourself and you resent it accordingly. Such are some of the feelings which Lamb inspires as a man, but a new and still more brilliant prospect opens before us when we consider him as an author.

Of the writings of Lamb, the essays of Elia, and Rosamund Gray, the adventures of Ulysses, some few Magazine articles, a farce accepted by the managers and damned by the audience of Drury Lane, a tragedy, a dramatic poem, and fugitive verses, form the catalogue, if we except the Mrs. Leicester's School and the tales from Shakspeare, written in partnership with his sister, and short editorial notices to his Specimens of the Old Dramatists. Of the Essays of Elia much has been written, but neither praise from the silver tongue of flattery, nor calumny from the gall-dipped pen of the critic, can affect them on their high pinnacle, their "*toto alto*" at the banquet of the Gods. They are now firmly fixed among that glorious band—the standard authors of English Literature. And, though all join to welcome them, none can claim them as "*umbræ*," none enroll them as their own. Not Coleridge, though under the influence of his mighty mind, Lamb's genius first displayed itself ; not Burton, nor Browne, nor Massinger, nor Ford, nor Decker, nor Webster, nor Quarles. No ! The genius of Lamb was no Memnon statue that, warmed by external fire, gave forth a feeble or short-lived strain ; but rather that Thessalian fountain which once, as the rays of the sun kissed its silent source, burst forth

"And ever after welled away."

To attempt a critical analysis of these (in the words of Hazlitt) "most original productions of the age," would argue either profound acuteness or equally profound stupidity, to neither of which I am ready to lay claim. Yet, without incurring either imputation, I may be perhaps allowed to trace a few outlines of their prominent features, by which, at first sight, they may be recognized. And they are in the first place remarkable for throwing a halo round the commonest objects, for embalming trivial incidents, like insects and straws in precious amber, in the rich wealth of his own mind. What subject would, for instance, seem less suited to an essay than "Old China ;" and what genius could etherialize "Roast Pig?" So lesser spirits would reason. And yet what can be more delightful than Lamb's essay on the former,

more fun-causing, side-splitting, soul-'livening, than his whimsical fancies respecting the latter.

Nor is he less remarkable for giving new sweetness to the already beautiful, as it were adding

—————" Another hue
Under the rainbow."————

Beneath his hand, the bud blooms into the rose from which, when nothing can add to its beauty, flutters forth a painted butterfly.

In him too are most plainly met with "words" (to use his own expression respecting another) "light as air, venting thoughts deep as the centre." He excels in giving utterance to deep truth or profound wisdom in a pun or droll conceit. With him Momus shoots the arrows of "divine philosophy" and hits the white. The thought, hiding behind the mask of laughing Folly, steals in upon us unawares and is snugly domesticated in our hearts, before we knew of its entrance. His jokes, like the arrow of the archer Aster, are laden with a message to the heart. We *should* be better and wiser for them, if we are not.

His *style* is peculiar, quaint, ancient, yet original. It might have been written in the age of Elizabeth; but, then, Lamb must have existed in that age. It is no servile imitation, but the result of familiarity with, and love for the giants of that time, nor has the lapse of eighteen centuries rendered the words of the poet aught the less true.

"Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu.

It has, at first, an appearance of affected quaintness, which subsides into a feeling that it is original—his own. Like Mrs. Conrady's face, nobody can pretend to forget it. You recognize it wherever it is seen, and can point it out to a friend who is ignorant of it. Rambling is it, yet connected, and when it deviates from an onward path, you prefer to follow it, as Lamb the dog Dash, for fear you should lose it. It is a flowery path to you, and as it opens before you successive prospects, bright and beautiful, you wish that you may ever thus wander—it is an ocean, whose shore you are undesirous to approach, a labyrinth whose intricacies it is your delight to trace.

Yet while we love to linger over the portraiture of the writer of choice prose, let us not forget that Lamb was a poet, as well. His "Tragedy of John Woodvil" detracts nothing from the fame of Elia. This drama when first published was blamed by the critics for its tone of antiquity, its quaintness and strangeness. Of this the immediate cause may be found in the nature of the authors whom Lamb "delighted to honor," Beaumont and Fletcher, their predecessors and cotemporaries. It was but natural that his mind should become peculiarly tinted with the light that even from that far off time streams to us from them. The result is a tragedy, which seems to have come down to us fresh from the hands of the Muses. It is ancient in style, but is no miserable compound formed, like the dishes of the classical doctor in Peregrine Pickle, from some antique recipe, but rather a jar of

the true old Falernian, jealously stowed away through long centuries, and now at last brought out from its cobwebbed hiding place, to rouse us to the memory of what once was, and what is no more—to the golden days when the great ones of England gathered around their Virgin Queen, when Sidney was master of chivalry, Shakspeare and Bacon, masters of mind.

Like the river Alpheus, it seems to have left its natural home and wandered by hidden passages down to our time, where it has risen amid waters foreign and uncongenial. It is in this respect that the tragedy of John Woodvil is so different from that of Ion, to which in plan of composition it is much akin, modelling, as both do, on the Ancient, the one of Greek, the other of English Literature. Ion, although ancient in form and in phrase, is eminently modern in thought. No ancient could have written it. Its sentiments bear the distinct impress of the Nineteenth Century. John Woodvil, on the other hand, has not a modern thought in it, and is as much out of place among moderns as a beau of Queen Anne with his powdered wig and paste buckles among his descendants of the present generation. It is eminently antiquated and Elizabethan. How touchingly is the delicate pride of a loving and slighted woman displayed in the modest Margaret, and what exquisite “old English feeling of tender beauty”* is in the reply of Simon, a sojourner in the wild wood, to her query, “What sports do you use in the forest?” Simon speaks :

“Not many ; some few, as thus ;
To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amorist, with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and traveling glories round him.
Sometimes the moon on soft night clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man’s breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence, while these lovers sleep.
Sometimes outstretched, in very idleness,
Naught doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round ; and small birds, how they fare,
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
Plucked from the careless Amalthea’s horn ;
And how the woods berries and worms provide
Without their pains, when earth has naught beside
To answer their small wants.
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop, and gaze, then turn, they know not why,
Like bashful youngsters in society.
To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.”

* T. N. Talfourd—Essays.

Here must we end, in the hope that some may be induced to read Lamb, who are now ignorant of him, and for his sake peruse the glorious old volumes "whence he drew honied sweets"—those golden books, whose names and contents will ever be deeply impressed on the mind of the scholar, for, as ancient Chaucer writes,

"Out of the old fields, as men saithe
Cometh all this new corn fro yere to yere
And out of old bokes in good faith
Cometh all this new science that men lere."

MORNING SERENADE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

"O! ma charmante
Ecoute ici
L'amant qui chante
Et pleure ainsi!"

I.

'Tis dawn, but the door of thy chamber is fast!
Why sleepest thou, Love, at the morning's fair break?
The rose from its slumber has risen at last,
Then why dost not thou from thy dreamy rest wake?
Listen, my charmer,
Thy lover is near—
Thy lover who woos
With a smile and a tear.

II.

Every thing knocks at the portals of rest;
Aurora speaks to thee from Heaven above;
The forest-birds whisper of harmony blest,
And the heart of thy chosen one murmurs of love.
Listen, my charmer,
Thy lover is near—
Thy lover who woos
With a smile and a tear.

III.

Fair maiden, bright angel, I love—I adore,
For He, who the blessing of life doth impart,
Hath made me for thee, and for thee evermore—
Mine eye for thy beauty—my love for thy heart!
Then listen, my charmer,
Thy lover is near—
Thy lover who woos
With a smile and a tear.

THE CONFESSION;

OR,

A NEW WAY OF FOOLING A JURY.

“—————These are they
Who'll show pleaders how to twist a cause—
So you but pay them for't—right or wrong.”

ARISTOPHANES.

I REMEMBER to have read, not long since, of an ingenious artifice practised by a lawyer, who was defending a man for bigamy. The principal witness for the prosecution was the second wife of the would-be Turk, but when she appeared upon the stand the defendant's counsel objected to her testimony on the following grounds. “The witness either *is* or is *not* the wife of the prisoner: if she is *not* his wife, the prosecutor must abandon his case; if she *is* his wife, her evidence is of course not admissible.” This instance of ingenious quibbling reminds me of an incident of somewhat different character, which I heard not long since from the lips of a friend, and which is unquestionably true. I shall tell it as it was told to me, hoping that others may laugh at it as heartily as I did.

The proneness of mankind to meddle with the property and privileges of others has made the court-house and jail an indispensable appurtenance of every county-town. The little town of R—— was no exception to this rule, for light fingers and tough consciences frequently made sad inroads into the moral character and general reputation of the village, and the old-fashioned court-house, with its grated and blackened cells, was frequently put in requisition to avenge the robbery of some farmer's hen-roost, or the invasion of some peaceful burgher's privileges. On the 19th day of June, 1845—I wish the reader to mark the date—the county jail contained but one prisoner. This man, who was a reckless young scoundrel, and a criminal rather from the love of excitement, than the promptings of a corrupt heart, had never been particularly fond of a life of quiet retirement, and his present abode, although furnished gratis by the State, was anything but consistent with his notions of happiness and comfort. He was quite a genius in his way—a man of shrewdness and ingenuity, and well educated withal—and to have his abilities cribbed and confined by imprisonment, was anything but pleasant to his taste: it was a sort of *Lock on the Understanding* which he did not at all fancy; the bars of his prison were rather *grating* to his feelings.

But Bill Steele, as he was very appropriately named—for he was sure to *steal* every thing which fell in his way—Bill, I say, was something of a philosopher, and having reached the conclusion—after sundry interesting experiments—that escape from his cell was impossible, submitted quietly to his fate and determined to wait patiently for the day of release—especially as his grim guardian, irritated by his

frequent attempts at escape, had put chains upon his hands and feet, and then coolly advised him to escape if he could—a bit of advice which Bill justly termed *ironical*. The reader may perhaps be a little curious to know the circumstance to which Bill was indebted for his confinement in his present comfortless abode. The fact was, that a wealthy farmer in the neighborhood was aroused one night by a very suspicious noise in an adjoining room, and instantly bounding from his bed—leaving his *cara sposa* in a state of most beautiful terror and consternation—hurried to the scene of “robbery and ruin.” Plunging into the room like a huge porpoise diving to the depths of the ocean, he found our unlucky friend Bill in a state of semi-intoxication, coolly pocketing a heap of silver spoons. Bill received the angry intruder with a look of mingled wonder and good nature, and observing the scantiness of his personal wardrobe, stammered out with most ludicrous impudence, and a most comical disregard of his own suspicious employment, “h-hallo, my covey, wh-who st-stole your breeches !” The farmer answered by a clutch at his throat and an application of his foot to the burglar’s person, not at all pleasant to that wondering individual, who termed it afterwards “a new way of *footing a Bill*,” and answered it then with a handfull of bouncing oaths and a polite inquiry as to “what the d-devil it all meant.” The angry farmer replied by a more vigorous application of his bare feet—rather a *bootless* effort, one would think—and finally ended the serio-comico affair by calling in a constable and sending Bill to jail.

This event occurred on the 12th of June. On the 19th of the same month, just one week later, Bill is first introduced to the reader. On the 19th of June, then—*Juniors* will easily remember the date—Bill’s afternoon nap was interrupted by a noise in an adjoining cell. The rattling of keys—the dull sound of an iron door slowly opened—the confused murmur of many voices—all announced that another bird was being securely caged. Bill’s curiosity was instantly excited. Many and varied were his surmises as to the name of the prisoner—the offence for which he had been arrested—the probable evidence against him—and his pecuniary circumstances. I can’t say that Bill really pitied his fellow-prisoner, for the old adage, that “misery loves company,” applied to the present case, and effectually barred the door to any such emotion ; but, as I said before, Bill’s curiosity was aroused ; he was constantly wondering whether some profitable juice might not be squeezed from this new lemon of circumstances—whether “out of the nettle danger” he might not “pluck the flower safety.” Accordingly, when the jailer, taking his usual evening round, entered Bill’s narrow apartment, the latter commenced an operation technically called “pumping,” and was very soon in possession of the facts which he had so eagerly desired to learn.

He threw himself upon his narrow bed that night, but not to sleep. His yankee ingenuity was a kind of perpetual-motion machine, whose wheels and rods were never still, and which completely banished slumber. “Poor devil !” he muttered. “Robbing a traveler and almost caught in the act ! Bad business—decidedly bad—State’s Pri-

son, as sure as fate! I don't object to robbing—not a bit—but cuss the man that's caught at it—except”—added the soliloquizer as he thought of his own funny experience—“except when he happens to be considerably tipsy. And so the traveler lost his purse—yelled murder till three or four surly farmers appeared, and then my friend in the next room made tracks for the woods. All very well, if he had only stayed there, but the next day he came out and was nabbed. All fair though,” added Bill, as the dawn of a rising pun spread itself over his face—“all perfectly fair! Wrests a purse from a cove in the morning and *rests* in jail at night! What a *restive* critter, to be sure!” For more than an hour Bill continued his soliloquy, muttering to himself in short and broken sentences the strange thoughts to which his situation gave birth, but at no time losing sight of the one great element in a yankee's speculations—self-interest. Days and weeks and then a month went by, and still Bill's prospects of escape were none the brighter. The more he thought of it the stronger became his conviction that if he could only put himself in communication with his fellow-prisoner, the two together might effect an escape. He lay one night upon his straw pallet, revolving such thoughts in his mind, puzzling his brains for a bright idea, when suddenly a plan of such wonderful brilliance entered his mind—like Sirius slowly floating into the field of a powerful telescope—that he jumped quickly from his bed and danced about the room, rattling his chains with the fury of a madman—a noise which very soon brought his jailer to the door, who ordered him to be quiet, and surlily intimated that he must be very fond of his chains, since he danced in them so noisily. “Yes, you're right!” said Bill, with a sigh, “I'm strongly *attached* to them;” and then with a chuckle he tumbled into bed again.

The nature of Bill's plan, the progress of events will disclose, and it is only necessary now to say, that a free and uninterrupted communication with his fellow-prisoner in the adjoining cell, was a necessary condition to the success of his plan. Both cells—his own and the adjacent one—had a single grated window opening into a small court-yard, surrounded by a very strong and high wall, and these windows, elevated but about five feet above the ground, would enable the occupant of a cell and a person on the outside to converse easily and freely. The point with Bill therefore was to obtain frequent access to this court-yard, and seizing upon the most natural pretext, he feigned illness. His complaints were unceasing; he pretended an inability to eat his food; and he constantly assured his keeper that health and even life depended upon his breathing fresh air. That dignitary, with all his habitual gruffness and sternness of demeanor, was by no means hard-hearted, and really believing that a taste of the summer air would save his prisoner from a severe fit of illness, readily gave him permission to walk in the court-yard for an hour or two each day.

Bill thanked him warmly, and marched out into the open air with the wan and downcast look of an invalid; but no sooner was he left alone, than instead of quietly moving about in the sunlight, he approached the window of his companion in misfortune, and tapping

lightly on the bars, was soon engaged with him in a low and earnest conversation. The latter, whom for the sake of convenience I shall term Monk, resembled Bill very much in his personal appearance, and was in reality as graceless a knave as ever lived unhung, and yet endowed with a vast amount of sly cunning and ingenuity. I shall repeat only the substance of the conversation which passed between these two worthies, for the conversation itself was interlarded with too many oaths and vulgarities, relieved now and then by a sly pun from Bill, to make it fit for "ears polite." Bill made a proposition to Monk of this nature, that if he would engage to give him two hundred dollars, and at the same time inform him of all the circumstances of the robbery for which he had been arrested, he on his part would procure him an acquittal at the hands of a jury. The proposition startled Monk, who was too knavish himself to have any confidence in the honesty of others, and he at first rejected it; but after thinking it over carefully—reflecting that it formed his only *chance* of escape—that the evidence against him was so strong as to shut out all hopes of acquittal, unless extraordinary means were used, and that if Bill should fail in his plan he could keep his money and be no worse off than before—he finally consented to the proposition.

Early the next morning Bill resumed his position beneath the grated window of Monk's cell, and in a low and hurried conversation, which lasted nearly an hour, elicited all the circumstances connected with the robbery of the traveler. It appeared from Monk's statement that the evidence against him was so formidable as to repel the idea of anything like an ordinary defence. He had pounced suddenly upon the traveler, who was a fat, Dutch-built specimen of humanity, in a lonely part of his journey, where the road wound through the northern portion of a swampy forest, and while engaged in the pleasant occupation of sounding his pockets, from which he had already abstracted a wallet and a well filled purse, he was disturbed by the approach of a brace of sturdy farmers, whose rapid pace and threatening gestures induced Monk to beat a retreat to the shades of the woodland; not, however, until the intruders had a fair view of his features and costume. Monk soon lost sight of his pursuers, and hiding himself in a narrow cavern, whose entrance was choked with vines and leaves, examined his plunder in safety. The wallet contained a roll of bank-bills, and the purse a small amount of silver, together with a diamond ring, encased in a small box lined with cotton. Monk's eyes glistened as his glance fell upon the gem, and like a true connoisseur he sat for a long time feasting his gaze upon its brilliance, and calculating its probable value. His thoughts then reverted to the danger which encompassed him, for pursuit he knew was unavoidable, and once arrested, the evidence against him would be overwhelming. There was but one thing at all remarkable in his costume. He wore about his neck a crimson scarf, which both from its size and color he thought might expose him to detection. His first movement then was to remove this dangerous appendage, and after hiding it in a crevice in the rock to substitute in its place a white handkerchief, which gave him a ministerial appearance but little suited

to the knavish cut of his phiz. The diamond ring was next concealed in the lining of his boot, as being an article so easily identified, while the wallet and purse were hid in a cavity of a decayed tree. Monk slept that night in the forest, and left his case at the first break of the morning to seek some shelter more pleasant and secure, little dreaming that the officers of justice were guarding every avenue of escape, and encouraged by the promise of a large reward, were determined to unearth the fox at all hazards. To cut a long story short, Monk was arrested just as he was quietly sneaking out of the woods, and having been identified by the fat traveler and the two countrymen, was consigned to a solitary cell, to await his trial.

The above is but an outline of the narrative which Monk communicated to our friend Bill, who listened to its details with an earnestness and attention which clearly proved that he had cornered an idea, and was bent upon making the best of it. At the conclusion of the narrative, however, he astonished Monk by the startling information that the possession of the diamond ring was necessary to the success of his plan. Monk argued the question—cursed and swore—then begged and entreated, but all to no purpose. Bill was not to be moved. The possession of the ring he declared to be a *sine qua non*, and in the end it was reluctantly handed over to a new possessor. In the solitude of his cell, Bill now matured the plot which he had so successfully begun.

And now, courteous reader, allow me to avail myself of the storyteller's privilege of annihilating time, and to transfer you instantaneously from summer to autumn—from smiling June to cold and stormy November. The scene which I would place before you is a Court of Justice, before which our old acquaintance, Monk, stands arraigned for the crime of highway robbery. His case is a desperate one. The witnesses soon to be called will pour out a flood of testimony, against which he can raise no barrier: his reliance upon the truth and ingenuity of Bill Steele is fast evaporating, and the dismal prospect of a long and irksome confinement stares him in the face. The fat old Judge upon the bench, whose dignity sits as loosely upon him as his enormous wig and old fashioned spectacles, already begins to look upon him with the terrific aspect of an avenging angel, and mutters to himself a brief but wonderfully eloquent speech, with which he intends to preface the sentence of the law. The trial commences. The first witness called by the public prosecutor was the traveler who had been robbed. His testimony was complete and overwhelming. He swore to the fact of the robbery, and consequent loss of his money and his diamond ring; to the fact that the robber and the prisoner at the bar were identical, and supported this last assertion by various circumstances connected with the transaction, and mentioned, among other things, the crimson scarf which Monk had worn about his neck; adding, in answer to a question from the prisoner's counsel, that the robbery took place on the 18th of June. His testimony was strongly corroborated by the evidence of the two countrymen, who, as we have already mentioned, had witnessed the perpetration of the offence, and

had assisted in the pursuit and arrest of the prisoner. The State-prosecutor closed his case, and the defendant's counsel were forced to admit that, against the formidable testimony which had just been offered, they had no witnesses of their own to call. The case was summed up ingeniously but despairingly on the part of the prisoner—with fearful and resistless cogency against him. The Judge had lifted his portly carcass from its comfortably cushioned chair, and after a preliminary cough and magisterial scowl at the trembling criminal, began his charge to the jury. But where is Bill Steele—where the plan, the boasted project which was to baffle the cunning of judge and jury? “D—n him,” muttered Monk, with a host of other expletives, with which we will not disgrace our pages, “he’s a swindler—a lying rascally knave, and”—but his elegant philippic, and the muddy logic of the Judge’s charge were both checked by the appearance of a constable, who handed a note to “his Honor,” and waited in silence its perusal. It proved to be a request, signed W. Steele, that he might be permitted to give his testimony in the case then pending, and averring that his testimony was of the utmost importance to the prisoner on trial, and to the cause of justice. After a moment’s hesitation and a brief consultation with his associates, the corpulent magistrate ordered Bill to be brought up from his cell and to be placed upon the stand. In a few minutes he made his appearance, surrounded by three or four ferocious looking bailiffs, and marched gravely but composedly to the witness’ stand. At first sight the whole court were struck with the personal resemblance between the unexpected witness and the prisoner at the bar, and the audience sat in breathless silence, wondering what was to come next. Bill bowed calmly to the judge and jury, and then briefly addressed them in substance, as follows:

“Your Honor and Gentlemen, I am here to-day for the purpose of making a confession, which I trust will quiet the reproaches of my conscience, and prevent you from committing an act of gross injustice. I am a bad man; I have lived a wild and a wicked life; I am now confined under a charge of a criminal nature; but bad as I am, lawless as I have been, I am neither so vile or depraved as to permit an innocent man to suffer for my offences. Gentlemen of the Jury, I committed the robbery for which the prisoner at the bar now stands indicted. I took the purse, the money, the diamond ring, from the traveler who now sits before me, and to whom, as far as it is possible, I will make amends by restoring that of which he was forcibly deprived. This individual himself—the countrymen whose testimony corroborates his—the officers who arrested the prisoner at the bar, whose name, even, I do not know—(Bill slid over these astounding lies with calmness and composure truly wonderful)—all these persons, gentlemen, are laboring under a great mistake, and to convince them of the fact, I will now minutely detail the circumstances of the robbery, produce the diamond ring, and give other evidence of the truth of my statement.”

Bill then went on with a detailed account of the robbery—frequently appealing to the traveler and the countrymen to bear witness

to the truth of his assertions, and recalling to their minds many trivial circumstances which they had forgotten, but which they perfectly recollected, as soon as mentioned. So skillfully did Bill tell his story, that Judge, jury and witnesses were all convinced that he was the real criminal, deeming it absolutely impossible that on any other supposition he could have become so perfectly acquainted with circumstances which could only be known to actual participators in the transaction. But still more triumphant was his success, when he produced the diamond ring, which was immediately identified and claimed by the traveler. But Bill went still farther. He described the purse and wallet which he had stolen—told the exact amount of money which they contained—mentioned the denomination of the bank-notes and the names of the different banks by which they were issued, but refused to give them up, assigning as a reason that they were in the hands of an accomplice, whom he would not betray, but promising at the same time to make up the loss to the traveler at some future day. He added, too, that he wore a crimson scarf upon his neck at the time of the robbery, and described the place of its concealment so accurately that the officers who were sent after it succeeded in discovering it, and produced it in court. Monk's innocence and Bill's guilt was now so clearly established, that the witnesses themselves declared that they had been mistaken in the individual, and, amid the murmured applause of the spectators, Monk was acquitted and Bill remanded to his cell, charged with the crime which he had just confessed. Monk, joyful at his escape, redeemed his promise to Bill, and having recovered the secreted money, and placed two hundred dollars in the hands of a friend of Steele, immediately left the country.

Thus far Bill's plan had worked admirably, but it now remained for him to extricate himself from the difficulty into which he had voluntarily plunged. Three weeks after, his trial for the robbery which he had confessed, came on. To the astonishment of every one, when called upon to plead to the indictment, he answered "Not guilty." "*Not guilty!*" thundered the fat Judge, shaking his huge carcass like a maddened elephant, "didn't you confess your guilt in this very room but a few weeks since?" "That is of no consequence *now*," replied Bill, perfectly undisturbed; "I insist upon pleading '*Not guilty*.'" The trial went on. The same witnesses were called as on the former occasion, and their testimony fastened the commission of the robbery unmistakably upon Bill; his confession, as taken down from his own lips, was offered in evidence, and there really seemed no loophole for the rogue's escape, and yet, during the whole scene, a smile of open and undisguised triumph played around his mouth. The prosecutor rested his case. "Have *you* any witnesses to call?" thundered the Judge, with a look which was intended to annihilate the prisoner, but which in reality was supremely ridiculous. "I have," replied Bill; "call the jailor." That dignitary, who rejoiced in the very uncommon name of Mr. Jones, immediately took the stand, wondering what on earth the prisoner could want of him. "Do you keep a jail-book," said Bill, "in which are recorded the names of your prisoners and

the dates of their imprisonment?" Mr. Jones answered in the affirmative, and at the prisoner's request produced the book. "Now," said Bill, with a glance of malicious triumph, "now, Mr. Jones, let me ask you to read from that book the date of my imprisonment." Mr. Jones did as requested, and to the astonishment of every one it appeared that Bill was imprisoned, as the reader already knows, on the 12th of June, nearly one week anterior to the commission of the offence with which he was charged, and therefore that at the time of the robbery he was actually *locked up in jail*!

Another instance, dear reader, of the importance of dates; and I sincerely trust that the present Junior class will profit by the recital, and not growl at "Taylor's Manual of History" next summer, because they are required to remember twenty-seven dates in a single lesson. Bill Steele was of course acquitted on the charge of highway robbery, and also, not long after, on the charge of burglary, for the very simple reason that no witnesses appeared to testify against him. How much of the two hundred dollars received from Monk went into the old farmer's pocket, remains a secret to this day. Bill Steele is now in the State's Prison at Auburn, having been found guilty of counterfeiting. Monk fled to England, where, by the exercise of his low cunning and heartless knavery, he became a prominent member of the House of Commons.

HUMBUG.

A good old-bachelor friend, who has lived long enough in the world to understand it, who has understood it well enough to enjoy it, and who has enjoyed it well enough to be happy, and to have a little good humor to spare for his friends in general,—is a somewhat choice character, a *rara avis*, well worth seeking and holding fast when found.

Such an one is my friend B——, who will be proud of your acquaintance. He is a genuine son of the Puritans, as proud of his genesis as a baron, and yet withal as simple and unpretending as a child. A mother and sister are his only loves; but in this there is no narrow calculation, no lack of sentiment, but more than these, there is a herd's heart of devotion.

A goodly sight he is, in truth, in his neat but outlawed garb, with a white hat crowning his yet whiter head, with his twinkling gray eyes rolling in fun and fat, and peering through the clear orbs of his shell-mounted glasses; while his smooth face, elevated to a becoming angle of dignity by a wide and glassy stock, plays the counterpart to his ready right hand,—both welcoming every one that crosses his path, and both particularly at the service of the ladies, whether matrons or maids.

But beware how you stir the latent fires of wit and satire, which he somehow contrives to keep alive within his honest breast. He is a

perfect *Ætna* of words and "quips and cranks," and he seems to gain a fresh glow from every eruption of fun.

He has seen the world, he has read the world's authors, great and small; he has been the familiar spirit of the great; he has courted the friendship of the obscure; he is as much at home in your parlor as in his old coat; he is a man of penetration and taste; a passionate lover of good books, good society and good living.

O rare friend B——, thou mirror of both tragic and comic, both romance and reality; for in thy face they seem to meet and dwell as friends.

He must now appear before you in somewhat of an atrabillarious mood; for though his life is usually calm as a summer's day, he now and then, like most other philosophers, spices his sweet with bitter, though his is rather the bitterness of regret and pity than of hate,—very like that of the ardent youth who dreams that he loves perfection, and is waked up by finding himself jilted by a coquette.

We were sitting, just when the day was welcoming back the night, beside the open fire, that type of love and comfort, ever smiling upon you while it spreads a genial warmth. For some reason then unknown to me, he was sorely wrought up, as was evident from his wild manner, and a stray interjection which now and then escaped him, like the sentinel gun of an encamped host calling to the charge. And sure enough, on it came with a crash and a fury that startled while they gave me pleasure. Said he, "You are young and hopeful and know the world only as a pleasing picture. You know not the darkness and bitterness of a long experience; you know not the blighting of cherished hopes; you do not see the suffering hand that has mingled these shades; you cannot know the madness of the genius that has painted and retouched this picture till it seems to you the type of perfection. Your science is the resurrection of mind martyred in discovering and perfecting its truths; your art is full often the pawn of the artist's all; your literature is the flame of the midnight lamp, or quite as often of the lamp of life itself. Your pleasure is a flower on which more pains of culture are expended than its gay graces and evanescent fragrance can ever repay; your honor is a bitter portion and disappoints more than it exalts; your wealth is coined from the toil and even the life of 'the image of God.' So goes the world, and"—"Hold, hold, sir Misanthrope," said I, "why are you so berating mankind, and abusing all the world?"

"The world is a *humbug*," said he with emphasis, smiling bitterly. "You know this latter day science has made the earth a mere crust without, and a world of fire within. In this abyss of conflagration, the pent-up energies of destruction are ever battling against each other and their prison walls. And now the solid earth, which you so securely tread, may open at any moment and overwhelm you and all these scenes around you. But society stands on a more insecure basis than this. Artistic labors have at least this merit, that they have been lavished upon matter which will endure long enough to display the skill of the artist. But the opinions, the customs, the laws, and the institutions of

society are built up of notions, whims and old wives' fables. They have not stood the test of time, they have been ever variable and insecure. The elements of discord are all abroad, and you must new-create man before you can model his works to perfection and permanence. The world is a humbug,—a mere crust,—a luscious fruit in appearance, in reality, an apple of Sodom.

Your patriots are men of tongues and pockets, not of sound heads and pure hearts. Your fashion is a stalking-horse, a glamour of forms and colors, not the reality of soul and life. Your literature is no longer the language of truth and beauty, flowing freely from the heart. You have a host of scribblers,—philosophers who have indeed this merit, that their reasonings are beyond comprehension; grave doctors who expound the laws of mind with all the assurance of impudent ignorance; poets that draw their inspiration from any other source than Helicon; romancers that hammer away at their thunder-forge till all is din and confusion around, and when you look for the power that has mimicked the mighty storm, you find it mere words,—“*vox et praeterea nihil*.” The world is a humbug,—the one half of it has gone into a hibernation, or has been drugged with the sleepy mandragora; the other must live a life of madness and folly for the want of hellebore”—

This was too much, and I could not refrain from interrupting my excited friend with a long and loud ha, ha. “There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous;” and as I saw his eloquent face speaking in every feature, as if prompted by inspiration, and thought how that fun-machine had been thus suddenly transformed into a frantic oracle—it quite overcame me, and I laughed like a child.

Then for a moment anger curled and fired his features,—a look of surprise and bewilderment followed,—then that smooth face, unused to such stern tension, twinkled with smiles, and straight he raised a noisy chorus to my noisier prelude. After a brief pause, with a look and a tone of mingled merriment and apology, he said, “I *was* wild, but I believe I was more than half right after all.”

It were absurd ingratitude for the neophyte to ridicule the hierophant who has initiated him into the mysteries of life, and quite as absurd for him to place himself on the high presumption of superior sagacity, and attempt to cast reproach upon that knowledge, which has made him all that he is. Notwithstanding, this train of thought, when I again called it to mind, awakened one somewhat similar within myself, while, at the same time, I endeavored to extract the gall which embittered and blackened the whole, and still to find the world the same bright reality which it had ever been. Science and art still seemed twin guardian genii of humanity; the world was still irradiated with truth and beauty; instruction and pleasure, hand in hand, still traversed all the scene—and man was yet a being of high aspirations and high destiny, ever pressing forward towards an unseen, yet real excellence, sometimes indeed mistaking the way, ever clogged and hindered by imperfection and ignorance; yet still aspiring and rising.

Follow me then, kind reader, while I briefly review what friend

B—— had, with so much acrimony, improvised in his exasperation. By the way, I afterwards learned that he had been, just before, a tortured guest at a true blue-stocking, literary party, and could not censure his wrath.

Although men in the eye of the law are equal, although they have common social privileges and religious hopes, they are altogether diverse in thought, feeling and action. To hope then for equality, is to hope for an impossibility, if not an absurdity. Some characters in the picture of life must therefore be more, while others are less prominent; yet the whole were as imperfect without the one, as without the other. Each is, in the distribution of human allotments, the counterpart and accompaniment of some other. Light and shade, brilliancy and dullness, the great and the little, are set off against each other, and they all together form a master-piece which could have been inspired and penciled by only one artist, and that artist the soul and source of all excellence.

The all-pervading tide of excitement and action is ever moving. Men, as if prompted by some good genius or haunted by some evil one, are hurrying along various paths to some real or fancied destination. And what is this destination? It has countless phases, it is colored by all the diversity of individual character. Yet it is ever one and the same, and a single word can compass it. This world-wide tendency centers in *happiness*. But excellence of some sort is a necessary condition of any degree of happiness, and hence arises the strife for excellence. Now happiness may as truly dwell with the cottager as with the prince, and there seems to be a nice balance in the allotments of men, in that each condition has enjoyments, in a measure, peculiar to itself alone. No class can then, with truth or propriety, claim superiority over another in that which is of the highest value to all. Every one has, by choice or circumstances, been placed in some station to which he is bound only by choice and circumstances. And though these last at times assume despotic control, they are in general the creatures of man, contrary to the quiet prevalent notion that men are creatures of circumstance.

No one who studies himself or the manifestations of others' enjoyment, can fail to see that regular, engrossing pursuits are of the highest importance to happiness, both in themselves, as exercising the mind, and as relating to the hopes and prospects of that future bliss, which shines as a beacon light on all the vicissitudes of the present.

Some are by nature fitted for a more spiritual life than others. Some are wedded to imagination and make their lives a honey-moon of devotion to its radiant charms. Others take reason as a bosom companion and with it make a life-pilgrimage in search of truth. Others live in sense and in the present. All with few exceptions find their true sphere—their proper level. All follow that which, in their own eyes at least, is most productive of good to themselves. Some doubtless are poorly requited for their toil. Some fall martyrs to their devotion to literary and artistic pursuits. Yet who would not gladly have the seal of darkness set upon his eyes, to become a Milton; who

does not deem Mozart happy, even while composing his own requiem; who would not be a Lamb, though he should become crazed by misfortune, or a Hood, though he must needs die of poverty? It may be true that

"Noblest minds
Sink soonest into ruin, like a tree
That with the weight of its own golden fruitage
Is bent down to the dust."

But they have accomplished their high mission, and they shrink not from their destiny. And if excellence is thus achieved, the achievement is proof of heroism on the part of genius, and is a sure passport to the highest admiration. Excellence is cheaply bought at almost any price, and is the noblest reward of human aspirations and toils.

But is society so falsely founded, so past redemption, as my friend so bitterly asserted? Man is by nature a progressive being. To doubt this obvious truism would bring upon the doubter the charge of want of civilization or of common sense. This progress is perfectly simple and rational, when viewed in its really great and catholic character. New light is reflected full on the gaze of a generation. That generation is soon gone to dwell in the dark halls of the past. But the light which was theirs still shines, and grows brighter. So that each successive generation, unless struck blind by barbarism, or dumb by despotism, or paralyzed by the shocks of extraordinary circumstances, rises, and must rise above those which went before. And our foundation is sure, for we are secured from retrogression by the sanction and support of all past time. Though the elements of ruin all survive, the chains which bind them are too ponderous and too securely bound to be shaken off. We fear no breaking up of the solid earth, though there be fire and strife within, before the final conflagration; and quite as little do we fear the disruption and disorganization of society. There is, and there must be change: old forms must vanish and new ones arise,—but the ever-present and ever-active mind inspires every movement, and itself rises amid these constant vicissitudes.

The counterfeit of patriotism, now so common, has always existed. There have ever been these imitators as witnesses to the virtues of the great and good, clearly proving by their involuntary testimony that there is a real patriotism, and that this reality is of superior worth. It is often a task of no small difficulty to assign to men of high claims their rightful position, whether among the truly great, or among the time-serving and hypocritical. But history is not given to falsehood, and, in a brief space, posterity is proud to render justice to the deserving. This may be a poor consolation to one who is under the ban of a misguided public opinion, yet his is a narrow spirit which cannot rejoice in the consciousness of rectitude, and which does not feel confidence in the faithful judgment of the future.

But how shall we defend fashion? Dress it up in all its gay graces, enclose it round about with its own exquisite exclusion of all that the most fastidious of its votaries could censure, and it is humbug still. Nevertheless it is a brilliant one, now radiant with gems, now flutter-

ing luxuriously in the gayest plumage, now graced with smiles and set phrases, coined in the head, not inspired by the heart—dazzling the eyes and undermining the hearts of the inexperienced and superficial. What does it all mean? True politeness springs from within, and is not manufactured to order by the tailor and dancing master. *Manners* are a very good thing; they may make a man's *fortune*, but they cannot make a *man*. There are certain conventional usages necessary to propriety of social intercourse. The high-minded and the low should be carefully discriminated. But a knave or a fool may wear as fair an outside as any other, and there is need of some other distinctions than those of mere etiquette to give the really deserving their high position, and to exclude from it the vicious and the low. Would that we could see a little more of nature in these days of art, and that conduct could be more left to the spontaneous impulses of the head and heart as they really are.

Literature is full of humbug. Those who look on books as enduring monuments of mind, would perhaps be astonished if told that more than three fourths of those which have seen the light since the infancy of printing, have perished. Yet so it is, and of most of these not a single copy is now in existence. If this forgotten host of authors could rise and speak before us, they would doubtless exclaim loudly against the injustice and the dullness of mankind. Books are thoughts, and thought is immortal; but unless it has the merit of originality, or is at least something more than mere commonplace, its immortality is the silent one of oblivion, not the glorious life of an everlasting remembrance. The two great objects of literature are to instruct and to amuse. Instruction and amusement are the measures of the merit and mainly of the success of all the works of mind. The province of the one is truth, that of the other is beauty. Seated on the same high throne, their jurisdiction is everywhere, and their inquisition depends not on spies and suspicions, but upon human nature and known facts and principles. Science shares the prerogative of instruction. That science which is based on obvious facts and invariable principles, and which is developed in accordance with fixed laws, has resulted in truth and is constantly progressing. But apart from this, there is science founded upon more hidden facts and laws. This brings us to the mysteries of metaphysics, and upon the confines of the boundless field of speculation. In this, not only have the doctors of successive generations disagreed, but at one and the same time it has been the theatre of the sway and the clashing of many and discordant systems. But there are also many mis-called sciences which rest on causes foreign to human nature, and the natural and known order of things; not on broad principles, but on isolated or extraordinary phenomena; not on laws deduced from these principles, but on the caprice or accuracy of the observers of these phenomena. The turbid waters of mystery have been in perpetual commotion—the world has been full of this confusion of ignorance, credulity and deception. There are no bounds to these knight-errant sciences but those of imagination and speculation, and their sway is limited only by man's capacity of deceiving and being deceived.

But to return to literature. That which aims at instruction depends mainly upon reason and common sense for its worth and influence—to these it appeals, and by these it must be tried. There must indeed be a certain artistic excellence in all composition, a vividness of conception, an energy of thought and a grace of expression. But the solid merit of this department of letters lies deeper, and no skill or beauty of expression can give consequence to matter essentially worthless. A craven may trick himself up in the garb of war, and swell and bluster till he shall seem to every child he meets a perfect hero—but if he fails or falters in the day of battle, it were better for him to perish in the first onset, than to abide the utter insignificance, or yet worse, the unmitigated scorn and contempt which await him. So the author who aims at excellence must show something more than mere style; or high-sounding words, or mysterious sublimity and profundity—or he will acquire a name only to lose it.

But poetry and fiction aim mainly to please. These are founded upon, and built up of, imagination. They require no more of reason than just enough to temper them with plausibility—enough to mould them to real or probable life. True, fiction has besides a great and philosophic work to perform; when properly conceived by the writer and appreciated by the reader, “it is to history what algebra is to arithmetic.” But this is not its apparent character—this sort of influence, if felt at all, is inculcated silently and unconsciously. It is not the reader’s chief object of pursuit, and it is not an essential condition of success. Thought, feeling and action, all combine to fill up the scenes, and every possible modification of these is subject to the choice or the genius of the author. In the mind rich in these it is not hard to conjure them up at will, and to throw the semblance of life in and around them, whether that life be a glow of beauty and joy, or a concentration of all that is ugly and wretched. But where there is not a native exuberance of these, or, if ready at hand, they are not under the control of a strong mind, a pure heart and an exact taste, mere commonplace, or ugly absurdity, or silly sentiment, or grinning folly, is the result. Such writers have flooded our century with trash. They have cherished immorality and false notions—they have vitiated true, romantic, chivalrous sentiment into low sensuality—they have changed real life into a sickly sighing after what cannot be—they have thrown many a serious stumbling block in the way to greatness and true fame. For a day they flutter gaily—in a day they are gone; but their influence is left behind them—a monument of the power of evil and of the frailty of human nature. It is amusing to see how many immortal productions—how many “profound views of human nature,” and “exquisite delineations of fashionable manners,” and “vernal, and sunny, and refreshing thoughts,” and “high imaginings,” and “young breathings,” and “embodyings,” and “pinings,” and “minglings with the beauty of the universe,” and “harmonies which dissolve the soul in a passionate sense of loveliness and divinity,” the world has contrived to forget. The authors of these “immortal productions,” no doubt rejoiced “to see themselves in print,” and counted on a futurity of fame; but

"the light which was in them" was darkness, or at best but a faint and false glow, and it soon went out, and forever.

Although poetry has had many of the same difficulties to contend with, and many similar errors and sins have been palmed off by favor of the Muses, it has never been so thoroughly perverted. The rhymster of whatever kind is generally a very harmless character. He may make some little heart besides his own palpitate, but it is soon over, and usually without serious results. But poetry is something more than the mere making of verses. It is a great and noble art—it is to writing in general what harmony is to sound. All time has sanctioned it, and attested its sympathy with the noble and the beautiful in man and in nature. It is only when made subservient to unworthy thoughts and passions, when it falls into mere tricks of speech and extravagances, that it degenerates and becomes contemptible. Some one has justly deprecated the bent of our modern poetry towards the sober and melancholy, and begged for a little more of life and happy thought. We want more of the *Allegro*, and not quite so much of the *Penseroso*—we like some clouds and storms, but we want more warm sunshine, that our world may reflect health and happiness, and may not be tainted with "a green and yellow melancholy." The same acute writer before quoted, speaking of the effect of Byron's character and writings, says, "The number of hopeful undergraduates and medical students who became things of dark imaginings, on whom the freshness of the heart ceased to fall like dew, whose passions had consumed themselves to dust, and to whom the relief of tears was denied, passes all calculation." There is quite enough of suffering in the world without any affectation of woe for the sake of effect. But these are some of the misfortunes of poetry—they are not its faults. We have much, even in this so-called practical age of which we are truly proud. Our poetry is not all made up of such sickly attempts—these are rather a perversion of it to please a morbid and false taste.

But would it have been better for the world if these literary and scientific humbugs had never existed? It would surely have been well if some of them had perished even sooner than they did; but many more were honest, though ineffectual attempts to benefit the world. And it is only after many efforts, and many discouragements, and failures, that any thing like perfection is attained. While then we pity the unsuccessful, we cannot but consider their loss our gain—their dead bodies have served as stepping-stones to our present superiority. And this foam and mimic fury, these eddies and wild wanderings have beneath them a deep, steady, onward undercurrent of truth by which they are borne up, and which they always attend and betoken. Those authors who are true to nature and to themselves are real benefactors, and earn a fame in some measure commensurate with their real merit. The happy commingling of pleasure and profit is the highest achievement of writing. Instruction is the more peculiar province of one department of literature, pleasure of the other: yet *all* is really subservient to this double purpose. If those ambitious of literary distinction would bear this fact in mind; if they would use more thoughts and make these more pointed and comprehensive; if they would train their minds by severer discipline; if they

would enrich their thoughts and cultivate a more discriminating taste, by critical and constant study of the best models; if they would mingle more with the world and become thoroughly versed in human nature; if they would cherish liberal sentiments, pure and happy thoughts, natural and noble actions—should we not hear less of the “sufferings of genius,” and “the misfortunes of literary men?”

Such are some of the forms, and some of the strong holds of humbug. But even from these imperfect views of men and things, may we not justly condemn our old friend's bitterness? The world is full of humbug, but it is very far from *being* a humbug itself—it is a great and truthful reality.

False excellence has everywhere confronted us, but we have generally found the reality along with, and close beside it, overshadowing and outreaching its fairest pretensions. Wherever there is a counterfeit there must be some original. There is a caricature of excellence, but there must be some real excellence, or it could never be distorted and misrepresented.

The ocean sends the echo of its voice afar, as a herald and guide to its presence. The dim twilight precedes and betokens the sure approach of day. Such at times is error to truth. Away then with creaking and despondency—there is yet in man an upward tendency, the world is not without excellence, and we hope and firmly believe that it is progressing to a high destiny, even ultimate perfection.

?

SONNET.

To ———.

In my heart only
Thou art enshrined;
Deeply and lonely,
Spirit entwined.

All its devotion
Flows but for thee;
'Tis on the ocean—
Measureless, free.

Now, though 'tis sleeping,
Silent and mute;
Thou its chords sweeping,
'Twere a sweet lute.

Touch it but lightly—
Love thrilling song;
Purely and brightly
Floateth along.

Wild notes of gladness
Gush from its strings;
Love's sweetest sadness,
Plaintive it sings.

Dark change and treachery
Wake not its tones;
Only Love's witchery
Ever it owns.

But should'st thou proudly
Breathe o'er its chords,
Careless, loudly,
Scorn's burning words.

Oh! though it sadly
Dire discord makes;
"Twill but love madly,
Love—till it breaks.

SKETCHES OF SEA-LIFE.

"TUMBLE out here, men, and make sail. Be lively—be lively there." And forth from the "top-gallant fore-castle" came reeling and rollicking a score of drunken tars. "Come, bestir yourselves, you old rum-soakers. Lay aloft, some of ye, and turn out that canvas." "Mr. Beattie, overhaul their chests, and bring aft every drop of liquor you find. I'll know what cargo is aboard there for'ard." A stirring tune this, captain, you first strike up. But glad it sounds, notwithstanding, for it tells us we soon will be alone on our broad, free home. Already, from the steamboat by our side, has been given the order, "Shoremen aboard." And on her deck are seen many countenances saddened by recent partings. The word comes to "cast off the lines," and now the noble "St. Denis," for the first time let loose on an untried element, rears its proud head on the waves, and haughtily turns from its puffing, toiling companion, as in mockery of man's power. There is a conscious pride in the power to subdue the wild sport of winds, in which the very ship seems to participate. And it has a lordly bearing, as it boldly careers through the mad battles of air and sea. Man may bolt in the pent-up forces of steam, to speed him on a joyless journey; may outride, if he please, old Boreas himself; but give to me the craft that, of its own kingly will, can peer into the "wind's eye," or before a gale can fly untiring and majestic as the eagle.

As the steamer paddled off on its return to port, we were greeted from it by three long, loud cheers. Immediately work was suspended, orders unheeded; and many a rope "went by the run," while amid the

toss of sea-caps and tarpaulins there went up three as hearty responses as ever were echoed over New York harbor. Long after, till the boat was lost to view in the forest of masts which encircle the Empire City, we could see, waving over many a sylph-like form, the white flag of woman's love. Heaven smile on the fair who thus bid "God speed" to the lone mariner, wrestling ever with the perils of the main.

It is hard to sever the last link that binds one to land and to home; and the heart sinks low with sadness, in even the bosom that has buffeted a thousand gales, as the last adieu is waved to the objects of most tender associations. There was one at least among that rough, hardy crew whose thoughts were cheerless and heavy. He was a "Freshman of the sea." He was to traverse three thousand miles of landless, boisterous ocean, in a narrow tenement, where a single false step or missing grasp might cause to close over him for ever, Nature's vast sepulchre. His vessel too had never yet tested its sea-powers, or tried its arm with the fickle twins that rule the deep, and in a luckless hour it might spring a gaping leak in its uncoppered hull, or under press of sail careen beyond its balance. Yet it was not fear that weighed on his spirits, for little did he reck of danger. But he thought of the changes of a few past weeks; of the strange situation into which a restless, roving disposition had led him. He thought of the strong ties—now probably severed for ever—which had bound to him as brothers, his generous classmates, who, as they pealed again their hearty welcomes, after a joyous spring vacation, would wonder at the freak which had sent so retiring a student to try the noisy, Jack-tar life of a fore-castle. He thought too of loved friends at home, who soon would read, with startled, sorrowing eyes, the first intelligence of the errant course of a son and brother; and a tear of penitent regret rolled unbidden down his cheek.

But, heigh-ho! What a savage gust that was! How that huge swell tumbled us about! The arms of the bay have suddenly opened, revealing to us a shoreless expanse of waters. While I had been absorbed in reverie, our "Ocean bird" had spread its broad wings to the breezes, and had lightly flitted through the Narrows. Now with beak pointing toward its destination, the far-off "Land of the Gaul," it was fast speeding on to the bosom of the Atlantic. But look! Ah, woe is me! The captain's stern eye is fastened on me. "What are you figuring at there, boy? Come! wake up, and shake the kinks out of your land legs, you young sodger!" Startled by these uncivil remarks, it was not long before I was moving. Now stumbling over a surly tar, and again rolling with another into the "lee rigging," running here to help "let go a rope," and there tugging on when the word was "be-lay," I managed to clear myself at least from the imputation of inactivity. Yes, Captain Howe! savage master though you were, it was the last time you ever called me "sodger," that most opprobrious epithet in the sailor's vocabulary.

The afternoon on which we left New York was occupied in setting sails and getting every thing into "ship-shape" for sea. Toward evening all hands were called on the quarter deck, to be divided into

watches. Against the "lee bulwarks" twenty rugged, stalwart men ranged themselves; their broad, sinewy forms bearing powerful testimony to the healthiness and hardihood of the mariner's life; their countenances portraying the hard marks of many a winter's blast, and the swarthy hue from many a scorching calm in the tropics. Come up here, all ye Blue Devils and Doleful Dumps, ye Phantoms of Hypochondria, and Ghosts of Consumption. Look on a sight that should shame ye for so fouling the fair face of earth, and well-nigh blotting from man the impress of his God. Many a time, when admiring the brawny, symmetrical proportions, and the noble-hearted nature of the sailor, have I vowed never again to make my home amid the wasting ills and the niggard-souled multitude of land. Even now, as I recall the familiar scenes of the few months of which I am writing, there is stirring a restless spirit within me, a longing once more for the wild life of the sea, and I cannot all repress a regret for the accident which deterred me from following longer my inclinations.

Around the capstan stood four who were the "boys" of the crew. The eldest of them, a "boy" of over twenty-one years of age, was a relative of the captain, and son of a New York merchant, and had already been on a voyage to Canton before the mast. His real name was Lee; but from the fact of his having adopted every habit and quality which make up a sailor except seamanship, the mate gave him the significant title of "Chaw-tobacco Jack." Another was poor "Jimmy Ducks," of a weakby family, but of the utmost personal inefficiency and arrogance. He had been another Havre voyage before, with the same captain, and of all on board our ship was his only favorite. On him, by a little art, especially by feigning great ignorance in the calling of the "prodigal son," I very speedily shifted the name which an almost universal usage had otherwise fixed on me. The third who made out the trio of those whom the men called "gentlemen's sons," was that same wild truant from college and home, already introduced to the reader; and in default of an easier name, he went by the self-appropriated one of "Charley." But now for "boy Harry," decidedly the most important personage aboard ship, at once the life and butt of the crew, and an everlasting plague to the officers—an absolute essential everywhere, and yet for ever in the way. I have him now in my mind's eye—his short, chubbed form, and fat, Dutch visage, in which sparkled as keen and roguish a pair of black eyes as ever a youngster sported; and then that lisping, Hollandish tongue of his—how its least movement would set the men laughing and cursing! yet it never rested. And well I may remember him, for many is the time we have raced up the rigging together in strife for the "weather yard arm;" and many is the long watch hour we have whiled away together with schemes of mischief or in kindly spats. I recollect well when I first saw him. It was on board, just before we left New York. The captain chancing to pass him, asked what he was doing there; he said, the mate had hired him for "or'nary theaman;" he had been to sea two years. The mate soon after coming up, asked him the same question; he answered promptly, that the captain had engaged him for "or'nary

thesman." And so we had "boy Harry" in our crew, though he unfortunately failed of getting ordinary seaman's wages.

Well, "old skipper," we are ready for you now to take your watch. And with apparent impartiality he made a division, numerically equal. But it did most unaccountably happen that certain of the smartest, most able-bodied seamen fell into the starboard watch, which chanced to be his own. Lee and Jimmy were apportioned to the mate's or larboard watch, and Harry and myself to the other. Then came the captain's customary address, and I wonder that each word did not perish on the false tongue that uttered it. "My hearties, I like your looks first rate. You are a hale set of fellows as I have seen in a crew for a long time, and it's my opinion we're going to have a pleasant voyage, and a pleasant season for it. Now if you'll do your duty and be faithful, you'll find me a right clever master, and you shall have the best of usage and the best of fare; but if you don't, you'll find I can make this ship a perfect hell for you. Go below, the starboard watch." And down into the forecabin we bounced in a trice; when, after hearing many a hearty curse on the skipper for abducting sundry well-filled demijohns and bottles, all were soon rolling about in the hug of Morpheus.

Now that forecabin was a queer pen at best; and ours was probably as good a specimen as any on the waters, being what was scientifically called a "Top-gallant forecabin," or "House on deck." It was as large, except in height, as a common sized room; and around its sides were ranged about twenty-four berths, from under which twenty-four huge chests stuck out half their lengths. In the middle of the floor was stacked up a promiscuous heap of boots, caps, oil-cloth jackets, and every sort of sea-accountrement. Such was the bedlam confusion in which ate, slept, and lived, by turns or all together as occasion required, twenty-four persons. Yet in all this—and I took my full share of discomfort as well as labor—I was contented, ay, and happy; and who, with the least conformity of disposition, would not be? Thrown together, as sailors are, with common interests and common fare, obliged to participate in common toils and dangers, they speedily lose every vestige of selfishness—that bane of society. There is nothing a sailor will not do for his shipmate—nothing he will not share to the last with him. Thus can a rough but hearty generosity, with an unvarying round of pleasantry, make of the most dismal quarters an agreeable home.

At midnight we were all roused from a deep sleep by a thundering rattle against the door, followed immediately by the deafening call, "Star-board watch, a-h-o-y! Eight bells there! Hear the news?" We were soon up and out, giving place to the sleepy deckers; and our men in turn wrapping around them their pea-jackets, disposed themselves for a little napping on whatever came convenient—some on a spar, some on water-casks, others in the coil of a rope, and others still on the "soft side of a board." I tried all these devices, and many others equally inviting, but not the least rest could I get, much less sleep. And moreover feeling a little queer—not sea-sick, for I

was never sea-sick—but a sort of indescribable all-over-ness, as some poet has written, “All was not right, yet where the wrong?” I came to the conclusion that there was no use in torturing one’s self so, especially as there was nothing in creation to do outside, that I could see. So in I stole, and crept into bed, where I was forthwith dreaming as sweetly as ever in my life before. How long after it was, I do not know, but I was suddenly brought to consciousness by a severe punching at my sides. Turning over, I saw boy Harry standing by my bunk. “Vot you thleep for? They hunt for you all over the thyip. The thecond mate, he be hell on you.” In an instant I was out on the floor, but in the utmost fright and uncertainty what next to do. “Tell him,” says he, “you be thick—you no can work.” I told Harry to go up stily where the men were, and not say a word about me. So as soon as I saw the mate’s head turned, I followed up, and “tailed onto” the rope, on which they were pulling, as if nothing had happened. Now our “second Dickey” was a gruff, but noble-hearted sailor, and was liked by the crew in proportion as he was hated by the captain, which was no small amount. But he was not to be deceived so easily by a novice in his trade. He had seen “boys” before. So singling me out shortly after, he asked me “why I did not obey the call.” I answered that “I was sick, and couldn’t get out.” But that excuse, which had so often before served me as a talisman on similar emergencies, he heeded not in the least. “If I ever catch you,” said he, “stowing yourself away again, I’ll haul you out by the ears. Now remember it.” And I did remember it, Mr. White—not only to preserve those tender organs from the rough tug you threatened, but also to give no occasion for them to hear more such kind remarks. “And you, young Dutch chunk,” he continued, “if you ever stay away again half the night, looking him up, I’ll lash you by the ears to the mainmast.” “Yeth thir,” coolly replied Harry.

At eight bells again, four o’clock—for the bell was struck every half hour—we had the extreme felicity of yelling at the fore-castle door, “Larbowlines a-hoy.” Thus through the twenty-four hours, except six in the afternoon, we had an alternation of watches at each “eight bells;” the “dog watch,” of two hours in the evening, serving to alternate the succession of watches every other night. On Sundays and stormy days we usually had “watch and watch”—that is, an alternation of watches throughout the entire day. A storm never comes amiss to poor Jack; for as well as the excitement which he longs for, it brings him rest.

Let me now present to you, kind reader, our crew at meals. Around the fore-castle sit, each on his own chest, one or both watches, as may be. Out from among the dirty clothes in his bunk, each one pulls a basin, quart cup, and spoon. The boys bring in from the galley and set down in the middle of the floor, two or three kids of food, out of which all help themselves. At eight o’clock comes breakfast; but such a breakfast! That eternal “scouse!”—a mushy mess of sea-biscuit or potatoes boiled up with bits of salt meat. Then each had his “pot” of the black extract of burnt peas, with a little molasses in it—vulgarily.

called coffee. These, without butter, salt, or seasoning of any kind, for we never had those luxuries, constituted our unvarying morning repast. At noon we fared a little better, for variety at least. Twice a week we had molasses with "duff"—a bag of flour boiled solid in salt water; twice, vinegar with beans—i. e. water-gruel with a sprinkling of beans in it; twice, mush; and for the odd time, boiled potatoes, which relished remarkably, seeing that we could get nothing but rock-salt to eat with them. Supper is easily told. Salt horse-flesh, barley-meal and saw-dust sea-biscuit, and each man a quart of a decoction of some villainous herbs, a little "bewitched" with molasses. This, Captain Howe, was the good living you promised us! Yet in New York you were thought to be decently honest; some even thought you to be temperate and gentlemanly; but, alas! how speedily does the salt sea wash off a scaly virtue! Your portly, manly figure very much belied your immaterial parts.

But I must pass over several days, during which we had steady, fair winds, and were constantly bowling along under all our canvas, and with every stu'n-sail set. We were now on the "Banks," groping on through that everlasting fog, which settles like night on those dark shoals. Oh! that driving, drizzling, drenching air! How many shivering, wretched hours have I spent in it, so cold and damp! Nothing is impervious to it. Often have I cast off three and four dripping duplicates of ordinary garments, and wrapped myself in as many wet blankets, to enjoy a short oblivion of trouble and discomfort. It was on one of these dismal nights, while we were on the Banks, just as our watch, which had gone below, wearied with hauling in studding sails for several hours together, had fallen comfortably to sleep, that we were suddenly startled by a loud cry at the door—"all hands! Shorten sail!" As soon as possible we were out of our bunks and hastening half dressed to the quarter deck. The wind, which had risen during the night, was now blowing a gale, driving fiercely against us mingled sleet and spray. The sea was capped with foam, and on its whitened surface our ship was wildly plunging, careening her bulwarks almost to the water's edge. "Hurry up here! Hurry up here!" roared the captain, who was clinging to the mizzen shrouds to windward. "Clew up the royals and top-gall'nt-s'ls! Haul up the courses! Lay up and furl!" And command followed fast on command, answered ever by the hurried "Ay, ay, sir," till all sound was lost in the din of flapping canvas and clattering ropes. I had been aloft several times before; and was now only awaiting an opportunity to learn that first and hardest duty on ship-board, to furl a royal. So, heedless of storm and darkness, I soon found myself following Lee up the weather main rigging. Over the ratlins we clambered lustily; now into the "top," and now upon the "cross-trees." Here clapping hands and feet to the large "stays," we "shinned" up to the royal yard. Making up and fastening the "bunt" in the middle, we each ran out on the "foot-ropes," with the end of a "gasket" between our teeth, which we wound taut around both yard and sail, and bringing it in, fastened it to the "tye," when our royal was furled. Thence slipping down again, we were soon on deck.

Often since then have I recalled the peril of that first adventure, when scarce a week at sea, and in a midnight gale, I found myself swaying and quivering with the blast, in the highest part of the ship—now forced to cling with all my might to the yard-arm, and now, in a lull of the wind, passing another turn of the gasket—at one moment bending with the mast far down towards the water, and at the next rebounding with my feet flying in mid-air. And I have wondered that I could so carelessly have gazed into the dark, scowling sea beneath, and so recklessly laughed at the howling storm. Yet such were but common occurrences. To the sailor, these scenes are the romance of life, the theme of ‘yarns,’ the food of the soul. As such I too, though young, enjoyed them; and nothing ever pleased me more than a frowning sky, and a cresting sea along the distant horizon. When I reached the deck, I was bare-headed, my oil-jacket as near wrong side out as possible, my inner raiment flying at loose ends, and every part of me soaking wet. Finding the sails, except the top-sails, already stowed, I hastened down to the forecabin; whither boy Harry came soon after, in even worse plight than myself. He was swearing away “how he’d be down on that dam Dimmy Duckth. The thkippy, he thend him up to the miththen r’yal mit me. And he don’t can do a dam thing. He hide in the ‘top.’” And so indeed it was. Poor Jimmy had not the heart to make his first essay on such a night; and accordingly had stopped at the “lubber’s hole,” leaving Harry to furl his sail alone.

During the next day we set all sail again, and passing off the Banks, suddenly emerged into pleasant weather. But we were rolled about most wantonly by a tremendous sea, the relics of the last night’s gale. Thus speedily every thing settled again into the usual round of day duties. “Wash decks” in the morning—“pump ship, the watch,” and “hold the reel, boys,” every eight bells—and “braid sennet,” or “make mats for chafing gear,” when there is nothing else to be done.

It was one afternoon, not many days later than this, as there was a sly inkling among the younger and lighter portion of the crew, that the remaining part of the day would be devoted to the peculiarly unpleasant duty of “slushing” the upper masts, when, lo! and behold! boy Harry was nowhere to be found. Immediately every nook and cranny of the ship rang to the loud cry—“Boy Harry!” “Boy Harry!” It happened to fall to my lot to rummage the forecabin for him; when hunting for some time all alone, I at last heard a low whisper, issuing out from a heap of rubbish in the back side of a bunk—“Charley! Charley! The mate he find me, he athk me vere I thick, vot I tell him?” “Tell him,” said I, “you are sick to the stomach.” “Vere be the thtomich?” Pointing out its locality, I hove another blanket over him, and was forthwith busily engaged again tumbling chests about; when the chief mate stepped in and commenced the search for himself. We must now introduce to the reader, Mr. Beattie, our first mate, a most skillful seaman, but a narrow, conceited soul; who dwelt most rigidly on the “minor points of the law,” and seemed to think his reputation depended on his petty tyranny over the boys. After searching

some time, he at last stumbled on Harry, buried in his dark nest. And out he hauled him to view rather roughly, asking, with many pretty adjuncts to his speech, what he was stowed away in there for? "I'th thick, thir—Oh! hard thick in my thtornich' thir." "That's your case then, is it?" said the mate. "I'll soon fix you out." So aft he hurried, and in a few minutes came back with a wine-glass nearly filled with castor oil. The instant Harry saw what the game was to be, he seized the glass from the mate, applied it to his lips, and quicker than thought, its contents were gone. And the officer, turning about, stalked off in all the pride of conscious cunning. Ah, Mr. Beattie, if you had had the dilated pupils of my eyes in that dark corner, you might not have been quite so well pleased, as you saw your medicine taking rather an external route to the digestives of that mischievous lad. Of course it was several days before boy Harry could do any more work; and of course he presented a most doleful appearance, especially when any officer was in sight.

Onward and onward we ploughed through the wide waste, not once being obliged by contrary winds to turn from our course, and frequently cleaving the waters at the rapid rate of fifteen knots an hour. On the evening of the sixteenth day out from New York, the bold shores of Lizard Point, on the coast of England, loomed into view. Passing this almost within the distance of a stone's cast, we sailed on up the channel. And when morning again broke upon us, we were standing, with shortened sail, off the blue hills of Normandy. Oh! glorious sight! for what though lovely France be now raving in a wild crazy-fit, and with bloody arm is dealing death to myriads of her sons; her soil will give us respite from the ceaseless tumble of old ocean, and we long to look on her beauty. During the morning a French pilot boarded us, and we again made sail. Ah! what a noble sight do we present, as the gallant St. Denis dashes by the lighthouse and along the pier, and a thousand delighted eyes are fastened on us from shore. "Starboard the helm!" "Let go all halliards!" "Drop the larboard anchor there for'ard!" "What! cable chain parted?" "Let fly the the other!" And here we are, safe moored in one of those beautiful basins which intersect the maritime city of "Havre de Grâce."

For want of time and space to continue, at present, these desultory sketches, I must, kind reader, leave you at this part of the narrative.

THE SLEEPERS OF THE FOREST.

THE wanderer among those fine old woods that still linger in our beautiful land as mementoes of the primitive forest, will often meet with the immense trunks of trees that seem to have fallen centuries ago. Moss-covered and ivy-clad, they fill the soul of the contemplative observer with mingled emotions of pleasure and sadness, and the following lines are but feeble representatives of the varied feelings with which the author has often gazed upon these wrecks of a once noble and mighty forest.

I.

They are sleeping, they are sleeping, 'neath the forest old and gray,
Like warriors on the battle-field, when fallen in the fray ;
As manfully they bore them, 'mid the tempest's battle roar,
As quietly they sunk to rest when the conflict's rage was o'er.

II.

Above them, as in olden time, the bright clouds sweep along,
And sweetly breaks upon the air the wild bird's joyous song.
On high, with sweeping pinion, the king-like eagle floats,
And wildly on the stillness ring the heron's screaming notes.

III.

The moss has grown above them, and the ivy gathers round,
And by their sides in solitude the mournful flower is found ;
Here stealthily and silently the wild vines round them creep,
And o'er their lowly sepulchres unceasing vigils keep.

IV.

The night-winds sigh as fitfully as when in days of old
They swept among the branches of the forest monarch bold ;
When through the woodland, soft and low, the dirge-like music strayed,
As if on heavenly harps of gold, angelic minstrels played.

V.

Here once beneath their foliage the dusky chieftain stood,
And proudly bore him monarch of the forest and the flood ;
Here rang his war-cry fearfully, and here, beneath their shade,
At twilight's soft and sombre hour, he wooed his Indian maid.

VI.

Here once in lofty eloquence the untaught savage spoke,
When the flashing of the council-fires upon the darkness broke,
And fiercest forms reflected, by the torches' lurid glare,
As if weird shapes from Erebus did their midnight revels share.

VII.

Here pause awhile, thou wanderer, 'neath the forest gray and old ;
Behold how Nature's awful laws mysteriously unfold
The plan of all her workings, as seen from day to day,
Still marking in their steady roll the progress of Decay.

THE OLD BALLADS.

WE wish, reader, to turn your thought with us for a few moments to an often-forgotten fountain of song, and listen awhile to the music of its ceaseless play. Perhaps we shall only recall the charm of those old simple ballads. Such we hope may be the case, for we would not willingly suppose you ignorant of so pure a source of poetry. But if ye are, know that long ago there was a race of artless song-souled men, who wrote most sincere and guileless thoughts, and conceived most rare and beautiful imaginings. They were the old ballad writers or minstrels of history—a race of poets, who were peculiarly the expression of their age. Sprung from the very bosom of the people, they reflected its rudeness, as well as the depth and simplicity of its sentiment; around whom was gathered all the floating inspiration and song of the time. And now, we would have you treasure the early ballad, as you would a long-remembered portrait, on which you can trace each lineament that was once dear to the heart; for here you commune with those forgotten men anew, and read also a record of quaint and rural times. Those old ballad-writers and their ballads have indeed given place to the more refined productions of a higher civilization; but much as we may admire the elevation and beauty of more modern poetry, it charms us not like the sweet, rustic minstrelsy of a bygone age.

We will not perplex you, reader, with an attempt at any nicely-drawn criticism between the ballad-writer and the minstrel; for a distinction of this nature will not effect the character of our present paper. Our task is but the humble one of endeavoring, by a simple portrayal of a few of the characteristics of the early ballad and of the primitive, romantic spirit from which it sprung, to awaken an interest in a portion of literature, where we think you will find many a diamond thought, sparkling in its native rock of rough, unhewn verse.

The culminating period of this species of poetry, was during the close of the dark ages, and the first eras of modern civilization. The strong coloring of the middle ages was mellowing down; yet there was many a trace of its wild, adventurous spirit. Society was rude, simple, yet romantic. Those proud and haughty barons still rivaled their sovereigns in magnificence and power. Their gloomy, fortified castles, yet hung on the brow of every beetling crag; the centres from which they carried on those deadly feuds which desolated the nation.

The gay tourney still dazzled the imagination of the populace; and a lingering charm hung round the name of the brave, yet gentle knight, who sought throughout Christendom to do rare deeds of daring in honor of his fair one. Coarseness and simplicity reigned even in the halls of Kings. Thus every thing wore the hue of a romantic, chivalrous spirit. The nations in which the ballad especially flourished, were England, Scotland and Spain. The clannish warfare of the Scottish Laids, and the fierce border contests of the two northern powers, seem

to have been an unfailing fount of song for the minstrel, who drew inspiration from the eventful scenes of internal strife.

In Spain, this poetry took a peculiar character from a conflict which, nourished by the gloomy spirit of bigotry, was fast banishing the refined and intelligent Moor from the fair land, which he had adorned with his comparatively elegant literature.

Beneath these turbulent elements of society, especially in England, there lay the quiet and beautiful features of a rural life. It was the restless ambition of the arrogant noble, that agitated the surface of community. The lower class led a more picturesque life, devoted to the tranquil pleasures of agricultural pursuits.

The early ballad was the poetry of such a state of society. It faithfully mirrored all its rude, stormy elements. We are transported back to those times long past, and permitted to gaze on its every-day life. There is pictured before us the knightly tiltings, where were gathered sovereigns and gorgeous retinue of chivalry and beauty; the formal, courtly love-making of brave cavaliers and fair, haughty dames; the brilliant festival, where noble vied with noble in arrogance and splendor.

Over all of which was thrown the barbaric taste for glitter and tinsel. Anon, we are borne away in the wild sports of the chase, or almost unconsciously placed upon the battle-field, where some sad cavalier, with melancholy countenance, does "wondrous deeds," and the noble fair practice the art of Hippocrates for their lovers. Thus the old ballad-writer was a true artist, in painting the manners and customs of lords and ladies. He seems at times fascinated with their lofty bearing, and endeavors to add new grace to that which so charms him. Those imperious dames become the rivals of the goddesses, and choosing some brave knight, the poet sings most fervidly his deeds of devotion, ever surrounding him with the romantic and even mysterious hue of the age. If he was ever vanquished it must be by some one,

"His actoun it was all of blacke,
His hawberk and his sheelde,
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knew where he did gone."

The ballad made the mind of the time more conscious of its own feelings and prejudices. Thus it became an instrument of the most patriotic devotion. Catching the warlike spirit of the age, and bathing it in the poet's ardor and inspiration, it presented it again to the nation in verse, which fanned anew the flame of contest.

We turn from this feature of the old ballad, to another, that even brings us more intimately in connection with the feeling of the time, particularly in England. It is when we are made acquainted with the rude, artless life of the common people. The ballad of this class is less lofty and aspiring, but infinitely more graceful and captivating. Here it was that the poet seemed at home in his sympathies. He was well versed in the rustic, simple thought of the humble swain. He knew how to touch the strings of the harp of the soul, that lay concealed under so uncomely an exterior. Though he was himself in-

spired by infinitely higher emotion, he could sympathize with the homely, untutored feeling of the peasant. Almost every ballad of this class interweaves the tender passion. Yet while depicting these scenes of love, the writer, with a skillful hand, throws into bold relief the occupation and mode of life. It is in these themes of rustic love and devotion, that the ballad-writer seems to have reached his sweetest, most poetic strains. The "bonnie lassie" laments in a most melting lay her too soon plighted love, and the "lusty lad" complains bitterly of the inconstancy of his mistress. His lovers do not woo and plight soft vows by the enchanting light of the moon, as do the more refined and cultivated ones of the present day; but true to the primitive customs of the time, the "love-sick boye" wins his "fairie maide" out by the rippling stream, or on the flowery bank, or under the cooling shade, wherever perchance she is caring for her flock. So truthfully and life-like does the ballad picture these rural scenes, that it seems as though we must see the light-hearted girl return at evening, radiant and fresh as a wood-nymph, with her gentle charge, or on the distant hill side, discover the rustic, reclined from the noontide heat, piping to his love. In these exquisite songs of an uncultivated life, we are almost greeted by the wild fragrance of field and woodland flower. It is an artless simplicity that throws an indescribable charm over this class of the early ballads. Nothing can be more true to the simple, and, we may justly say, the child-like feeling of the time. The lover says,

"Fain would I have a pretie thing,
To give unto my ladie ;"

which reminds us very much of the baby-tale of children.

Yet, it is this spirit that imparts to the old ballad a distinctive, delicate hue, which cannot be expressed better than by the word "sweet," which is ever in the mouth of those early poets. The passion which is displayed is not of the dark and fearful character. It is seldom very exalted, but it is that which exactly gives you the idea of sweetness and tenderness. The old ballad ever sings of individuals and events. It never makes the loveliness or sublimity of nature a distinct theme. Nor does it dwell in the wrapt visions of an ideal world, transporting mind aloft into the highest and fairest creations of the imagination.

But no poetry ever wove the beauties of the external world more exquisitely into the woof of song. A single instance may give an impression of its delicacy :

"Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forth of the toure ;
But ever she droopeth in her minde,
As nipt by an ungentle winde,
Doth some faire lillye flowre."

As we have said above, it was a characteristic of the old English ballads to portray the scenes of rural life. They did not possess the elegance and finish of the Spanish ballad or romance. They were

the uncared-for wild flowers, springing up in wood-land and on hill-side, beautifying with their uncultivated loveliness the monotony of the scene.

The Spanish, as truly as the English ballad, mirrored the spirit of the nation. In them the gloomy, romantic features of its life, are reflected as clearly as the peaks of their own Pyrenees are written against the sky. Without the charm of simplicity, that is ever thrown around the English ballad, or the artless grace of its homely, yet truthful touches of feeling, the romance is inwrought with a richer fancy, and a deeper, more absorbing passion. The Spanish ballad sprung from the more thrilling, daring scenes of Moorish warfare. Though this deadly contest had ever been the fount, that fed the faint flower of song, yet on the fall of the capital of "fair Granada," it was as though a gush of melody went up from the whole land, whose blended notes of joy and sadness produced strange harmony.

The proud Spaniard prolonged the echo of Granada's departed glory; while the Moor dwelt in most melancholy lay upon the gorgeous visions of the past—when pomp and splendor adorned the seat of Moorish power—when the fair maiden and generous knight with the strange device, graced its halls. Thus with the higher nature of the people and more thrilling romantic scenes, the Spanish poetry seems to have taken the deeper, richer coloring of its southern forests and sky.

We have already mentioned how life-like the early ballad painted the manners and customs of the age, how truthfully it portrayed the feeling and thought of the time; but we would wish to bring out this valuable feature more distinctly. We would have you peruse these songs of olden times, not merely to while away an hour by the witchery of their quaint and beautiful fancies, but to learn how those ancient men thought, loved, bated; what was the history of their internal life; how they lived the life of each day. We want not a mere record of a nation's victories, but the reflection of the higher, holier life of the soul. What could better impart such knowledge, than the early ballad, which springs from the very bosom of the people, inwrought with all its passions and its prejudices. We might almost call the early ballad the national literature of the time. It was at least one of its most prominent features. For a national literature is the resultant of all the thousand, throbbing activities of the age. It is that which records not only the refined thought of the learned, but also the plain, homely conception of the mass. It exists not only in the writing of the philosopher, but also in the rude songs of the shepherd, which echo amid the cliffs and dells of his mountain-home. The old ballad may not be an accurate record of events, but it is an imperishable history of the spirit of a nation.

We should love, reader, had we not already occupied too much of your time with our imperfect effort, to trace with you a few thoughts upon a subject closely linked with that of which we have been treating. It is the old ballad-singer. We can only suggest a theme, which in our mind is ever invested with the highest poetic interest. A kind of fascination attends the thought of those wandering men of song, who

beguiled with their touching strains the labor of the rustic, or threw the magic spell of music around the fierce, proud noble.

Suffice it, then, if we have recalled a pleasing remembrance of what has already sometime charmed you, or directed another's attention, for the first time, to a gold vein in the strata of English literature.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"We're with you once again."

FRIENDS, rejoice with us—for, lo! emerging from a cumbersome mass of manuscripts, types and presses, *Maga*, clad in her old-fashioned and homely garb, appears before the tribunal of your criticisms; she bespeaks from you a welcome. Plainly, then, kind Reader, your Editors, after the usual trials of patience and temper, have the pleasure of offering you the second number of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, in the earnest hope that it may serve you in whiling away some lonely hour, or in brightening, with however faint a ray, the path of your every day life. As usual, it comes before you somewhat motley—now sombre, now gay, still, as we hope, giving forth the reflection of manly mind and honest feeling. Do you require an apology for our tardy appearance? If so, it will be necessary only to remind you that we are devoted admirers of the customs of the Past; and, besides, unsophisticated Reader, you could hardly imagine the effect that would certainly be produced on the mind of our Printer, could he once suppose that a number of this magazine was to present itself punctually before the public. Really, you must excuse us. The awful responsibilities of Editors have been so frequently placed before you, accompanied by such touching appeals to your generosity, that we at present despair of successfully pleading our numerous and manifold duties, trials, and experiences. Still we must say, in the words of the melancholy Toots, "could you only see our legs, when we take off our boots, you might form some idea of Editorial attachment."

Well, Reader, having with all due propriety delivered ourselves of our bow editorial, we will straightway imagine *Maga* as safely deposited in your hands, and by you duly canvassed, praised, and quized.

"Since last we met" our College world, like the greater world around us, has witnessed many stormy and eventful scenes. Standing behind the curtain, as it were, we have gazed upon both actors and spectators with mingled emotions of pleasure and sorrow.

At one time we have chuckled joyously over some rare morceau of fun and humor, that sprang up among us like the bubbles in our *Heidsick*; and anon we have sorrowed for the broken and vanished hopes, that, demon-like, seemed to hover amid the naked branches of the noble elms around us.

A brother editor is jogging our elbow, and whispers in our ear, "I say, Charley, touch 'em up on the subscriptions a little." Well, be it so. Reader, pardon me for dimming your joy at the close of this long term; but yet I am compelled to touch, however slightly, upon that, I fear, too dolorous subject, the payment of your subscriptions.

In plain terms, we must have the pleasure of fingering our dear Reader's dollar, and that too upon the delivery of our next number, "for which," in the language of the celebrated Capt. Cuttle, "overhaul the prospectus and when found make a note of." Be assured, kind friends, that the recent discoveries in California have not as yet produced sufficient impression on our money-market to render your pockets any the less worth picking. So pay up, gentlemen, and in addition to the internal satisfaction you will experience, you shall behold *Maga* in conscious security, strengthened by your support, shining in a brighter and purer light.

A friend of ours, a curious specimen, by the way—who persists in believing that this world and everything in it are only to be laughed at, has just broken in upon our retirement, solemnly affirming that he has heard a *new one*. "Dr. Chapman's," we

inquire rather tremulously—we confess we are sensitive on the Dr's reputation. "No, no;" but here it is—will you have it, Reader! *Le voila* :

A son of Erin finds himself one day in the woods sporting. A dead shot, he soon covers his game, a venerable owl, industriously employed in shutting out daylight—Bang—Paddy secures his bird, and holding it up by the wings distended, speculates on its *species*. Recollecting as we all do the curious delineations on some of our old fashioned tomb-stones, where the soul is represented as taking its flight in the shape of a head furnished solely with a pair of wings, Pat drops the "bird" in horror at the sacrilege he had committed—exclaiming, "*Holy Vargin, and av I shot a cherubim*!"

We are forced to believe that a sadly erroneous idea is in circulation as to the effect that cares and duties have upon the minds of the Quintumvirate, and we are occasionally favored with a species of "Dismal Howl" over our lamentable sufferings in the cause of literature. To all these "sympathizers" we can say that we should be certainly grateful for their condolence, was there the slightest occasion for calling it forth. Latterly, we have fairly luxuriated in "assistance," and how can we sufficiently thank that *amic inconnu* who generously seeks to relieve the monotony of the Magazine? Occasional complaints reach us—for instance, one college wiseacre declares that the Magazine has lost its interest in his eyes, since he cannot add to its articles the names of their authors. An essay to such an one is, alas! but a

"Rat without a tail."

Rest assured, Reader, that such opinions are not yet of sufficient numerical importance to induce your Editors to change the course they have determined to pursue in the matter. Again, some blinded wanderer in the swamps of literature, finding the *specimens* he had selected unfitted, in our judgment, for immortalizing the discoverer, vents his spite upon the Quintumvirate in angry remonstrance and withering rebuke. Awhile ago, we were highly honored by the poetic effusions of one of these, our quondam contributors. Here you have it:—

A SQUIRTIMAGIG.

Dedicated to the Editors.

I want you now to understand,
Ye Editors, I golly!
The matter which I take in hand,
It is your tarnal folly.

A while a go I writ a peice,
The stile was quite imposin,
And that you'd sartin publish it,
I was entirely sposin.

Wall! by and by your book come out,
I tooked to find it sartin,
But when I'd looked it all thruout,
There wasn't even part in.

Now such performances as that
Dont suit ye'r uncle Siah,
And if you does't print the next,
He'll give you Jesseniah.

By all the Gods and Godesses!
I'm 'stonished like darnation,
To think that men of common sens,
Haint got appreceation.

Now what I think, I say,
It surely is distressin,
To think that you will throw away
Whatever is impressin.

Two cents I've got to pay the post
For you to git this fixin,
'Twould pay the boat hire for a ghost
To get across the Styx in.

Now don't ye vote to coffin this,
As if it was un civil,
I see you now a lauffin is,
So hand it to the DEVIL.

ZEKILL.

Reader, while working your way through the above, did you not candidly think it worthy of insertion, both on account of style and execution, among the famous "Biglow papers;" or in this case did you consider it, to use the expressive language of another, but as the "pewter imitation of a pinch-beck original?" Reader, get the "Biglow papers," by all means—read and ponder. Would you like a sample? Speaking of the *crime* of war, the author affirms,

"If you take a sword and dror it
And go and stick a fellow thru,
Gov'ment wont answer for it,
God 'll send the bill to you."

Again :

" And you've got to git up airy
If you want to take in God."

" All very fine, as far as force goes," you will say ; but did it ever strike you, Reader, that forcible expression was not of necessity coarse, or that vulgarity did not constitute strength and vigor of intellect !

And so, Friends, it appears fated that Maga should appear before you almost in conjunction with that most beautiful festival of the Church—Christmas! Alas! the Year is growing old. Advent is nigh, and then with the steady current of this Life-stream, another Period of existence will break upon us.

" Quod adest, memento
Componere aequus. Caetera fluminis
Ritu feruntur."

We owe much to these warm summer-like days—as if the sunshine of June had broken in upon December, finding therein an excuse for the tardiness of our appearance ; but excuse me, Reader, here they come. Rap—rap. Come in. Enter Editors, looking daggers. Your humble servant politely offers chairs, cigars, &c., and then takes his position, awaiting the fury of the storm. Here it comes :

Sharp. " When's that number coming out ?"

Glum. " Do you call *that* poetry ?"

Flash. " En avez vous assez mon-cher ?"

Slim. " 'Tis the voice of the sluggard I hear."

Quick and keen the reproaches fell from the lips of the amiable fraternity. Protestations we saw were useless, when a lucky thought saves us. Quickly the unlucky devil of an Editor seizes one of his "*light browns*," and after lighting it sends the heavenly aroma circling around the forms of his brethren. Human nature could no longer bear it—and lo softly, steadily in that unearthly cloud, the rugged brow, the frown relax, and heavenly humor reigns instead. Then in that dim, shadowy obscure, hands are grasped in renewed confidence and amity—then follow editorial good things—" what they say of us"—you yourself, kind Reader, are discussed, and after all Joy again gladdens our saddened heart.

" Generalizing," as Moses Marble would say, we would declare to you, kind Reader, that our hearts are fast warming towards the Magazine and its friends. " When we were first acquaint" we were troubled with dire forebodings as to our probable success in obtaining support. Need we say, that we can now express our heartfelt gratitude to our numerous friends. Friendly words, approving nods, cheering praise, help us wonderfully : but all this we expect from college friends. Contributions, subscriptions, these are the magical and unfailing tests of the favor in which you hold us.

The Devil must be heard on the score of hand-writing—he affirms solemnly that writers for the ' Lit' must pay great attention to their penmanship. In this we heartily concur—for really it is impossible to answer for the appearance of the Magazine, when manuscripts are sent us but partly legible. Reform—*Reform, Gentlemen.*

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Thanks to *Eva* for her " rhymes." We have pledged the fair unknown with a full bumper of the ' rosy,' and pray earnestly that she may find some sure resting-place in her memory for Maga.

'The author of the " Prospects of our Country" will excuse us for not publishing it when he recollects that it is impossible for us to admit into the Magazine, even the statement of a political principle that admits of discussion. The article, in our humble judgment, exhibits sufficient ability to encourage us in hoping for a renewal of the author's favors.

VOL. XIV.

No. III.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

JANUARY, 1849.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV.

JANUARY, 1849.

No. 3.

GEMINI.*

WE sincerely trust that the beloved readers of our College Magazine will be neither astonished nor alarmed at the imposing title wherewith we have dared to decorate this article. We have been thus bold—*ἵνα μὴ ἄνευ κεφαλῆς ὁ λόγος περιίῃ*—in order that, whatever might be the character of its inferior members, our essay might not be compelled to wander to and fro without at least a dignified and worthy head—thus venturing to borrow from the splendor of our theme a portion of that brilliance which our desultory thoughts cannot in and of themselves avail to reach. We purpose, however, to venture on no keen and cutting criticism, having too painful an experience both of the dulness of our weapons, and of the unskillfulness of the hand which fain would use them. We shall endeavor rather to set forth, as well as may be, the few rambling thoughts which have wandered through our mind, while occupied in perusing the valuable volumes to which allusion has been already made.

That the past few years have witnessed an unusual dearth on this continent so far as literature, and particularly poetry, is concerned, all true lovers of the Muses will be willing to admit. Out of the darkness which has enshrouded us, scarcely a single luminary has arisen to dispel the gloom and silence into which we have so pitifully fallen. From time to time a meteoric ray has seemed to shoot across the waves

* *The Poetical Works of JAMES HASKING, A. B., M. B., Trin. Coll., Dublin.* Edited by HENRY BALDWIN, A. M. of Osgoode Hall, U. C., Barrister at Law. 12mo. Hartford, 1848.

Ma-ka-tai-me-she-kia-kiak; or, Black-Hawk, and Scenes in the West. A National Poem: in six cantos. Embracing an account of the life and exploits of this celebrated Chieftain; the Black-Hawk war; a legend of the Illinois Tribe of Indians, showing the manner in which they became extinct; a succinct description of the Wisconsin and Lake Superior countries, and their rich minerals; the massacre of Chicago, and other deeply interesting scenes in the West. BY A WESTERN TOURIST. 12mo. New York, 1848.

of the Atlantic, touching and gilding their already whitened crests, only however to die away, and render still more profound the night which has been upon us. Our national muse has long been silent. Those harps which once resounded with the glad pœans of liberty and joy and peace, have long been hanging on the drooping willows by our river banks, and vibrating only at the tremulous touch of the light winds that play upon the gliding waters.

In such an hour of darkness has that most brilliant of the literary constellations, GEMINI, streaming through the parted clouds, and pouring down a flood of starlight, burst upon our astonished vision. Two bright stars, nearly co-equal in magnitude, have suddenly and simultaneously appeared in the northern hemisphere, throwing an unwonted lustre over our literary heavens, and hiding the paler rays of other stars in their steady and unclouded brilliance. At their appearance, astonishment filled every mind. Literary astronomers had not hitherto observed them. The savans of the age clustered together in excited groups, and passed the time in numberless discussions. Leverier and Neptune were forgotten—in the drawing-room, the boudoir, the studio, and the *conversazione*, the new literary constellation became the universal theme of study and of admiration.

It cannot therefore be other than expected by our College readers, that a Magazine holding so important and influential a sphere in the literary world as ours, should also pay a passing tribute to these brilliant luminaries. And the performance of this duty is rendered at once more necessary and more appropriate by the fact that our Alma Mater has of late been honored by a visit, either in person or by deputy, from both of these illustrious individuals. We are, however, both unable and unwilling to enter upon any philosophic inquiries respecting them. Their latitude and longitude, their magnitude and distance, their light, their orbits, and their periodic times, are subjects too abstruse to be profitably discussed in the columns of our Magazine. All these interesting and important themes we leave to others more experienced than ourselves in such investigations.* We purpose merely to give a brief account of the visit wherewith we were lately favored, and to take as brief as possible a view of the memorials which these twin Tyndaridæ have left us of their friendship and their fame; and in the presentation of this merely telescopic view, we trust that we may have at once the attention and the sympathy of our readers.

It is nearly a twelvemonth since the members of one of our literary societies were astonished by the entrance into their assemblage of a stout and stumpy individual, not counted in their list of members. His rough, round face, out of the centre of which two little eyes were

* We cannot, however, forbear quoting the philosophic language of Professor Olmsted of this College, whose profound remarks upon this subject have elicited universal admiration. In a dissertation on this point, he says: "The brilliant constellation, Gemini, contains *two very bright stars*, Castor and Pollux, five degrees asunder. Castor, the northern, (alluding, we suppose, to the *Canadian home* of the illustrious Haskins,) is of the *first*, and Pollux of the *second* magnitude."

dimly peering, was lined by bunches of bristly hair and bristlier whiskers, which bore a striking resemblance to the hedge-fence sprouting round a country garden patch. His well-worn habiliments and yellowish cowhides indicated an intimate acquaintance with all varieties of storm and travel. In one hand he bore a small portfolio—in the other, a blue umbrella and a hat. Such, and none other, was the *tout ensemble* of the old, tried, and unflinching friend of the illustrious Haskins, whose Poetical Works we have undertaken to examine. Upon the entrance of this individual the accomplished President of the society arose, and in fitting terms announced his presence. Thereupon the gentleman favored the assembly, for the space of half an hour, with selected extracts from the aforementioned Poetical Works, at that time unpublished—for which subscriptions were respectfully solicited—and soon after he retired amid loud applause.

A few months afterwards the long-expected volume appeared, accompanied by the identical individual aforesaid, as natural as ever. After a few days, however, spent in distributing copies to those who had been persuaded to subscribe during his former visit, the agent of our Castor took his final departure, and we were delighted by his presence, alas! no more.

Scarcely had the tumult into which we had been thrown, subsided into the usual calm of college life, when suddenly the quiet denizens of Yale were again agitated by the unforeseen appearance of the second star in this wonderful constellation, the veritable Pollux. This time we saw no representative, no deputy, no friend—our eager vision beheld, not indeed as those who

“Saw, but blasted with excess of light,
Closed their eyes in endless night,”

but rather with astonishment and joy, a living, actual Poet! How often has busy fancy pictured to our vision the inspired Milton, the melancholy Byron, the delicate Keats! How often have we longed to look upon their glowing countenances, and to drink in the rich music of their thrilling tones! What lively thoughts cluster in the warm depths of our imagination around the very name of Poet! And here were we to be blessed with a living, present actuality, the bright embodiment of all our dreams!

We must confess, however, that our ideal anticipations were hardly realized. Our hopes, fancies, dreams, pictures, were all ruthlessly crushed to the earth, in the presence of our visitor. The distinguished Pollux answered fully to the description, given by the inimitable Burns, of the bonny wife of Willie Wastle, the weaver, who dwelt at Linkum-doddie, on the Tweed:

“She has an e’e, she has but *ane*,
The cat has twa the very color;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller.

* * * * *

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
 As limpin' leg, a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouter;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her!"

Our personal acquaintance with this illustrious guest may not be wholly devoid of interest to many of our readers. Some waggish friend had wickedly given him the exciting information that we, being withal an Editor of the College Maga, were a diligent and ardent cultivator of the fine arts, and in particular of poetry. Thereupon our Pollux came in *haste vi et armis* to our sanctum, determined to form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with one who, like himself, was an assiduous though humble devotee of the sometimes favoring and sometimes wayward Muses. After one or two unavailing interviews with our prosaic chum, he finally laid stout siege to ourselves, informing us that we had been the theme of much laudation among our fellow students, as a successful cultivator of poetry, and consequently as one likely to purchase his newly-published Poem, with a glance at which he graciously favored us. Putting on a melancholy countenance, we admitted the soft impeachment, and confessed our amorous propensity for belles-lettres, meanwhile venturing to present the awfully diminished state of our pecuniary concerns as a sufficient excuse against purchasing the volume, but professing nevertheless our firm conviction that an attentive perusal of its pages would be attended by a highly beneficial effect upon our poetical and sensitive nature. We regretted exceedingly the sad necessity which thus constrained us to limit our desires by our scanty means, and trusted that the time would speedily come when our library shelves would be stocked with the noblest productions of this and other ages. Thereupon, after a brief but interesting conversation, our Pollux arose, and vanished from our sight.

We might yet linger with delight among the many pleasant reminiscences which come flashing into our mind in connection with this brace of illustrious individuals. And we fear that many of our readers will be loth to pardon us for drawing them away from such a store of interesting and delightful recollections. But duty, with uplifted finger and warning voice, impels us reluctantly onward from the first to the second portion of our toil—from the authors to their works. And here we shall merely make a few random selections, and point out a few important errors, which our poetical abilities will greatly aid us in doing; and then hand these remarkable volumes over to our expecting readers.

The book of Pollux professes to be a detailed account of the travels of the author through the North Western States and Territories, intermingled with the story of the life and death of the illustrious Indian chief, Black-Hawk. In his own graphic language, "This comprehen-

sive treatise portrays things as they were in the early settlement of Wisconsin and Northern Illinois, when civilization first dawned upon the beautiful forests and prairies, and the cultivation of the *luxurious* soil commenced ; and shows this country's natural and abundant resources. * * * * The account given of the genealogy of Black-Hawk, a description of the war in which he acted so conspicuous a part, together with his whole history, will be found interesting."* The latter portion of this theme we cannot too much admire, but we very much doubt the propriety of making mere travels and visits the subject of a Poem. Poetry, in our opinion, deals not so much in realities as fancies. Real life is not its entire nor its chief sphere. The Ideal, as it comes flooding up from the depths of his soul, forms the true reality of the Poet. He lives in dreams, and not in actions. His journeyings are ideal flights through gorgeous, airy realms—not matter-of-fact expeditions over sea and land. The countries he visits are far more beautiful than

"Prairies in the west,
With fruitful soil and genial climate blest."

It seems clear to us that on this point friend Pollux has committed the not unfrequent error of selecting a theme *mal-a-propos*. However, on this head, *de gustibus non est disputandum*—especially among poets—and we pass on to consider the introductory invocation of this new Epic. We fearlessly place it by the side of those of Homer and Virgil. We quote merely a fragment :

"Americans ! *magnanimous of soul !*
With hearts as warm, as generous and as free
As that pure atmosphere in which ye breathe ;
Come, listen, while I sing of *one poor man*,
The *self-taught hero*, aboriginal,
Of the Indian race his genealogy—
Illustrious, so deserving of renown,
And *causes which impelled him to the war ;*
His mighty deeds, his perils, dangers, labors,
Endured time-long for his *loved people's sake*.
With *phraseology and lefty thought sublime*,
Fit for the theme, may heavenly powers inspire me !"

Let us contrast with this exalted strain the commencing passage of the *Odyssey*, using, for the sake of being intelligible to such as may be unacquainted with the original, the valuable translation of Pope :

"The Man, for wisdom's various arts renowned,
Long exercised in wars, O Muse ! resound.
Who, when his arms had wrought the destined fall
Of sacred Troy, and razed her heaven-built wall,

* Our limits will not suffer us to make farther quotations from this unique and funny preface. To those who will take the trouble of perusing it, we promise a rare treat in the line of style and grammar. *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*

Wandering from clime to clime, *observant strayed*,
 Their manners noted and their states surveyed.
 On stormy seas *unnumbered toils he bore*,
 Safe *with his friends* to gain his natal shore."

Let us also notice in passing the commencing lines of the *Ænead*, being careful meanwhile to notice the various points of resemblance between them and those of the illustrious Pollux :

*"Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
 Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
 Litora ; multum ille et terris jactatus et alto,
 Vi Superûm, sævæ memorem Junonis ob iram.
 Multa quoque et bello passus, * * * *
 Musa, mihi causas memora : quo numine læso,
 Quidve dolens regina Deûm tot volvere casus
 Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores,
 Impulerit."*

That there is a striking similarity between these different passages, no one can fail to notice. We regard it, however, as one of those remarkable coincidences which mark the actions of really great men, under every variety of time and place. If any impious critic should venture to suggest any other explanation, we scorn his base insinuations. *Credat Judæus Apella, non ego!* We confess, moreover, that we think the introduction of our modern Homer far superior in taste to that of either the Grecian or the Roman bard. The flattering address to the American public, omitted by his rivals, contains a hidden compliment unsurpassed in the annals of literature, except by the delicate allusions of Horace in his *Mæcenasias*. Yet we cannot but wonder that the capricious Muses did not take affront at once, at such a manifest want of true poetic devotion on the part of our author ; and indeed we think that several passages in his poem may be pointed out in which they seem to have rendered him only unwilling aid—such as, for instance, the following relating to the mineral region of Wisconsin :

*"Quartz, amethystine, common, radiated,
 Cornelian, chalcedony, amianthus,
 Jasper, calcareous spar, and copper, native ;
 Black, pyritous, with all its carbonates ;
 Ferruginous, lead, iron, manganese,
 And native silver, safely stowed away.
 Conglomerate rock, the mixed, and sandstone red,
 Contain like minerals with silicious zinc.
 The mineral veins these rocks traversing through,
 And what relation they to each do bear,
 Require attention, to distinguish well—
 The choicest from the spurious kind to judge."*

Several other passages of the same character might be quoted, but we trust that this perspicuous and able geological dissertation will

be amply sufficient to satisfy our readers. We wish, however, to cast no slur upon the poetic abilities of our distinguished friend—we believe him capable of higher flights than these.

———“ *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*
Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum.”

We have already spoken in high terms of the invocation which commences the poem of Pollux. There is, however, in the volume ascribed to Castor, the other of the twin Tyndaridæ, a still loftier strain, surpassing even that to which we have just alluded. The following is a portion of it :

“ Oh! for a *wing above the condor's flight,*
 To waft my soul toward Heaven ; e'en where the strain
 Of songs angelic echoes from the height,
 And hands of seraphim their harps contain ;
 Then would I sing !

Though somewhat more beautiful, this invocation reminds us strongly of those quaint lines of Horace, beginning,

“ *Non usitatâ, non tenui ferar*
Pennâ biformis per liquidum æthera
Vates ; neque in terris morabor
Longius.”

The poem entitled “The Cross,” from which the foregoing extract has been taken, abounds in powerful and thrilling passages. It is one tremendous conglomeration of heaven and hell, life and death, saints and devils, brimstone, fires, glories, thunders, lightnings, blisses, sorrows, and tempests. Lucifer, in particular—a personage towards whom our author seems more hostile than the major portion of humanity appear to be—is perfectly overwhelmed by the torrent of epithets and invectives which the irascible Castor pours upon him. Our prescribed limits fortunately save us the painful task of selecting from the chaotic mass any particular passage in illustration of our meaning.

The volume of Castor is not, like that of Pollux, a single poem, but contains a great variety of matter, partly more or less religious, partly philosophical, and partly jocular. Of the religious portion of the work, we can say nothing except that in many parts it is rather dull and common-place, and in some quite beautiful. By some strange freak of taste, however, the author has adapted many of his religious hymns to tunes not particularly associated in the minds of common men with religious or devotional states of mind—such as, for instance, “Life let us Cherish,” “Come over the Sea,” “I'd be a Butterfly,” “Aileen Aroon,” “Believe Me,” “Logie O'Buchan,” “Oft in the stilly Night,” “Harp of Tara,” and, *mirabile dictu*, “The Bay of Biscay, O!” In such performances as these we can neither appreciate nor praise the taste of the distinguished Castor. We deem them a decided imperfection in the work, and venture to suggest to the editor the propriety of omitting them in ensuing editions.

In the "Songs of Solitude" there are several very pretty pieces, marked by considerable pathos and harmony, and well worth perusal; there are many others, however, with which we are less pleased. They are written on every variety of themes, from "Death," "Pestilence," and "Winter," down to the tamest common-places of our village rhymsters. Among them is one on "Night," a part of which we venture to quote, meanwhile challenging the most sagacious of our readers to gain any perfect conception of the motley scene which our Poet has essayed to paint :

"When the fire-flies are glancing,
Like gems in their flight—
The star-jewels blazing
'Mid tresses of night;
When the proud forest flingeth
Its arms on the gale;
And dim flowers—soft breathing—
Sweet odors exhale;

"When the gentle moon playeth,
Where ripples the stream—
The silver waves dancing,
With joy, in her beam;
By osier-fringed border,
The calm waters glide;
And heaven, with its azure,
Their crystal hath dyed;

"When the deer lie reposing
By fountain and spring—
The beaver lone sleepeth,
The jay folds his wing;
The stately stag tooses
His antlers on high,
In slumber still dreaming
That morning is nigh;

"Oh! then—in her trances—
My spirit soars high;
Like falcon, wild fleeth
To homes in the sky;
In that hour of deep beauty,
Revealings are given,
My soul teems with visions—
Love, Glory, and Heaven.

To match the foregoing group of nondescript elements, we quote the following *morceau*, quite equal to it in point of form and simple beauty, if not in style, from the pages of Pollux. It is, as the reader will discover, a graphic description of a common scene in western life :

" But should there come a snow so deep
 The nimble deer can't run,
 Then, girding on his snowy shoe,
 The huntsman with his gun
 Walks all unsinking careless on
 The summits of the heaps,
 And overtakes, and shoots him down,
 While struggling in the deeps !"

Lest our readers should be surprised at finding in an Epic such snatches of song as this, we quote the following passage from the preface before alluded to, which fully explains, in our opinion, this seeming incongruity :—" The question may very naturally arise, why the author did not compose the whole in rhyme, *as he might as easily have done*. To which he answers, that he is partial to blank verse, and originally intended to compose the whole in this style ; but the *constant tendency to rhyme* continually furnished him, as he went along, with beautiful couplets ; *some of which he has retained* among the blank verse, considering blank verse as the base." In this passage, however, and in several portions of the Poem, we regret to say that there are evident traces of that self-lauding spirit which once dictated the well-known lines,

" Ego mira poemata pango ;
 Occupet extremum scabies !"

But to return to Castor. The latter portion of his work contains a series of running compliments to fellow poets, with which our readers must be much amused. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Tasso, Milton, Shakespeare, Byron, Chatterton, and Johnson are each addressed in the most respectful and endearing terms, and duly informed of the increasing regard and sympathy of the author, for which assurance they are, beyond a question, vastly grateful. The series finally ends in a funny sonnet on Hexameter, and another on Philology, in which our Castor seems quite overflowing with wit and sarcasm. Then follows a complimentary strain to his unflinching friend, the editor of the volume, with three lines of which, of peculiar value to our brethren of the Senior class, we close our notice of this distinguished luminary :

" I cannot give my praises to Psychology—
 To recommend it I am not inclined ;
 It seems at best but groping of the blind."

We had intended to have followed friend Pollux in his Ulyssean wanderings through the western States, and to have regaled our readers with many select specimens of this new classic ; but the warning voice of our associate Editor, crying

" Trecentos inseris ; ohe !
 Jam satis est !"

restrains us. And we take reluctant leave of our indulgent readers by

throwing out, as a parting salute, the following lines—among the best in the volume—on the famous western speculation :

“ The Wisconsin fever ! for oh, I did never
Witness such doings before !
The people run mad, or what was as bad,
And flocked to the Michigan shore.

“ And this was their ditty, O Milwaukee city
A second great London must be !
In the United States there's nothing that rates
With Milwaukee city, you'll see.

“ Speculation ran high, the city began,
The lots for ten thousands were sold ;
Great London was founded, nine miles surrounded,
Each foot of marsh worth as much gold.

* * * * *

“ But the times are now changed, and all is deranged,
They'd happy, yet happy remain,
If the title to lands, now placed in their hands,
Were worth but as much as a claim.

* * * * *

“ Let the people be sober, and wisely give over
Their hatred, their malice, their pride,
Their wild speculation, and seek their salvation,
By each one's securing a bride.

“ Then all will be well, and the aged will tell
Their generations yet to come,
The evils endured, when first they secured
In this lone desert a home.

“ The Milwaukee town, destined for renown,
In all her grandeur shall rise ;
From ten thousand domes of happiest homes,
Her smokes will ascend to the skies.”

THE SCENES OF A DAY.

THE rich but scattered treasures of our own native scenery, are too often forgotten, or despised as tame and insipid. It would almost seem as though we imagined that Nature was robbed in majesty and sublimity only amid the Alps—that solemn and impressive beauty dwelt alone on the banks of the “Castellated Rhine,” or that Italy had enshrined all grace and loveliness in the bosom of her vine-draped hills, under her clear, intoxicating skies. But to the lover of Nature, no land affords more rare and varied pictures of the charming and sublime, than our own. There is enough strown on every hand to thrill the heart of the American with a fiercer, holier emotion—to leave the impress of its own grandeur and beauty upon his character. Our scenery is made up of the fugitive tracings of Nature’s pencil, and must be carefully sought on a mighty canvas. Upon our far northern boundary, we find a bold, mountainous landscape, whose strange, fantastic moldings, the wild, almost superstitious imagination of the north would easily fancy its guardians. Where, too, lay those thousand scattered lakes, that gleam like gems in their dark settings of illimitable forests; unsurpassed even by those of Switzerland, that sleep silently as painted water, in their mountain frames. While to the extreme south, nature takes the deep hue of the tropics, and in her boundless luxuriance creates floating islands, decked with every charm of flower and foliage. On our western limits, a new and original feature strikes us, that of those vast, measureless land oceans, the prairies; where often not a tree stands out against the sky on the whole circle of the horizon, leaving the eye to rest only upon an unbroken sea of tall, waving grass, starred thickly with flowers of wondrous brilliancy.

No wonder that in so varied and wide-spread scenery, the traveler should be surprised by many a rare, bewitching landscape, reposing quietly and forgotten in some unnoticed spot; startling him like those lonely lakes we find unexpectedly, embosomed on the mountain’s summit, ever reigned over by a solemn sabbath-like stillness. Such, reader, was our good fortune, not many years ago, when wandering in the “far west,” seeking whatever novelty or adventure chance might throw in our way.

Not far from the head waters of navigation on the Illinois river, and from the very brink of the stream, towers up “Starved Rock.” At a distance, as you catch a glimpse of its dark, gray walls between the clambering wild vines, which seem endeavoring to veil with flowers and foliage its bare, naked sides, it looks like some half-ruined, moss-grown castle of a giant, but long-forgotten race. Making a nearer approach, you find it encircled with several broken parapets of stunted fir and cedar, frowning threateningly, as if in defiance of all attempt to gain its summit. But on the opposite side from the river, you discover a single, narrow, almost perpendicular path, that leads directly to its highest elevation.

Here, then, we found ourselves, on one of those rich, mellow autumn days, which are known only in all their rapture and glory in that far western land. A soft, trembling light seemed to descend upon forest and prairie, and bathe all in its mild, doubtful, enchanting hue.

Earth and sky seemed gently shaded into each other. On such a day, a quiet intoxicating joy comes over the soul. A dreamy sense of gladness and satisfaction suffuses your whole being, with just a sufficient tinge of melancholy upon the feelings, from sympathy with the saddened tint of the sky, to give depth and consciousness to the sensations. Something such as we imagine, must be the exquisite, half-waking dream of some old Turk, as he dwells in the delicious reverie of an opium-heaven, while his spirit floats upward with those airy, graceful, wreathing clouds of his own creation, and with them dissolving, soars away into an ideal world of strange fancies. Thus we stood, reader, on that day, gazing off upon a glowing scene, which we then thought we had never seen surpassed in richness and in beauty. Immediately in front, and at the very foot of the rock on which we stood, flowed the river; which is here a shallow, crystal stream murmuring and dancing along over its pebbly bottom. As far as the eye could reach towards the north, it came winding onward around the base of the bold, rugged bluffs, alternately mirroring their dark forms, and glancing in the sunlight, which was poured in a golden flood through their broken tops. Far beneath us, the rock was thrown into a thousand fantastic shapes by the rippling current. While, darting out again from the dark shadow, the stream eddied around many a huge, broken fragment, and was dashed into a silver shower. Off to our right towered up "Buffalo Rock." Gradually ascending from an extensive plain in the rear, it terminates in a lofty, over-hanging cliff. The name of this rock is suggestive of the romantic sports of that noble race, who with their noble game are fast vanishing from western wilds. Unbroken, except by a smaller, dense wood immediately in front, stretched far away from the opposite side of the river, one of those beautiful, undulating prairies, which might give the impression of monotony, were it not that it constituted one of the elements of this most varied picture. But there it lay, like a sea of brilliant coloring rolling on to the very base of another series of bold bluffs that bounded the prospect; while the luxuriant and interlaced grass, vines and bowers that wrapt it in a gay carpeting, were swept by wandering gusts of wind into long, trembling lines of light and shadow; where, too, we saw the occasional traveler pursuing his lonely way, with an unbroken stillness reigning around him, except as he startled from her hiding place the native prairie hen, which whirred away with arrowy swiftness into some distant, secluded retreat. As we turned to gaze in the opposite direction, it seemed as though an enchanted land had suddenly arisen, the fabric of fairy hands. A series of gentle elevations swept away in the distance from the foot of the rock on which we stood, like great billows. A clear, open wood of giant oaks were strewn thickly upon the landscape. Over which the first frost had thrown its delicately-tinted mantle, which, without robbing it of fresh-

ness or verdure, had only added a deeper, richer coloring. The enchantment of the scene came from the infinite labyrinth of light and shade and thousand-hued foliage. While the gentle swell of those undulating hills and the sombre gothic arches formed by the interweaving to the dark forest branches, gave play to the fancy, and seemed to lead the enraptured gaze on and still on through those deep solitudes, into a distant land of mystic, shadowy beauty. Such, reader, is but a brief, faint picture of that bewitching landscape, as it lay flooded in the light and glory of an autumn day. The sublime and the lovely, shaded into one. The torn cliff, the gentle hill, the joyous, dancing stream and the gay prairie, blending and increasing each other's enchantment. And as we stood there upon that lonely rock, what a trembling ecstasy came over the soul, from air, earth, and heaven!—a gush of sympathy, with a mysterious, pervading spirit that seemed to throw its spell about us. Nor is it strange that with many a memento on every hand, thought should go back in reverie, and to dwell upon the days of the Indians' might and power, until imagination almost conjured up their dusky forms gliding from tree to tree, now seen for a moment and now vanishing in the tall waving grass. It seemed as though a new and melancholy interest was thrown over the scene, when we thought how lately it had been the theatre of the romantic pastimes of that noble race, who would soon exist only in poetry and song. How he had read the smile of the "Great Spirit," in that same sun, and tracing its course till it poured a sea of golden light upon the evening horizon, thought he caught in that enrapturing spectacle, but a faint conception of the glory which should bathe eternally the unknown but happier hunting grounds of the brave and good. How he had heard the approving whisper in the same gently-breathing gales. How scenes of grandeur and loveliness, like that upon which we were gazing, had left their impress upon his character, and had seemed to infuse into his nature a proud spirit of defiance and self-conscious greatness.

Perhaps, reader, you have already asked yourself why we have called this rock by so strange a name. Know then, that it is thus commemorated in that fugitive, but beautiful history record of the Indian race, the legend. For thus they committed to the passing breeze the gravest facts of history, in song or story, painted with their own vivid fancy. "The Legend of Starved Rock" commemorates the cruel and merciless death of an Indian chief and a few trusty warriors on its summit. The leader of a tribe which once inhabited this region, being captivated by a lovely Indian girl, the daughter of his rival, persuaded her, contrary to the stern determination of her father, to become the sharer of his wigwam. As he was hastening back with his treasure, surrounded by a small band of faithful followers, the injured chieftain raised the war-cry through his tribe and summoning his bold, fleet warriors about him, told in thrilling eloquence the base wrong he had suffered.

Night and day they pursued the fleeing enemy, guided ever by that celestial map about them. On the fourth day, the eagle gaze of the fugitives detected the waving plumes of their pursuers in the distance. Being in the region of the rock we have described, they fled to it pre-

capitately as an inaccessible fortress,—hoping that the chieftain father would abandon his purpose, when he should see them safely gathered on its lofty summit.

But Indian revenge was not thus to be satiated. On they came, and with bold daring, attempted to scale that narrow precipitous path. But the unerring shafts of those who guarded it, pierced them one by one as they dared the bold exploit, and hurled their lifeless bodies down amid their companions.

Failing in this attempt, the desperate assailants clustered in a dark, serried rank around the base, and with fearful silence and determination, awaited the inevitable death of their victims in their desolate fortress.

Day after day the sun rose and rolled through the burning heavens, lingeringly away to the west, throwing the lengthened shadow in the back ground ; but still, no relief.

Without water and without food their emaciated forms were seen wandering along the brink of the cliff like ghosts. Often that Indian maiden would stand upon the brow of the lofty precipice and with her long, dark hair streaming in the wind, more like some spirit than a human form, plead in agonizing gestures with her father whom she saw far below. But nothing less than death could appease his proud, insulted soul.

Daily that doomed band was seen to diminish. Finally all was silent and moveless upon the summit, and the avenged chieftain ascending, found only the cold, skeleton-like forms of his starved victims. The legend relates how one of the besieged warriors descended to a shelving projection of the rock not far above the river and fearlessly threw himself into the stream, where his faithful squaw had moored her slight bark canoe in the deep shade, to receive him as he arose ; and how darting across into the small, dense wood, both escaped to tell their tribe the melancholy tale.

Now, reader, we would fain present you with one of nature's caskets we found that day ; one of her own mosaics in scenery. Follow us as we did the guide off through that open forest which stretches far away from "Starved Rock."

Suddenly emerging upon a clear, rapid stream bounded by precipitous banks, our guide pronounced us lost, for we had mistaken the dim path that leads to this natural curiosity. But directed by the sun and knowing the "lay of the country," he finally brought us to our destination, by a wild romantic way through a tangled maze of huge, broken rocks, dense underwood and tall grass which waved above our heads. Though long familiar to the western hunter as the summer resort of deer, "Deer Park," the subject of our sketch, has but recently been sufficiently known to be an object of interest to the traveler. Descending an abrupt declivity which slopes from the west to the banks of the Vermillion river, a tributary of the Illinois, you discover to your left a dark, narrow gorge extending back from the stream. Passing a colossal fragment, that seems rolled directly in the entrance as if to guard all encroachment upon that mysterious land beyond, you find

yourself enclosed on either hand by wild, torn cliffs, shooting far upward in the air. Pursuing onward the winding course, those gray walls tower up still more loftily and threateningly, till they seem ready to meet above your head. On either side, are low, dusky caves extending back, from which you almost expect some dim, shadowy form will emerge. As you proceed onward, the scene grows wilder and more sublime. Yet over all, there is thrown an air of enchantment, which seems to make it the charmed home of elves and genii. Long, trailing vines, gemmed thickly with flowers of every imaginable hue, drape with their rich tapestry the bold rugged precipices. While far above, the forest almost weaves a net work of its huge branches.

Silent and motionless we stood oppressed with the strange fascination of the scene. It was as though some magic word of our own had suddenly called up the fairest, wildest creation that had ever floated to us from the ideal world.

About half a mile from the entrance we came to an abrupt termination. But here in this narrow compass seemed to be collected all the ornaments with which nature decks herself through the wide world. For here was the leaping cataract, the gushing fountain, the crag, the lake, the flower. Over the high, solid rock that barred our farther progress and joined the opposite sides of the gorge, a magnificent cascade bounded during the rainy season. Here the walls on either hand formed corresponding segments of a circle, sweeping upward into vast, over-reaching domes. The whole giving the impression of some grand, old gothic temple. Towering up with opposite fronts, they create a mighty whispering gallery, where the slightest tone was caught and reverberated with a deep, solemn sound.

Two sulphur springs gushed up and formed a dark, beautiful lake under one of these vast domes. A stone plunged into its moveless water, sent a rolling echo like thunder amid the broken precipices. Constructing a simple raft of fallen boughs, a single musician is sometimes sent floating across the lake under one of those stupendous arches, which, catching the solitary strain, echoes and reechoes it in soft, thrilling cadence, until it seems as though a thousand harps, swept by unseen hands, poured forth a flood of swelling, rapturous music. Far down in the silent depths of that secluded lake, we saw all this strange, fairy creation repeated—other domes and wreathing vines and wild crags. It reminded us of those fabled grottos of the poets, where naiad and mermaid sported. No, reader, that scene will never be blotted from our memory. It seemed more like some fair fabric of the poet's thought, than a reality. Those fantastically molded cliffs and echoing arches—that solitary lake creating another world in shadow—that drapery of nature worked with rarest flowers—that lofty bower of darkly woven branches, all bathed in a soft, shadowy light, made it seem as though we had indeed floated unconsciously into some fair world of the imagination, or perchance had made a daring encroachment upon the sacred homes of elves, who were peering down upon us from their secluded nooks.

Here, then, reader, we will leave you to make your way, as best you can, out of this enchanted castle, hoping that if you shall ever find yourself a wanderer in the "far west," you may experience something of the ecstasy which we felt on that day, as we dreamily wandered about the Starved Rock and the Deer Park.

A FROLIC WITH TENNYSON.

" Whence comes the juice of the Scio vine,
That flows like the molten gold,
And the gems on the lily-soft neck that shine,
Whose value cannot be told ?"

A STRING of pearls, a bevy of beauties, a vase of flowers, a circlet of dew-drops from the pure leaves of poetry—these are my gifts to you, kind reader, at the snowy portals of a new year. And though I mean to steal them from the casket and the harem, the conservatory and the garden of a foreign author, yet the theft will not dim their splendor, or diminish their value. Inweave them, then, amid the flying hours of the new-born year, and you will have added a new ray to the warm sunbeam of hope, a new diamond to the signet-ring of pleasure.

And now, sir, let me tell you a secret. You might as well look for feeling in a flirt, modesty in an actress, or wit in logic, as for order or harmony, reason, or philosophy, in the tangled web of my tangled thoughts. I don't care for your knowing smiles or battle-axe criticisms, *gentle* reader, for in truth I am half asleep; thought and feeling all merged in one pleasant and unbroken reverie; dreams hurrying away the hours of evening, and turning me, from the splendors of the outer world, to the aerial and sylphic phantoms that people the world within. Beautiful forms are flitting over the glowing canvas of Fancy—beautiful forms, clad in the tissue-like drapery of dream-children, and dancing about in all the luxurious carelessness of innocence and purity. I have seen these gay creatures before. Those eyes of lustrous black and placid blue do not belong to strangers; and *there!* that elastic tread; that look of mingled mirth and mischief; those glossy raven braids! *Surely* that is—

O dear! These delicate fancy-paintings are strange things: they lead me far away from the buzz of this vast bee-hive to which we all belong—this busy bustling world—glowing like a mighty furnace with the fires of passion and the molten iron of brilliant and burning intellect: they imprison thought, with silken cords and ivory bars, on a distant island as beautiful and enchanting as that on which Calypso reigned and loved: they take me away from the battle-plain—the warrior-tents—the rough and rugged marches of Reason and Philosophy, to the gayer home of Imagination and Fancy—the moslem Paradise of the mind.

I have sometimes wished—Heaven forgive my folly!—that I was a married man, that I possessed a home, a fire-side all my own, that I had one to whom I could confide every thought and feeling with a certainty of answering sympathy and love, but *now* I look upon such a consummation with absolute horror. In such a case, what *would* become of my pleasant dreams and airy reveries! The broom and the mop-stick, reproaches and curtain-lectures, would soon dissipate them all, and the gay dreamer would subside into the sober citizen, just as a chemical *test* throws down, from a clear and transparent liquid, a thick and cloudy *precipitate*. No! reader, I have become a confirmed misogynist, an irreclaimable woman-hater, and I abhor the whole race—fire-flies—Canada thistles—rattlesnakes that they are! And I'll tell you the reason why.

Women are proud creatures—proud as Lucifer, or a jackdaw after a successful skirmish with a peacock. Not satisfied with the quiet beauty and usefulness of their own sphere in life, they seek a broader field, and become ridiculous where they hoped for glory; as if the planet Venus should become dissatisfied with its narrow sweep around the Sun, and seek to rival Mars and Jupiter in their bolder and longer march. In her own proper sphere woman is all-powerful, and more victories are won by the zone of the Cyprian Queen than by the angry thunderbolts of Jove: but when that sphere is deserted for a field unsuited to her character and sex, when Cytherea exchanges the dove for the eagle, the *cestus* for the helmet, her power is gone, and her pompous weakness provokes a laugh. But the women of the present day seem either ignorant or regardless of this well known fact, and we find myriads of them chattering of the “Nebular theory,” tariff duties, and political economy, while they are utterly ignorant of the theory of bread-making, of household duties, and of domestic economy. Really, reader, I *do* hate them, and, to be honest with you, I fear them too.

Tennyson, in his last Poem entitled “The Princess,” hits off with admirable truth and skill this horde of literary ladies, who always wear *book-muslin*; pass by the flower to admire its *leaves*; and love a Queen, because attended by a throng of *pages*. Like a skillful angler, he has hooked them to his *lines*, and, drawing them out of their natural elements, has displayed them to us floundering uneasily in the basket of Science and Literature—dancing, as it were, a “*basket cotillon*.”

But I promised you, reader, a “frolie with Tennyson,” and a frolie you shall have. All this talk about reveries and women was merely an introduction—a careless prelude to a pleasant song—an inclined plane down which you might slide easily if not gracefully into my subject. A little ceremony between an author and reader I deem necessary to the comfort of both. Like a bashful boy and a timid girl, the forms of an *introduction* give them time to recover from embarrassment, to bear each other's glances without a shiver, and to sit down quietly and talk about—Tennyson.

Whether “The Princess” was intended to be a sober or a witty

poem, a powerful or a graceful one, granite or marble, it is difficult to decide. The author himself, at its close, pronounces it a mixture of both, a

“ *Compound story which, at first
Had only meant to banter little maids
With mock-heros and with parody :
But slipt in some strange way, crost with burlesque
From mock to earnest, even into tones
Of tragic ;*”

and this is probably the truth. Starting with the ridiculous whim of a book-mad Princess—a College of maiden-students,

“ With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair,”

the natural and inevitable tendency of his story led him on to the sterner and darker scenes to which the folly of an ambitious woman will ever lead, and then the soft sunlight left his Poem, the stars went out one by one, and, beneath a clouded and a stormy sky, the Princess Ida is taught the bitter lesson of repentance.

And now, reader, let's have a race through the Poem. I'll bet a silver dollar against your spectacles, grave classmate—against your black eyes, pretty maiden, that you never raced over a fairer lawn or among sweeter flowers ! I shall play the butterfly to perfection during the rest of this article, for I do not love a straight-forward flight when my wings are free to bear me whither I choose.

The “prologue” to “The Princess” is beautiful, alike from the careless ease and gracefulness of its style, and the quaint and piquant richness of its material. Walter—a hair brained young Collegian—with his sister,

“ ———The mignonette of Vivian-place,
The little hearth-flower Lilia,”

and a college friend, by whom the Poet intends to represent himself, are assembled on the green sward, in front of a gray old Abbey, to witness a festival of Science—an exhibition of the triumphs of modern Art. Here

“ ——— One reared a font of stone
And drew, from butts of water on the slope,
The fountain of the moment, playing now
A twisted snake, and now a rain of pearls,
Or steep-up spout whereon the gilded ball
Danced like a wisp : and here were telescopes
For azure views ; and there a group of girls
In circle waited, from the electric shock
Dislink'd with shrieks and laughter : round the lake
A little clock-work steamer paddling plied
And shook the lilies : perched about the knolls

A dozen angry models jetted steam :
 A petty rail-way ran : a fire balloon
 Rose gem-like up before the dusky groves,
 And dropped a fairy parachute and passed ;
 And there thro' twenty posts of telegraph
 They flash'd a saucy message to and fro
 Between the mimic stations."

I have quoted this description entire because of its singular elegance and beauty. It invades boldly the domain of Science and Art, and our learned Professor of Natural Philosophy must stand on the defensive, and "prepare to repel boarders," or Poetry will "steal his thunder." They are saucy fellows, these Poets, and they deem every thing their own, from the silken eyelash of a maiden to the rods and wheels of a machinist.

Walter, and his fair sister Lilia, and the bashful Poet, observe with interest and admiration the miniature experiments progressing around them, and at their close are amused with the gay and sportive scene which immediately succeeds. Lads and lasses bounded through the mazes of the country dance ; a herd of noisy boys were engaged at wicket ; and

" Babies roll'd about
 Like tumbled fruit in grass."

A conversation now springs up, in which Lilia maintains the natural superiority of her sex, to which the saucy answer is returned, that a College of women would be a "pretty sight,"

" Yet I fear
 If there were many Lilies in the brood,
 However deep you might embow'r the nest,
 Some boy would spy it."

A comical idea, is it not, and yet perfectly natural. The Poet is now called upon for a story, and forthwith, identifying himself with his hero, commences the romantic tale which makes up the remainder of the Poem, and which is apparently suggested by the previous conversation. Suffer me to sketch a general outline of the author's plan. The Princess Ida—betrothed in her girlhood to the son of a neighboring King—becomes suddenly aware of the natural superiority and social inferiority of her sex, and determines to become their champion. Obtaining her doting father's consent, she founds a college from which the "Lords of Creation" are carefully excluded, thus forming a sanctuary within which she designs to collect and educate the fair ones of the land. Here, assisted by Lady Blanche and Lady Psyche—two dangerous articles commonly termed *widows*—she pursues her plans for the future elevation of her sex. Into this earthly Paradise the Devil, in the shape of the Prince her lover, intrudes, accompanied by Cyril and Florian, his two friends, all disguised in female attire.

Their ingenious masquerade is discovered, and the punishment attempted to be inflicted upon them awakens hostilities between the royal fathers of the Prince and Princess. In the contest the Prince is severely wounded and pity for his misfortunes subdues the proud heart of Ida, and soon transforms the haughty Princess into the loving and submissive wife. This is an outline, and *but* an outline, of the Poet's romance. Let us dwell now upon some of the beauties which are scattered through it, like stars in the "milky-way."

The hero of the Poem is described in three beautiful lines.

"A Prince I was, blue-eyed, and fair in face,
With lengths of yellow ringlet, like a girl,
For on my cradle shone the northern star."

The meeting between the eager lover and the father of the Princess Ida, "a little dry old man, without a star," furnishes us with a specimen of cool impudence which I have never seen equalled. In reply to the Prince's demand of his daughter's hand, in accordance with the contract of betrothal, Gama says,

"You do us, Prince, he said,
All honor, We remember love ourselves
In our sweet youth: there did a compact pass
Long summers back, a kind of ceremony——
I think the year in which our olives failed."

The cool effrontery of this last line is inimitable. Gama now continues with more of honesty and earnestness, and with some little show of regard for the contract and respect for the Prince,

"I would you had her, Prince, with all my heart,
With my full heart; *but there were widows here,*
Two widows, Lady Psyche, Lady Blanche;
They fed her theories, in and out of place,
Maintaining that with equal husbandry,
The woman were an equal to the man."

No wonder that the judgment of poor Ida was warped by the advice of two such counselors. From all *widows*, Fate preserve me! They are the "lone stars" of Love's Republic—the "conductors" on Hymen's railway—pirates on the broad sea of matrimony. Give them a single chance, one opportunity, and with a look from a tearful eye, with a pressure of the warm, trembling hand, with a "suggestive" allusion to the "dear departed," they captivate, conquer, *victimize* you. Don't knit your brows and talk of resistance, young man. There's no such thing as *resistance* in the case. They'll take you to the altar in spite of prayers and promises—kicks and curses; they'll *have* you, whether you like it or not. Their eye has the rattlesnake's fascinating power. The charmed victim is conscious of his danger, he knows that he is

dallying with death, that his heart is hastening to a kind of "Botany Bay," that Happiness is going out at the back-door and Misery jumping in at the window, and yet he is so completely deluded that he smiles at the prospect before him. These remarks apply to that class of widows only, who are young and beautiful. A second class, who have passed the age when Love's witchery hangs around them, are still more dangerous. But I will let Tennyson describe both classes. Of Lady Psyche he says,

"she herself
Erect behind a desk of satin-wood,
A quick brunette, well-moulded, falcon-eyed,
And on the hither side, or so she look'd
Of twenty summers. At her left a child
In shining draperies, headed like a star,
Her maiden babe, a double April old—
Agiaia slept."

A beautiful and a dangerous creature certainly, and as might be expected, the destined conqueror of the Prince's companion, Cyril. The evidence of this appears afterward in a very *naive* confession of the suffering youth :

"I learnt more from her in a flash
Than if my brainpan were an empty hull
And every Muse tumbled a science in."

* * * * *

"With me, Sir, enter'd in the bigger boy,
The Head of all the golden-shafted firm,
The long-limb'd lad that had a Psyche too."

Turn we now to Lady Blanche, the representative of the second class of widows, who, having passed the age when marriage is either proper or possible, console themselves in their loneliness by making others miserable ; occupy their leisure in making and marring matches ; become stern, morose and tyrannical. The Poet has these lines by way of describing Lady Blanche :

"only Lady Blanche,
A double-rouged and treble-wrinkled dame
With all her faded Autumns falsely brown,
Shot sidelong daggers at us, a tiger-cat
In act to spring."

By another circumstance Tennyson still further distinguishes these separate classes of widows. Lady Psyche early discovered the fact that the betrothed lover of her mistress and his two companions were in their midst, disguised as females, and at first determined to inform the Princess of the stratagem, and give up the masqueraders to the severe penalty of death, but the earnest entreaties of the intruders prevailed. Said Florian to his sister,

"Are you that Psyche, Florian asked, to whom
 In gentler days your arrow-wounded fawn
 Came flying while you sat beside the well?
 The creature laid his muzzle on your lap,
 And sobbed, and you sobbed with it, and the blood
 Was sprinkled on your kirtle, and you wept:
That was fawn's blood, not brother's, yet you wept."

This earnest and pathetic appeal overcame all her scruples; she looked slyly and lovingly at Cyril and—kept the secret. Not so however with Lady Blanche. She had too much of the virago and the vixen, and too little of the woman in her composition to be deterred from what she called duty, by any motives of pity or compassion. An appeal to her selfishness alone prevents her from an instant disclosure, which is finally brought about by the carelessness of Cyril, who, during a morning walk, in the presence of all the ladies, mastered by the influence of a jolly dram,

"begins

To troll a careless, careless tavern-catch
 Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences
 Unmeet for ladies."

O! Cyril, Cyril, 'twas wrong, *very* wrong to get fuddled. You should have drank less, man, or not at all, for the wine-bottle is a very bad counselor in moments of danger. See the result of getting drunk, Cyril; ladies insulted, your prospects suddenly blighted, your friends involved in a common misfortune with yourself. Think of it, my fine fellow, and—sign the temperance pledge. By the way, we have a great many Cyrils in college—as numerous as the bubbles on their own wine-cups, and with cheeks quite as red. Don't be disturbed, gentlemen. I shall not mention your names nor yet read you a temperance lecture; but I *will* say one thing. If you *must* drink, do so as quietly as possible. Grave citizens do not like to be disturbed by "a sound of revelry by night," and fair ladies do not like a breath redolent of wine. "Vive la compaignie," and "landlord fill your glasses," are very good songs in their place, but not exactly appropriate to an evening party or a prayer-meeting.

Anacreon's banquet songs and Bacchanalian poems are certainly very beautiful; Tom Moore's festal lyrics are full of liveliness and grace, and our own Hoffman has written at least one drinking song which is brim full of sparkling poetry. I will admit then, reader, if you please, that there is poetry in the wine-cup, in the pranks of "Bacchus ever fair and ever young." But if a spree at night is *poetical*, a headache next morning is *real*; if a guilty revel one day is *poetical*, disgrace and dishonor on the morrow are *real*; if insult and outrage by starlight is *poetical*, a sheriff and a prison by daylight are *real*, and the less you have to do with *this* kind of poetry, dear reader, the better. And now that I have given vent to my ill-humor, I will return once more to "The Princess."

One of the most perfect scenes in the Poem is the conversation between the angry Princess and her despairing but high-souled lover. Ida had received a threatening letter from the Prince's father and she perused it in silence,

"till over brow

And cheek and bosom brake the wrathful bloom
As of some fire against a stormy cloud,
When the wild peasant rights himself, and the rick
Flames, and his anger reddens in the heavens."

The Prince confronts her in her rage with the simple story of his love, pleading that, and that alone, as the excuse for his unwelcome visit, and defending himself with a frank and honest eloquence which would have moved any heart, less wrapped in its own ambitious schemes, less perverted by evil counsels.

"My nurse would tell me of you,

*I babbled for you as babies for the moon,
Vague brightness; when a boy, you stooped to me
From all high places, lived in all fair lights,
Came in long breezes, rapt from the inmost south,
And blown to the inmost north; at eve and dawn
With Ida, Ida, Ida, rang the woods;
The leader wildswan in among the stars
Would clang it, and lapt in wreaths of glowworm light
The mellow breaker murmured Ida."*

And how did Ida respond to this appeal, before which the hearts of our modern dames would have melted like wax before the fire? She stood the same tall, angry Goddess, amid

"Rainbow robes, and gems and gem-like eyes,
And gold and golden heads,"

and, turning to her trembling and terrified maidens, bade them fear not the threatening message which she had just received, and poured fierce sarcasm upon the disaffected, terming them

"The drunkard's football, laughing-stocks of Time,
Whose brains are in their hands and in their heels,
But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to thrum,
To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and to scour,
Forever slaves at home and fools abroad."

Verily, the Princess had a tongue of her own and her lover must have been a bold man to have persevered in his suit after such an exhibition of temper as this.

Of all the phenomena of Nature, the most common and the most to be dreaded, is a scolding wife. Such a woman is a porcupine, a chestnut-burr, "a rosebush set about with little willful thorns," a bomb-

shell always on the point of explosion. Like "fulminating silver," the simple touch of a rougher substance evolves her angry energy. The "hammer of her tongue" is moved by water from an unfailing source—the fountain of her own ill-humor. A flake of mud on her parlor carpet, a chair displaced, a curtain disordered, the tongs moved from a prim perpendicular, a sly glance at a handsome cousin, and the gathering clouds burst in a tempest of reproach, abuse, and bitter sarcasm. Wo to the man with such a wife! wo unto him, I say, for he stands upon a mine which may destroy him in a moment; he lives in the midst of an explosive atmosphere, which a single spark will kindle into a flame.

Socrates had a scolding wife, and the poor old philosopher committed suicide: Pentheus braved the anger of the frenzied Bacchantes, and forfeited his life: "Orpheus of the golden lyre" perished by the maddened violence of the Thracian women: Actæon roused the pride and hatred of Diana, and was torn to pieces by his dogs: Orion fell under the displeasure of the same virago-goddess, and paid for his temerity with his life. Petruchio tamed his shrewish wife only by the most daring and desperate measures: Macbeth was goaded to guilt and infamy by the reproaches and sneers of his ambitious Queen: Byron offended his once loved partner, and passed the rest of his life in hopeless exile: Napoleon deserted the beautiful Josephine, and from that hour his star moved from the zenith to the horizon: Christina of Sweden became enraged with her lover, and caused him to be murdered almost in her presence: Lord Darnley excited the animosity of his royal wife, Mary of Scotland, and perished amid the ruins of his dwelling, blown up with gunpowder.

Shall I prolong the dreadful catalogue, dear reader, or are you already satisfied of the terrible energy which springs from the heart of an angry woman? Have I dissipated the sunny rays of romance with which you have ever surrounded the fair sex, or will it take another flood of dark and dreadful history to extinguish the deceitful radiance. Believe me, Shakspeare told the truth when he said, "frailty, thy name is woman." Virgil was honest when he wrote "*femina semper mutabile et variabile*:" Congreve never hit reality more perfectly than when he said

"Heav'n hath no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor Hell a fury like a woman scorned;"

and Tennyson has nowhere copied nature more perfectly than in the scene where Ida threatens her lover with instant death.

And now that I have returned to "The Princess," though by a somewhat singular and circuitous route, I will once more pay my homage to her Majesty.

Dear reader, I am approaching a dangerous theme—the reconciliation and blissful union of the lovers, with which the Poet's story closes. In a scene like this I am out of my natural element; wading in the crystal stream of love far beyond my depth. Pardon me, my

more *experienced* reader, if in these last paragraphs I display a woful ignorance of my subject; pity me, fair lady, if I prove myself but a tyro in the art, of which you are a perfect mistress. Upon knowledge, history, experience, I can no longer rely: Fancy, *dear* Fancy! come to my assistance!

"It was evening"—as Demosthenes very beautifully expresses it in the *crowning* specimen of his eloquence—it was evening, and Ida watched by the side of her wounded lover. The dim light of a single lamp shone upon the antique ornaments of the room, and made the paintings on the walls seem more dark and mysterious than ever. Two hearts in that lone chamber throbbed with unnatural violence; the pulse-beats of the one quickened by fever and delirium; the throbbings of the other by the resistless influence of Love. The proud Princess had become the kind and loving woman: through the dim aisles of the past her memory wandered like a shadow, and sad were the tidings which it brought. It told of a false ambition suddenly crushed; of a proud heart deadened to the nobler impulses of our nature; it whispered, of arrogance—hatred—folly—almost *crime*. She looked upon the unconscious sleeper before her, and the *heart* asserted its supremacy;

"the dew

Dwelt in her eyes, and softer all her shape
And rounder show'd."

In that quiet hour of tears and repentance; in the dimness of that silent room the wounded sleeper partially regains his consciousness; his "faint eyes" open, and beholding the fair form by his side, he murmurs in the feeble accents of a reviving invalid,

"If you be, what I think you, some sweet dream,
I would but ask you to fulfill yourself:
But if you be that Ida whom I knew,
I ask you nothing: only, if a dream,
Sweet dream, be perfect. *I shall die to-night.*
Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I die."

This was a mere stratagem. The Prince told a deliberate lie, as men in such circumstances sometimes will. He did not expect to die; he was in no danger of dying; and he couldn't have been *hired* to die; yet for the sake of a kiss—"one little kiss"—he told a—a *fib*. Ida blushed of course, but alas! she did more,

"She turned; she paused;
She stoop'd; and with a great shock of the heart
Their mouths met!"

Fire and fury! sledge-hammers and pile-drivers! but really I dare not pursue the subject farther. Your imagination, dear reader, must do the work from which my pen instinctively shrinks. The sighs and tears, the vows and protestations which followed the enactment of this

agitating scene, I must also leave to the fancy of those who are *au fait* in such matters.

And now, courteous reader, if you have followed me through my wayward flight, you have unquestionably arrived at the conclusion, that "The Princess" is, as the author terms it, a "medley." It is "every thing by turns but nothing long;" continually changing "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Through the most serious and pathetic passages of the Poem there runs a vein of pleasantry, like a line of gold through rock: in the most gay and graceful verses, there is an undercurrent of serious and earnest thought. As a Poem, the only object of which is to interest and please, it is in the main a successful one. Critics might find fault with its general plan, occasionally with its metrical structure, often with its subject-matter, but yet all, who read it carefully, will assuredly rise from its perusal with a feeling of satisfaction and pleasure. Nevertheless, it contains many passages which I could wish might be erased. They are quite unnecessary and not at all accordant with the refinement and delicacy of the present day.

Thus ends my reverie. It has been a long but a pleasant one, full of strange scenes and images, but I hope, reader, not entirely destitute of pleasure and profit to you. Would you enjoy such a quiet dream, such a free and careless reverie, you have but to follow my example. Lock your door against intruders; build up a cheerful fire; throw yourself back in your rocking chair; elevate your slippered feet to a level with your head; clasp a cigar between your teeth; and read—Tennyson's "PRINCESS."

SMOKING SONG.

Air—"Sparkling and bright."

FLOATING away, like the fountain's spray,
Or the show-white plume of a maiden,
The smoke-wreaths rise to the star-lit skies,
With blissful fragrance laden.

Then smoke away, till a golden ray
Lights up the dawn of the morrow,
For a cheerful cigar, like a shield, will bar
The blows of care and sorrow.

The leaf burns bright, like the gems of light
That flash in the braids of Beauty:
It nerves each heart for the hero's part
On the battle-plain of duty.

In the thoughtful gloom of his darkened room
Sits the child of song and story,
And his heart is light, for his pipe beams bright,
And his dreams are all of glory.

By the blazing fire sits the gray-haired sire,
 And infant arms surround him ;
 And he smiles on all in that quaint old hall,
 While the smoke-curls float around him.

In the forests grand of our native land,
 When the savage conflict ended,
 The "Pipe of Peace" brought a sweet release
 From toil and terror blended.

The dark-eyed train of the maids of Spain
 'Neath their arbor-shades trip lightly,
 And a gleaming cigar, like a new-born star,
 In the clasp of their lips burns brightly.

It warms the soul, like the blushing bowl
 With its rose-red burden streaming,
 And drowns it in bliss, like the first warm kiss
 From the lips with love-buds teeming.

Floating away, like the moon's pale ray,
 Or the bridal veil of a maiden,
 The smoke-wreaths rise to the star-lit skies,
 With glorious day-dreams laden.



NOTIONS AND NOTICINGS.

NO. II.

DEAR READER : again coming into thy presence, after a short interval, I confess I am somewhat at a loss how to begin my onesided confab, or, rather, confabulation, for I always make it a practice to choose the longest of two words. But let us have a fair understanding: I said onesided confabulation—it is so, apparently. But I plainly know, sir,—and I here let the fact out to others—that while you glance over these trifles of mine, and pretend a gentle acquiescence, all the time you are keeping up a perfect running fire of words at this innocent page. An opinion upon which I pride myself is met on your part by a battery of opposing arguments. A gaunt specimen of attempted sarcasm is followed and traced and hunted down like a wolf. A silly conceit is popped over like a poor long-eared rabbit. And an odd sentiment is destroyed, like a horned frog, for its very oddity. Thus you see, sir, you and I are continually arguing a point, and, to use the language of Sir Roger de Coverly, "Much may be said on both sides."

But a thought just comes into my head, and it comes in this shape: You talk, poor fellow, as though some one actually cared a fig for what you have written or may write—as though any man would seriously take the trouble to question or approve your nonsense. The vanity of writers!

But the preceding flourish, which we suppose M^r. Knickerbocker would rank under the general head of *rigmarole*, has prevented us from grasping our subject, which is—(what else should it be?)—the weather! This we do out of a feeling of gratitude. For, like Moses, we are rather slow of speech, and had it not been for the ever-present, ever-welcome topic of the weather “as it was and as it is,” we fear we must frequently have experienced the lot of the unfortunate youth, who exclaimed, in the bitterness of his heart, “Pa, they’ve found out I am a fool and I never said a word.” But this is neither here nor there—we have had very singular weather for the season thus far! Two violent snow-storms, and then an interval so beautifully mild and genial that we had begun to think that Old Winter had been summarily kicked out of his reign by the “fantastic toe” of Spring. But the old hero, it seems, like Homer, only nodded, and has since blustered about with compensating energy. But how happy the climes where early he spreads his glittering mantle over the muddy earth, (as young Water Raleigh did his for the queen of England,) and there lets it lie for many a month, inviting all to tramp it freely! Well do we recollect some incidents connected therewith, what time the merry bells rung out, and the trees and rail fences ran backward. Now for a mere sleigh-ride—a sleigh-ride, *per se*, we have the most nose-up-turning contempt, as the German, we believe, has it. John Neal, if we are not mistaken, says his idea of a sleigh-ride is to sit at an open door, on the north side of the house, with your feet in a pail of water, and a boy near by to jingle a string of bells. We do not *quite* coincide with him, but we have no doubt his meaning is correct. But, however, nevertheless, &c., when the roads are fine, and there are half a dozen merry sleigh-loads ahead and as many behind, and you have a lively courser that wants no attention paid to him, and a lively hood without a veil by your side that must be attended to—why, really, there was a time when we had no invincible objection to such a sleigh-ride, thus modified.

Speaking of a lively courser we are reminded of an event which somehow we never have any difficulty in recalling when the very remotest reference is made either to horses or sleighing. We—no, it was I, reader—I had not long been a resident of a certain small village in the dignified character of a preparatory student, when I received an invitation with all the *gentlemen* of the place to attend a party at the distance of about eight miles. The first thing, of course, was to secure a damsel—it was done. Well do I recall, Mary!—but she’s married, which cuts short my apostrophe. Thus far, matters went forward briskly, but with characteristic negligence I forgot all about the means of conveyance till some companion put it into my head. Without much difficulty I managed to procure a sleigh, but a decent animal was not to be found—the rogues had engaged them all before they kindly suggested to me the expediency of attending to the matter. Round and round the village I ran, like Richard, perfectly willing to give “my kingdom for a horse!” At last, a professed friend (my eye is still on

that man's course—I have no doubt he will come to some miserable end) informed me that he had a creature that was not first-rate, indeed, but was still *quite ordinary*, and I was welcome to him. The beast had *not*, at the first glance, the most promising appearance, but as there was no apparent prospect of better things, I took him. We started. As I was opposed to harsh beginnings, I let him take his own course, except as to direction, though that proved to be of little matter, for his movement was like that of some of the planets, “scarcely perceptible to the naked eye.” But soon, while making a careless remark, I managed to hit him a sly cut—no effect produced. “How do you like our village, Mr. ———?” “Very much (another cut) indeed.” “At first, it must be rather unpleasant”——“*It is* (another cut) *unpleasant*”——“to come among strangers.” “Yes, certainly,” (another cut and a jerk at the reins—no effect produced.) “How long do you expect to stay with us?” “Oh! by all means!” (last cut, for the whip-lash parts, and I begin to cultivate a resigned state of mind.)

How we succeeded in arriving at our place of destination, how happily the evening was spent, with the exception of horrid forebodings coming now and then into your servant's mind, I need not tell. As to our retrograde movements, it is sufficient to give you the statistical information that we were only *four hours* in getting home; and to assure you, after all, that the time passed delightfully to me, for the night was beautiful and the weather mild,

“So as we rode—*we talked*”——

and we talked, *not* of

“Fixed fate, free will and foreknowledge absolute.”

I often think that the best of us are very ignorant of all that is comprehended under the term Antiquity. So far are we removed from the ancients in time—so completely were their institutions, their customs, and their religion broken into fragments by the incomprehensible riot of the dark ages—so different and so powerful are the impulses with which *we* are moved and the motives which *our* age presents, that every thing belonging to their life, except the meagre memorial of their written works, seems buried in utter oblivion. There are doubtless your Niebuhrs and Heynes, (and perhaps, reader, the same remark may apply to Fritzsche and Schleiermacher, and more particularly to Mr. Schweighäuser—but it has been some time since I read these,) who, as their eyes run along the dead classic page, catch in their souls the very spirit and life of the ancient world, just as deaf old Beethoven heard divinest harmonies from his stringless piano. But such are not the privileges of the “common lot.” The *text* we read, and turn it, perchance, into decent English; but the *ideas* which accompany our translation may be English, may be Latin and Greek, or may be Asiatic and barbarous. Much, indeed, depends upon the accuracy with which we have studied the language, but still more, I suspect, upon the native gift of a vivid but correct imagination. Whoever is not happily endowed in this latter respect, will either be entirely guided

in his imaginings by what his eyes and ears gather for him in the present, or, without any guide at all, will soar into clouds and nonsense. Hence it is apparent, classical, as well as metaphysical, students may be divided into two schools—the Idealists and the Realists.

Thus, a recently celebrated biographer of Napoleon is evidently a downright realist. For in one of his letters from classic grounds he thus rhapsodizes over a bronze eagle that had been carried at the head of the twenty-fourth Roman Legion: "Long, long ago, when Rome was in her glory, it had soared aloft amid the *smoke of battle*," &c.;—the smoke he refers to was, probably, that which followed the *discharge* of javelins and the *report* of—scouting parties.

The other class comprehends those who, forgetting that the ancients, like the moderns, were descended from Adam and had a full share of the frailties and foibles which we have known and of which we are a great part, and that this earth, with its storms, its fogs and its mud, has always been the same that it is now, fondly attribute every species of beauty and greatness and felicity to the "land of gods and godlike men." Glorious world is antiquity to the wrapt idealist! Littleness and the common-place are as completely banished from its borders as sin from paradise. Whatever the world is now in want of, the ancients enjoyed in richest abundance. Tell him of the glories of the coming millennium! his eye is fixed on brighter ones already in the past. Majestic forms amid celestial scenery are passing before him. The neck of Demosthenes is clothed with thunder—Plato reclines entranced in the gardens of the Academy, listening to the music of the spheres, and Alexander mounted on a fiery steed *instar montis*, rides around the world, and "from his horrid hair shakes pestilence and war."

He doesn't reflect that Demosthenes, going to the assembly one morning, discovered a shocking rent in his toga, and had to turn back and have it mended, consuming an hour of his valuable time. He is unconscious of the fact, that the great Academician, during his meditations, was often so pestered with buzzing insects, that he gave way to some very undignified remarks. He is unmindful that Alexander became so engrossed in the pursuits of a campaign, that he neglected to wash his face, till he was gently reprov'd by one of his under officers. But were these things really so? As I said, it has been some time since I read the great German scholars mentioned in the parenthesis above, and it is possible I may have misstated some of the minor circumstances.

But you, my dear Realist, now tell me, do you not feel assured that Julius Cæsar wore at Pharsalia, high-topped boots, a cocked hat, a military coat covered with brass buttons, and faced with yellow? 'Tis very natural. And Cato the Censor, was a cross-looking old fellow, was he not, with spectacles, carrying a bound folio under his arm, to be seen on a rainy day stumping about the streets of Rome with an umbrella? As I thought—happily no one can accuse you of a wandering mind during study hours.

Observe the difference of the two when considering the same point. The Realist takes it for granted, that the Romans upon meet-

ing, cordially greeted one another, after our manner, with "How do y' do, Mr. Sallust, glad to see you—beautiful morning;" while the Idealist views them standing apart, and with god-like majesty, and in heroic language, proposing salutations like *sum pius Æneas*. The former thinks, of course, that Cicero wore a *beaver*, and a fine one—the latter is astonished to hear that he had any necessity for one, as though the rain would dare to beat upon the brow of Cicero!

Perhaps we should now confess, to render our classification complete, that, in addition to these whose views are so plainly erroneous, there is another class of students, and that, too, highly respectable in point of numbers, who can be accused of no specific opinions whatever in regard to antiquity.

Talking about the men of antiquity, was not Julius Cæsar, as a man of the world, if such an expression be tolerated, the greatest of them all? As a general, he had all the tenacity of will, all the unshaken purpose of soul that distinguished Hannibal, while, at the same time, he combined the towering ambition and the restless, unlimited enterprise of Alexander. In tactics, the latter could have taught him nothing in intrepidity, nor the former in shrewdness and perseverance. And in that intuitive genius which takes in everything at a glance, grasps at once the whole nature of a crisis, and teaches where the dextrous hand shall strike and where caress, he was inferior to none that ever lived. It was this that made the Prince of Conde say, "were Julius Cæsar back again, he would conquer all our generals."

But look at him in other lights—as a writer, remarkable for the severity of his taste and his elegant conciseness—as a pleader and orator, second among his contemporaries only to Cicero himself—as a lover of science, professing a readiness in the midst of a campaign to abandon all his schemes and go in search of the fountains of the Nile—as a *benefactor* of science, originating the invaluable reform in the Roman Calendar.

Such was he, in brief, as a man of intellect. Of his moral character, we confess an utter inability to decide. The most generous clemency appears side by side with an unscrupulous waste of human lives, an engaging frankness with profound dissimulation, a sincere love of friends and family with a tyrannical sway over all around him. But we can hardly believe him to have been so bad as the majority of historians and commentators represent. We know that, leaving out of view his own pre-eminence, he planned only the noblest projects for his country—we know that he was loved almost to adoration by many of his best contemporaries, and we are assured by Plutarch, at least, that the Divine Power followed his assassins with avenging hand over earth and sea, till every single one had perished no less signally than Cassius, who kept the bloody dagger for his own bosom, or Brutus, who was summoned to his fate by a shadowy visitant.

We fear there is not so much pride in all that at present relates to our own institution, nor so lively an interest in its sons, whatever may

have been their date of graduation, as our relations as pupils and fellow-students might reasonably warrant. We are aware how it is in Germany. There, a student feels a wound upon the honor of his university, as a personal degradation. When he has gone out from its walls, he makes its prosperity and reputation the constant objects of his solicitude and exertions. He looks back upon the days spent in its secluded pursuits with almost a romantic interest. It was the golden period of his life, which the unthinking buoyancy of youth and the kindling hopes of manhood, the delights of inpouring knowledge and of congenial intercourse with kindred spirits, have brightened and sanctified with blended influences in his memory forever. Nor alone in his memory—his heart has thence woven its dearest ties. From an affectionate interest in the companions of his student days, no diversity of occupations, no changes of fortune, no antagonism in politics or literature have the least power to wean him. But, not only do his sympathies embrace the contemporaries of his collegiate life,—proud is he when he can exult in the success of any worthy artificer in any department of intellectual action with, "*he was of my university!*"

The same feeling prevails to nearly an equal extent among the English students. Byron, amid his eventful and stormy life, says he could never bring himself to quarrel with any of his schoolmates. And the present Cantab or Oxonian will proudly point you out the distinguished members of Parliament which belonged to his University, and give you a minute account of their standing and reputation as students. A common love towards their Alma Mater, binds all in fraternal sympathy.

Now, why has it become too fashionable among us to make nearly everything about us the subject of disparaging and abusive criticism? One might imagine that a course of study perfectly useless and ridiculous had been prescribed for our torment, and that a set of knaves had been appointed to enforce it—that we had somehow been condemned to a sort of literary Botany Bay, and that all who have gone out from it, are to be congratulated only for having made a fortunate escape. We know, well enough, that very much of this is feigned and often occupies nearly the same place in college conversation that the "horrid weather" does in other circles of society; but sometimes it has a real meaning, and always its tendency is bad. It encourages a boyish way of thinking, and prevents us from taking that liberal view of our position which is so apparent to all others. It leads to an uneasy discontent, and often to a willful neglect of many important advantages. But does it not show a worthy independence of mind, a laudable sense of personal rights, a noble freedom from degrading servility? Perhaps so—but would not a voluntary withdrawal express all this more effectually? There would certainly be a greater appearance of consistency in it.

But no one, who reflects a moment, will fail to see that if the fault be not in ourselves, our present connections to us, are fruitful only in pleasure, brightening hopes and permanent profit; while annoyances, perplexing duties and disquieting responsibilities must fall entirely to

the lot of others. He must see, too, that all unmanly complaints and strictures but swell the amount of the latter and diminish the former.

Our common ties as students, united in the same pursuits, sharing a common object, animated by the same hopes, should discountenance the error of which we speak. Separated, as it were, from the world, we are all, to a certain extent, the object of its hopes and the marks of its prejudices. A kindred feeling then, should never forsake us. Wherever and whenever a son of Yale achieves superiority in anything worthy of man's attention, our sympathies and our joy should mingle in the congratulations of his triumph. Nor should we allow ourselves to forget or lightly to esteem this institution, which, while dispensing the treasures of invaluable knowledge and fitting us for the inevitable duties of life, is weaving around us these enduring ties and loading these passing hours with golden associations, never to be buried amid the thickest cares of coming years.

In whatever other respect we may undervalue our college, we are convinced that no one can deny it a pre-eminent notoriety in the glorious art and practice of *punning*! It is in this that, to adopt the words that used to appear on the cover of our honored work, "we confess we take an honest pride." In this point—the point of puns—how low in comparison is the rank of Harvard, and Princeton, and Western Reserve! We need not refer to the brilliant examples which have descended orally from former college generations, like the choicest gems of early minstrelsy—we need not mention those side-splitting specimens which have been "got off" in our days, and, perhaps, by ourselves. And, by the way, reader, when you and I *have* done something rather nice in that line, haven't we enjoyed it, though?—how near we came to bursting with internal laughter while our companions, affecting to groan and shouting "awful," "horrid," we knew, were trying in vain to get up something better! Do you talk of the "triumphs of intellect"? if you refer to punning, we know what you mean. And yet Dr. Webster, who was so intimately acquainted with the college, after defining the word *pun*, observes, "*a low species of wit*!" Well, perhaps, the practice was not perfected in his day. Perhaps, also, and the thought is sorrowful, those rigid intellectual pursuits in which he spent his life, may have prevented him from fully appreciating a pun, just as college studies kill out native genius.

We might attempt to classify and arrange the different *kinds*, which come under the various *species* embraced by the *genus* PUN—a work which no writer before us, as far as we are aware, has ever accomplished. For instance, we might treat of the Pun Historical, the Pun Scientific, the Pun Colloquial, and the Pun Miscellaneous, which latter head is quite comprehensive. Either, like Locke, we might resort to children, savages and idiots, to see what idea they have of a pun, or, like Cousin, we might investigate puns as they actually exist, and then ascend to their origin, that is, for the lower classes may not comprehend us, to consider them psychologically and to adjourn the ontological question. We might go to ancient times, away back to the Pelasgic races, and note the first faint dawnings of the pun upon the

world ; and thence trace it in its ascending glory to "the highest heaven of invention." We might contemplate it as a mighty instrument of power over the popular mind. In this view we might show it to have been the tremendous lever which gave the first impulse to the former French Revolution ; for it is recorded by Thiers that the first idea of summoning the States-general, was struck into the minds of the deputies by a pun (which will not bear an adequate translation into English) uttered by one of the members. Think of it a moment ! All France groping in the darkness of oppression—eager eyes straining in every direction for light—despair beginning to exert its benumbing power, when lo ! a pun blazes forth in Parliament—it shines over Paris—it flickers with a death-glare upon the walls of the palace—it flames away across the whole country to Marseilles—it lights up the Pyrenees—*eureka* bursts from awakened millions, and then the fearful drama comes ! We might—we might do several things which we shall *not* do, so we will close this list of possibilities, which looks rather like a boasting of our own powers, than a handling of the matter with which we set out.

But we cannot avoid making a distinction in puns of an obviously practical nature. In our estimation, a pun may be merely *verbal*—a superficial play upon words without the least substratum of meaning—the thought being tortured and killed off to make a jingling in the ear. As every one with a little practice can become an adept at this, it is fearfully prevalent in this section of our common country, and, "to use a homely, but expressive phrase," is an *intolerable nuisance*. When you remark to a person "this is a fine day," and he replies, "perhaps so, but I am not accustomed to re-*fine* upon such matters"—or to your inquiry about the time, he observes "that's a *time*-ly question," depend upon it, that man flings in your teeth a downright, deliberate insult, and if you overlook it, you have a milder disposition than we trust has been committed to our keeping.

But a genuine, *vital* pun, never interrupts the thought, but gives it a new and surprising and agreeable aspect. It is a quaint and grotesque mouth-piece to a fountain, which throws the free water in some beautiful curve or unexpected jet ; while the other kind is a mere tawdry ornament both unsightly and useless. Observe these specimens taken almost at random from the good, queer, quizzical, immortal Tom Hood, the Punster-King.

This, in which the impatient angler queries in regard to the finny-tribe, who seem to have "lost their appetite," might be ranked under the head of the Pun Historical :

"But they seem upon different terms now.

Have they taken advice

Of the 'Council of Nice'

And rejected the 'Diet of Worms,' now?"

This must be one of the medical species under the Pun Scientific :

"Down fell the crew, and on their knees

Shuddered at each *white swelling*."

This is good enough to go without any name. It is an account of a duel.

"To measure out the ground not long
The seconds then forbore,
And having taken one rash step,
They took a dozen more."

But soon one of the heroic combatants asks—

"If I withdraw this *charge*, will then
Your ramrod do the same?"

Again:

"A dripping Pauper crawls along the way,
The only real willing out-of-doorer,
And says, or seems to say,
Well, I am poor enough, but here's a *pourer*."

Again, on a poor team of horses:

"And slow they go, altho' they show
As if they had their *fast-days*."

And, finally, the Author makes a candid confession upon certain points:—

"I own I shake my sides at ranters,
And treat sham-Abram saints with wicked banterers,
I even own, that there are times—but then
It's when I've got my wine—I say *d——canters!*"

There is a species of wit, to which we have seen no name applied, that is by no means so contemptible as some might imagine. It is always characterized by a happy misspelling, and the *plot* of the thing may either be the blundering of ignorance in trying to handle matters above its comprehension, or a simple mistake which has a ludicrous and apparently unintentional connection with the subject. Of the former, Dr. Valentine has given some very amusing specimens in the character of the "ignorant literary lady," who in her library desires John to "fill up those *spasms* on the shelves and make this room look like a *conversationario*." Something quite good also in the same style has been going the rounds of the papers under the auspices of Mrs. Partington, who, for instance, in giving her experience of ghosts and spirits, says—"there has sartainly been two *apprehensions* seen in our family." This, too, in a colonial letter, (which, like the remainder, is from one who was a master of all kinds of wit,) is certainly not indifferent—"We have white Swons but they have not any *cygne-tures*." Of the latter kind, a capital instance is in a letter from a servant-maid detailing the awful dissensions which were rending the village of Stoke Pogis, and which she thinks might have been avoided by "a little timely *concussion* on the part of the mayor." But this, in its way, is unapproachable, being from the narrative of a green sailor: "We saw plenty of grampus, but they was useless to all intents and *porpusses*."

A GLANCE AT THE PAST.

WE know not, worthy reader, whether you agree with us or otherwise, in the reverence we cherish for mementos of bygone ages, for those often worthless relics which, because they are worthless, the vandal spirit of utility has left untouched. You may be, for aught we know, one of those fashionably strong-minded persons, who foster a spirit of sincere abhorrence of anything old or useless. Nevertheless, the prevalence of this very spirit has already robbed our age of nearly all the valuable relics of our forefathers, and left us but here and there an old shoe, or a broken sword, to remind us of their lives and actions. God preserve us from such a spirit! But *de gustibus, non disputandum*; and if such be yours, we cannot help it, and will say, as Uncle Toby to the fly, "Go in peace, there is room enough in the world for both of us." It may be right, too, that you should have no reverence for your ancestors; but even here we must own to a weakness, (if you please,) and declare that if one of our progenitors had been so unfortunate as to have been hanged even, we would have regarded as a most interesting relic, a portion of the fatal noose. This, however, we cannot show in our recollection, since fate or providence has seen fit to imbue us all, even your most humble servant, with a most holy horror of suspension. But reader, if you are a man, who takes some pleasure in the recollection of the past, you will doubtless agree with me in asserting that there are few hours more pleasantly spent than those whiled away among old mementos. We love to call up the various traditions connected with them, when the dreamy spirit of spring is abroad; and, while the balmy air soothes our bodies into a delicious languor, to fill the quaintly cut garments of the olden time with the figures of those, long since hidden beneath the sod, who once have occupied them. The old fashioned shoe, half hidden by its enormous buckle, again graces or rather disgraces the foot of its former occupant, as he stands before us in all the pomp and pride of buckles, ruffles, and knee-breeches. Such reveries annihilate time as readily as the famous boots of our childhood's tale did distance; and transport us at once to that age when a spirit of resistance to oppression was beginning to nerve the hearts of men for the approaching struggle of the Revolution. There is such a shoe in a collection which we have seen, being near a war-worn knapsack and a broken musket; and when we look upon them, we seem to see again our grandsires doffing their peaceful garbs, and girding on their swords in the name of "God and the Continental Congress." When the sounds of war were first heard at Concord, that musket and knapsack became the companions of one who bore them bravely on the field of Bunker Hill. Well did he fight the battle of his country there; and the shattered breech of the old flintlock, is evidence unquestionable of his hearty blows and desperate courage. And when the ammunition of the patriots had failed, he was among the first of those who clubbed their

muskets, and rendered victory doubtful, and even defeat glorious by their deeds of valor. No Bard has sung his praises, but Don Diego Peres, the renowned conqueror of the Moors, had a rival of no mean pretensions in our hero of Bunker Hill.

Near by these relics of that fearful fight, lie others, which we have always loved to consider the property of the partner of our hero, of her who consoled him in defeat, and, like a Spartan matron, sent him forth with renewed courage to strive once more for victory. These are nothing more than what our advertisements would call a "pair of female shoes;" yet to us they are full of strange interest. High heeled and sharp toed, they always excite a spirit of speculation in our mind, as to the manner in which the belles of that olden time managed to balance themselves on so precarious a footing.

For our own part, we need no other proof of their steadiness of nerve and brain, than the positive knowledge that they not only walked, but even danced at such a fearful height from the ground. No one, who has seen those wonderful creations of art, can for an instant doubt that in those days, cobblers were physicians as well as improvers of the *understanding*; for how else can he account for their knowledge of the *healing art*, which not only cured our grand-dames of dizziness, but by making them *high-soled*, prevented its occurrence. This, doubtless, was the reason why the high-flown compliments of the beaus of yore affected them so little; while girls, whose country cobblers were not versed in the art above mentioned, were far more easily entangled in the net of flattery. But alas, for this degenerate age! Mankind no longer seeks for elevation from the old-time cobbler, but turns to the more genial one of sherry. Their art has degenerated; they now cure naught but leather; and we, male and female, have come wofully down from the high standing of our ancestors.

But let us return to the wearer of those queer shaped combinations of satin and leather. Her foot must have been almost fairy-like in its proportions, and a most effective auxiliary to the charms of her face. A pretty foot is always an effective weapon in love's warfare, and this one, unquestionably, proved the conqueror of our friend, the patriot. The face had long before bewildered him; but that foot, as he once saw it peeping from under the folds of our heroine's dress, completely subdued his soul, and, ere he knew it, brought him to his knees. His success, tradition assures of, and that he told her the cause of her conquest, is evident from the care with which those shoes have been preserved. And here let me tell the uninitiated, that the gazing at a pretty foot, to escape the fascination of bright eyes, is very like running into Scylla, to avoid Charybdis.

But close beside these records of the loves and wars of our ancestors, lie other relics, the monuments of a simple and barbarous, but brave and chivalrous people. There is a melancholy interest in them, reminding us of a race long since gone to the happy hunting grounds of the spirit-land. The rude stone hatchet, and the brodered moccasins tell us of the Indian, strong of heart, and fleet of foot, brave in battle and patient in defeat. We gaze upon their relics with sadness.

Their light canoes have long since vanished from our waters, and scarce aught but their tombs and the traditions of our fathers remain to tell us they existed. Cities have sprung up where once the strong-limbed monarchs of the forest looked down upon the wigwam of the Indian. The clank of machinery and the hum of busy labor rises from vales that once echoed to the shout of the hunter, or listened vainly for the noiseless step of the watchful warrior. Where once the red flame of the council fire pierced the shadows of the forest, and the stake was once prepared for the torture, the church of the white man now points its spire to Heaven. There too, where the captive warrior mocking the efforts of his foes, once chanted the war-song of his tribe, and still unyielding sang loud and clear the song of death, the hymn of praise now rises to the Christian's God. But they have passed away at the approach of the white man, as the shadows of their native forests vanished at the ringing strokes of his axe. The contest was long and bloody, but the knowledge and weapons of the Puritan proved too strong for the unaided valor of the Indian. The rifle and the fire water of their foes were equally destructive; and their bones have long since been scattered by the ploughs of the peaceful farmer. Some have no pity for this fallen race, and many delight to urge against them their cruelty and treachery, the characteristics of all savages.

But well might the accused hurl back the charge. How full is the history of our nation of acts of duplicity towards the Indian! They began to be exhibited by our far-famed Puritan fathers, and their descendants have always followed the same course. True, the Indians attacked the settlers, whenever darkness interposed to make their weapons more nearly equal to those of their enemies, and slew all without mercy, as their enemies had done before them. They fought as their fathers fought; and their treachery, had they been so powerful or civilized as their foes, would have been called diplomacy. Brave and chivalrous, the warrior's scalp lock was a perpetual challenge to his foe; with them its possession was synonymous with honor, and life itself was laid down in its defence. Mindful of benefits, they suffered death in behalf of their benefactor, and time could not weaken their sense of gratitude. Revenge was with them a master spirit, a part of their religion. How, then, can we, who are ruled by the passions—enlightened though we boast ourselves to be—blame the untutored Indian for obeying the dictates of his religion, and the precepts of his fathers?

There is a strong resemblance between their customs and principles, and the boasted spirit of chivalry; in fact they differ only in respect for females. It was the duty of the Indian, as well as the knight, to keep his honor; and death was the punishment of cowardice in either. Revenge and gratitude were duties equally sacred to both. The knight, vanquished in the field of battle, received his death-blow as a stroke of mercy; the Indian captive, at the stake, died mocking at his foes, and deriding their futile attempts at torture. To the one, death was preferable to the loss of honor; to the other, life was freely

laid down in its defence, and no torture was able to call from him one womanly complaint derogatory to his character as a warrior.

Their race has gone to the spirit land, but their names are among us and around us. In the words of Mrs. Sigourney,

"Their names are on your rivers
And ye may not wash them out."

LYING-TO UNDER BARE POLES.

A SALT WATER SKETCH.

BY NED BOWLINE.

"God help the mariner!
Over the sea
Cometh the winter wind,
Howling and free;
Like the strong maniac
Loosed from his chain,
Moving all terribly over the main;
Hurling the mountain wave
Writing in foam,
Driving the mariner
Leagues from his home!"

"You had better turn out, and prepare for the worst!"

Thus spoke the skipper of a well found brig, one week from port, lying-to under bare poles in the midst of a winter's gale upon the coast of New England.

We were passengers; and the storm, which, for three days and three nights, had been raging with unmitigated fury, had confined us to our cabin and berths, which were now cold, wet and uncomfortable from the severity of the weather, and the constant influx of salt water through the deck-lights and ceilings above.

The companion-way closed after the skipper, as he left us for the deck, while we sat gazing at each other, in solemn silence, and striving to overcome the strong emotions called forth by his fearful words.

"*Prepare for the worst!*" His long and well tried nautical skill was now, he felt, outrivalled. Everything within his power had been effected to weather the gale. But all in vain. Nothing more could be done. He would now give us up to the mercy of the winds and the waves; for, unless the weather should soon assume some favorable aspect, he felt that we were lost!

It was my first time upon the deep; and what were my own emotions as I heard those words, no tongue can tell. Here, in a leaking ship, upon a freezing ocean, in the midst of a relentless tempest, the blackness of darkness above us and around us, and but a few days'

sail from home and friends, who little dreamed of our peril, here we were summoned to prepare for the worst! Remote from all mortal aid—alone—companionless—to prepare for a grave in those cold depths, beyond which the lead will sink no deeper, and from which the line returns, slackened, to the hand! How distinctly the Past, the long-forgotten Past, came to view! There was all my spent life, every transaction, every event, staring me in the face! Then I remembered my parting adieu to friends on shore; the last hearty shake of the hand; the gaily-spoken farewell.

Again the companion-way opened, and the skipper entered. His storm jacket and oiled trowsers were dripping the water which tried, in vain, to penetrate them. Laying down an axe upon the floor, and removing his heavy "sou'wester," he seated himself by the cabin table. Overhead swung the lantern, traveling to and fro, as it followed the mad plunges of the vessel, and revealing, by its dim light, his anxious and weather-worn features.

"It blows hard! terribly hard! and we shall have to cut away, if it don't lull soon!"

Shut up, as we were, in our little cabin, we could easily realize the truth of these words. The groaning beams and bulk-heads, the shrill piping and screaming of the fierce winds, as they played among the tautened rigging, the constant and dismal clanking of the pumps, and the cries, heard even above the tumult of the gale, "Does she suck yet?"—"No, sir!"—all too plainly told that, indeed, it did blow hard, "terribly hard."

On what a brittle thread hangs human life! One more such sea, as that which has just struck our trembling bark, will send us down, down into eternity, and none be left to tell our fate. Oh, for one favorable omen in the heavens! One break in the blackness above, through which the star of HOPE might gleam! But no! The increasing tempest flings defiance at our hopes! There we sit, silently, awaiting our destiny. We dread to cut away the masts, for if, perchance, the gale should abate, how can we escape the troughs of the seas without them. We fear to carry them, lest they should, unawares, precipitate themselves over the side, and become entangled upon us. Oh, how it blows! The maddened winds are hurling the spray high upon the yards and rigging, where it instantly congeals, so that neither rope nor block can be worked. Nothing can stand in the face of the wind. The heavy masts, with all their weight of yards and hamper, are bowing to its fury. The men, weary and exhausted by incessant labor, are abandoning the pumps, and huddling to the leeward of every object that breaks its force. Many of the men are frosted; all of them wet and chilled through. No fire, no food, no rest, no dry clothing, nothing to cheer, nothing to relieve, nothing to console, but HOPE! We dare to hope! How far Hope goes in misery's last extremity! We hope for the better; and with good reason; since three days and three nights have brought no abatement of the gale.

But hark!—"It lulls!" How joyful is every heart! The pump-

brakes fly more merrily; the men bend to the stroke with more of life and energy. It is the kindling up of Hope.

It lulls, but for a moment only; and again breaks upon us the wild and deafening roar of the elements. They have only retired to gather in greater fury, and now they almost extinguish Hope's flickering spark.

"Clear away the main hatches!" shouts the skipper as he reaches the deck. Like tigers to their prey, rush the men to the hatch bars; and soon bales and boxes are floating to leeward.

Once more it lulls. It is a little longer than the last, and more moderately breaks the gale again. Yet it is as much as our laboring craft can stagger under. Her complaining timbers tell loudly the struggle she contends. It moderates again. All is anxiety, hope, doubt. The danger is imminent. Those fearful lulls, at first so welcome, now so treacherous, are swinging us off and on in the trough of the sea, where, with tremendous lurches, our over-strained vessel plunges her head under the mountain masses of waters, and rises from their embrace deluged with seas, whose incumbent weight seems about to bury her forever.

"Clear away the main-topsail rigging, and get that close reefed main-topsail on her!"

Cheerily fly the men aloft, to the topsail yard; and aw y we are scudding under the close reefed sail. On,

"Like a mad steed,
Urged by its rider
And proud of its speed,"

the brig rushes; now dipping low in the wave; now rising unharmed; flinging the hissing spray from her bow, while the fresh wind strains at her bellied canvas, and the pursuing billows tumble and break majestically under her stern.

The weather continues to moderate. The fore tack is boarded. The reefs are gradually shaken out of the topsails, and, as the force of the wind continues to decrease, the topgallant sails are sheeted home, and the good brig, once more to her course, "walks the water like a thing of life."

THE
LIFE AND OBSERVATIONS

OF

A PERSON OF LIESURE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY THE AUTHOR.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jacques.

One that hath been a courtier

And says, if ladies be but young and fair

They have the gift to know it: and in his brain—

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

After a voyage—he hath strange places crammed

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms.

As You Like It, II. 7.

TO MYSELF,

As my firmest friend,

Both in prosperity and adversity,

With the deepest admiration for my talents,

And the nicest appreciation of my sterling worth,

These pages are respectfully inscribed,

By my very sincere friend,

THE AUTHOR.

THE INTRODUCTION

SIGNIFIETH WHY THE AUTHOR WROTE THESE MEMOIRS.

ACCORDING to the matter-of-fact and inquisitive nature of man, it is deemed necessary that every phenomenon beginning to exist should have a cause, and hence a motive for the construction of this autobiography is pre-supposed. What this motive may be, remains to be seen.

Those who embark upon such undertakings as the present, have usually one of four objects in view: the amusement or instruction of others: their own instructions or amusement. Whatever influence the first three of these may have exerted upon the author, his chief motive, object or end, is evidently his own amusement. Man is universally a vain animal, and it is pleasant to look back upon the scenes and actions, the thoughts and feelings, of our past lives, though they may chance to be valueless as the memories of a dream.

“Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.”

A sufficient lapse of time can even annul our personal identity, and enable us to look at "*that other me* there in the background," as Lamb has it, in the light of something extraneous to ourselves, which we can praise without vanity, and blame without remorse. We can laugh over our follies, we can weep over our sins, and complacently plume ourselves on our superiority to the object of those tears and smiles. With a pleasing confusion we regard ourselves as not ourselves, and examine our own (mental) features as critically as the old man does the portrait of his childish self, praising the rounded chin (it is *double* now) and the flaxen hair (that has since been brown and then well nigh black, and again gray, and now snow white) and, forgetting the identity, sigh out "such was I once," and if a scholar whisper thoughtfully

"Tempora mutantur et nos in illis mutamur,"

and so dream on. We look upon our lives in the past, as grave matters of history, and by a bold Irishism learn to sympathize with our own feelings. Hence arises the delight of such labors as the present, for what one of the pleasures is comparable to the pleasure of *sympathy*?

Especially are they delightful, when from any cause, such, for instance, as vanity, one is able to find keen enjoyment in the study of the peculiarities and eccentricities of his own nature, and, by some happy faculty of self-appreciation, can find beauties where others discover blemishes, and can cherish as flowers what most would discard as weeds.

"But," says an impertinent scruple, "what right have you to speak as you do, of this or that one of your *quondam* friends and acquaintances?" Not the least in the world, my dear sir, but pray remember this is designed for few eyes save my own, and is little more than thinking on paper. The fault is in the thought, and I cannot help that, if I would. But be this as it may; let it be granted that I am in the wrong; and what then? Why, I entrench myself behind a passage from Goethe's Autobiography and defy attack. "To the man of society," quoth Goethe, "it matters little whether he confer a benefit or an injury, *provided he be amused.*" I trust, Sir Impertinent Scruple, that you are satisfactorily answered.

And so I shall continue to write on as inclination or *ennui* prompt me. I may philosophize occasionally, and these pages become sententious, and Mad. de Stael-ish. I may be frivolous frequently; a mirror will be at hand to image my folly. I shall be prosy often, and (as now) a *camera obscura* will record my dullness. Whether I shall succeed in evoking from their silent tombs, departed recollections, so that they shall stand before me as in life, I know not. If they do not come at the first summons, I shall not delay for them, yet if they arrive behind their time, they shall not for that reason be rejected. Though they take not their due place in the procession, its motley ranks will still open to receive them whensoever or howsoever they may make their appearance. They will be entered in the order of their reception, and referred to their proper position in time.

I shall thus have a history of my life, irregular and rude enough, but

at the same time faithful for reference, and interesting (to myself, at least) in the perusal. I shall thus be able to compare different periods of my life, and thus gather counsel for my conduct in any succeeding emergency that may be similar to a past one. I shall thus drive away care and gain at once knowledge of human nature generally, and my own in particular. Attention, then, you into whose hands this manuscript may chance to fall, and be instructed or amused, for, believe me, the chambers of my heart are somewhat strangely hung with tapestry of by-gone memories.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

" the infant
Mewling and puking in its nurse's arms."
As You Like It, III, 2.

" My son—and what's a son ?
Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a son ?
He must be fed, be taught to go and speak.
Aye or yet ; why might not a man love a calf as well
Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid, as for a son ?
Methinks a young bacon,
Or a fine smooth little horse-colt
Should move a man as much as doth a son.
For one of these, in very little time
Will grow to some good use ; whereas a son
The more he grows in stature and in years,
The more unsquared, unbeveled, he appears,
Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
Strikes care upon their heads with his mad riots,
Makes them look old before they meet with age,
And this a son !" *The Spanish Tragedy, IV.*

HEREIN IS DECLARED THE BIRTH, LINEAGE, AND EARLY CHILDHOOD OF
THE AUTHOR, WITH MORAL AND LEARNED REFLECTIONS ON
SUNDRY COLLATERAL POINTS.

I have a great notion of working out my own horoscope. Not that I have on hand a vast surplus fund of astrological lore that I am anxious to invest profitably ; not that I am at all a believer in the prognosticating science ; not that I have any, the slightest curiosity as to my future state or states, (I say " state or states" to provide for the, by no means impossible, contingency of the truth of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and that I may not shock the prejudices of any Pythagorean who may meet with these pages ;) but, solely and simply because I know the precise hour of my nativity, as distinctly stated on that leaf of the family Bible, (Ed. Oxon., A. D. 1765,) which flanked

by two similar ones, at that time unoccupied, on one side, and by one similar one equally unoccupied on the other, may with its supporters be supposed to indicate the number of centuries between the last of the prophets and the first of the evangelists, which they divided. Or, for the number "four" is a significant one, they may be understood as in some sort indicative of the leap-year in which I entered upon this peculiarly comical concurrence of events which men call life, or of the weeks in the month that respectable matron, Mrs. Crone, remained in attendance on my pale parent and my red self. Or, again, looking upon them in their corporate capacity, and with a reference to their position in the gap between law and gospel, we may consider them expressive of the intercalary post which my birth-day occupied, between February and March. From all which, may be partially gathered the fact which, as I before said, was definitely and precisely stated under the head of Births, Deaths, and Marriages—occupying the second line on the page—thus :

JEDEDIAH PARKHURST DOLDRUM WAS BORN FEBRUARY THE 29TH, 1780, AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

And that is why I have a notion of calculating my own horoscope.

But to the fact. There is no manner of doubt as to that *I was born*. Another name was henceforth inscribed on the muster roll of humanity. Another "brief candle" was then lighted, which was to burn brightly or dimly as it might be for a season, and then be snuffed out, and the smoke mingle with the air about it. Another young wayfarer was then started on his travels over his own land, prior to making the *grand tour* to that

"undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveler returns."

Or, as Catullus similarly expresses it :

"Illuc, unde negant redire quemquam."

I certainly was born. Susan the maid ran across the street to tell Betsey, the cook at No. 47, that Mrs. Doldrum was mother of a fine boy, (so Susan was pleased to express herself,) and was doing as well as could be expected. Dr. R., who was the family physician, a short man, with a spare form, and a large nose, and a thin face, and a sallow skin, and a cool head, and a warm heart, and a quiet step by the bedside for the patient, and a good joke and a hearty laugh for whoever followed him from the sick room down the stairs, spread the news next morning as he made his calls, that Mrs. Doldrum had presented the Rev. Dr., her husband, with a son and heir. The muffled knocker, and the closed shutters, the hushed voices, and the noiseless step, all said the same thing. So the matter may be considered as settled, and the author may be looked on as born.

The cause of what may seem an over anxiety on the last mentioned point is this. Nothing can exist in nature which did not at some time begin to be. Hence it is needful that the first step should be clearly laid down, and my existence once for all demonstrated. Nor can this

be taken for granted, that all men are born; far from it; else what would become of Bacchus, so rudely hurried into being on that interesting occasion when Semele met her death, as the ancient coroner phrased it, by "direct visitation of Jove?"

But all this while, I, the boy Doldrum, have been forgotten. There I lay, in a state of helpless babyhood, on the lap of my nurse, More a roaring fire of bituminous coal, toasting away as though I were wanted for an oven, and it were necessary to heat me at the shortest possible notice. The fire puffing out from the half-consumed lumps of coal, little jets of flame, seemed delighted at the happy event, and endeavoring to get up an illumination in honor of it. The cat walked about the hearth, looking at me as though she feared a rival in the young stranger. I slept on regardless of both coal and cat.

As for my lineage promised in the heading to this chapter, the Rev. Dr. Doldrum, pastor of the Episcopal church in —, was my father, Mrs. Doldrum, his wife, was my mother, and there's a pedigree as long as you'll find in the private boxes to a certain opera we wot of. The moral reflections also, therein set down, my reader is requested to make for himself, and so ends the chapter, for says Terence,

"id arbitror

Apprime in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis."

EDITORS' TABLE.

"O! what a lark!—Here we are!"—COMIC GRAMMAR.

No—good, gentle, kind and clever readers—nothing would be more pleasing to us—but really the thing is impossible—you will not, therefore, will you, look for a *funny* Editors' Table? Did you stand in our position—our heads aching, our temper irritated, our bills un— &c., &c.,—did you stand in our places, you surely would say this is no time for fun and the making of fun. Do you practice in the Gymnasium, my friend? Yes, well—you don't! then do try it once, in order to feel the full force of the comparison we are about to make. Supposing you quietly take hold of the rings—now swing yourself forward entirely by the muscles in your arms—well done! you have gone nearly *two feet*!—now swing back, why, you are all of a foot behind where you started from—now forward again; another foot is gained—tired? perfectly easy, eh? well, keep at it—foot after foot is added to your arc, finely you are doing—but don't you feel a *little* tired now? why don't you speak? what makes you so red in the face? not angry, I hope; what! drop so soon! why didn't you kick the wall? "I—feel—more—like—like—*kicking the bucket!*" Now, good friend, come right over to our sanctum and blame an editor who has swung through the writing and superintendence of forty-five pages, for not regaling his readers with a comical kick-up of three pages in length, instead of having a little personal one, entirely for his own benefit, when the whole number is finished. Just do that, and we'll endeavor to get up a kick of *some kind*.

You must bear in mind, reader, that time, ever so mighty among kings and potentates, has made no small ravages in our editorial ranks—reducing, for a time, at least, our Quintumvirate to a triumvirate, the regular Roman standard. One of our number is about to enrol himself among the devotees of Blackstone and Story; he is, therefore, completely lost to us, for "the law is a jealous mistress," and Maga must expect to be forgotten amid more interesting *suits, contracts, pleadings and parties*. The other, Editor No. 2, is carrying forward the interests of literature in another part

of the intellectual vineyard—he is pedagoguing somewhere in the country! Night and day the poor fellow is sweating over the patriotic responsibility of teaching “the young idea how to shoot”—“the cheap defence of nations,” as Burke remarks. Of course, we can expect little aid from him; unless he transmit to us some specimens of those *young ideas*. If, therefore, you should find in our pages natural and innocent articles upon “Spring,” “The Horse,” “Fire,” “Contentment,” or such like subjects, bearing all the freshness of youthful thought, you will credit them to Ed. No. 2—that is, the procuring of them, and not the writing, no, no!

And now, why, in the name of justice and fairness, why are we so overwhelmed with articles from our classmates and others? Is it not plain that three editors cannot read, or in any way wade through such a mass of matter, as five? and yet you knew we were deprived of the assistance of the other two. And why, too, is it that, with the exception of a few profound and sober treatises which, of course, we are always glad to receive, such a quantity of humorous, playful and witty writing is rolled in upon us? Just look here—“A Courtship”—“The time we had at the Colonel’s”—“The Joke, by Thomas the Rhymers, Jr.”—“The College Genius”—“Now’s the Time—a Tale,” &c., &c. Why is it that we must provoke some of our friends by constantly requesting and imploring them with tears in our eyes to do something for us—that is, not to write. And, alas! the infection, we fear, has reached our own chosen ranks; or else, why should we a few days ago, upon the arrival of Ed. No. — from New York, run precipitately to him and exclaim, “Now *don’t* write us an article—at any rate, don’t write us *five pages*—if you do, we are *done for*, that’s all!” Reader, will you ponder upon this and grow wise?

We have on our table a poem entitled *THE BREAKERS*. We have submitted it—alas! we are no “judges of poetry”—to our favorites of Olympus, or Parnassus, which was it? and the general opinion seems to be that it is wanting in ease and naturalness, and, in many places, in correctness. Certainly, we concur in the decision, but at the same time, we must be allowed to hint, since we have already confessed our incapacity to judge, that there are some things in this poem that please us very much, that there seems often an originality, a liveliness of conception and a force of expression above the common rank of college poetry. We give a few of the stanzas.

Speaking of the ship—

Like silver buckler shines
Her canvas, clean and white,
Like polished steel her lines
Fling off the sunny light.

* * * * *

Sea-birds may skim the wave,
When winds blow fresh and fair,
Yet drop when tempests rave
And a whirlwind’s in the air;

But many a tempest foul
Assailed *this bird* in vain,
She rose above its scowl
Like an eagle o’er the slain.

And oft when typhon’s breath
Made heaven and earth unite,
She passed o’er seas of death
Like an angel robed in white.

* * * * *

Yet Heaven, though smileth she,
May not be always true,
For, gazing on the sea,
She’s grown as treacherous, too.

* * * * *

See by that lightning’s beam,
Whose scabbard is a cloud,
And gleams as daggers gleam,
Half hid within a shroud.

* * * * *

The breakers fierce are flinging
Their foam-plumes in the sky,
The whirlwinds wild are singing
A dirge for those who die.

She strikes! she sinks! the rocks
Their white teeth gnash around—
The tempest demon mocks
Each mortal’s waiting sound.

We shall be very happy to exchange with the MONTHLY MAGAZINE of Princeton. The last No. we have read with much interest. We cull the following choice specimens for your special pleasure, our own dear readers. But do not get the idea that this is a parody—more solemn truth, we assure you, was never written. The second stanza, in particular, for overwhelming truthfulness and sarcasm, is unequalled by anything in Cowper’s *similar piece*.

EDITOR'S COMPLAINT.

Forced from sleep and all its pleasures,
Land of dreams we left forlorn ;
To increase our mental treasures
On our heads we scratched till morn.

Men in College bored and quizzed us,
Asked, "when *will* your work appear?"
But though lolling to receive it,
They would not aid, nay only sneer.

Are there as ye sometimes tell us
Powerful minds in Nassau Hall ?
Oh that by some means, good gracious,
We could get the proof withal !

Think not Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen,
Think not Seniors must do all ;
Though you may not *much* enlighten,
Mites are mites, if *they are small*.

"Hark !" ye answer, "what's the rumour,
Venting thus your incensed ire ?
Lashing every man among us ;
No such language can we bear."

We foreseeing what vexations
Editors must undergo,
Do these gentle maledictions
For *their* comfort cast on you.

Every person knows the extent to which *slang terms* abound in college ; and nearly every one has often experienced no little annoyance and embarrassment from an ignorance of their meaning. This is especially apt to be the case with young gentlemen who have just concluded to honor the faculty with a four years' residence here. It was only two months ago that we heard one of these unfortunates, beneath our window, declaring to a companion that he *frizzled* abominably, but he couldn't help it. Now, how delightful it would be for such a person to get, upon his arrival in town, a beautiful little volume, in which he could learn all these words in a dozen hours, and upon which, perhaps, he might be examined by the college officers. Well, a friend of ours, who shall be nameless, proposes doing this very identical thing. In addition to the vocabulary, a key will be constructed, showing how many of the most important words are to be pronounced, i. e., the precise twang to be given in different circumstances, as in colloquial use, on the college fence, out of the window, &c.

Want of time must account for the absence of proper arrangement in the following specimen of the forthcoming publication.

Boy. A youth, case, bird, one of 'em.

Collar. To come up with, to seize, to lay hold on, to appropriate.

Gobble. Same signification as the foregoing, except used generally in a more philosophical sense.

Rush. To fancy, when called upon to recite, that you see the printed page, and then commence reading in the languages, to *really* see the page, &c.

Fizzle. To rise with modest reluctance, to hesitate often, to decline finally ; generally, to misunderstand the question.

Flunk. To decline preceptorily, and then to whisper, "I had it all, except that confounded little place."

Skin. To read over a lesson with a friend and not be offended at his assumption of superior knowledge.

Sickness. Indisposition arising from a direct effort of volition.

Set up. To go down, and to take down, and then, sometimes, to lie down.

Boot-licker. [Obsolete in college.]

Excuse. An exercise of the ingenuity.

Appointment. A reward of ingenuity.

Splurge. To expatiate at large, to appeal to broad and general principles.

Performance. Any action, word, thought, feeling, emotion, conception, notion ; anything, nothing.

Round. Not perpendicular, not all straight.

Time. A spree, a row, an occasion, who's afraid.

Seed. [See *Boy*.]

Over the Left. "Stating that which is not true as if it were so."—*Whately*.

The NEW ENGLAND OFFERING has been gladly received. The factory girls have our heartiest regards—may they have the privilege of handling the broomstick (in the right way, of course) around some domestic hearth, as ably as they now wield the pen.

We have a few puns on hand, which our readers must patiently wait for till our next No.

VOL. XIV.

No. IV.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

FEBRUARY, 1849.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV.

FEBRUARY, 1849.

No. 4.

THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.

A TALE OF THE DANGERS OF BOSTON BAY.

BY NED BOWLINE.

CHAPTER I.

White as a white sail on a dusky sea,
When half the horizon's clouded and half free,
Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,
Is Hope's last gleam in man's extremity.

The Island.

THE night was black and tempestuous. The winter wind roamed in all its fury over land and sea ; now roaring like a mad beast ; now whistling and shrieking, as it rushed along over hilltop, headland, and vale ; now tilting with the withered shrub ; now wrestling with the sturdy oak ; bowing, like green rushes, the giant limbs of the forest, and leveling, at one fell swoop, the high and the low.

The sea, as well as the land, felt the fury of the wind on that bitter night. From far away over leagues and leagues of ocean it hastened ; summoning with its clarion peal, the reluctant waters to a heavy conflict ; struggling in savage might, with many a gallant bark, and, with long and piercing shriek, burying, in the unfathomed tomb of ocean, the vestiges of that which once had proudly swept, a monarch, over its waters.

In the city the hum of busy life was hushed. The deserted streets were free to the career of the storm which, without scruple, was thundering admittance at the barred casements of the rich and the defenseless tenements of the poor. Within, around its cheerful firesides, were many anxious thoughts of the mariner who, in his misfortune, was doomed to buffet the anger of the wintry gale. Without, the flickering street lamps burnt an uncertain flame ; the shivering watchman nestled in his cover ; and anon, some late goer hurried homeward, stoutly breasting the driving snow that, sent forth upon the chill breath of the gale, was burying land and sea in a mantle of storms.

Upon the steps of a large granite edifice, in the commercial vicinity of the city, stood a young man buttoning tight his heavy coat in preparation to sally forth into the storm.

Bowing his head to the wind he hastened up the street, occasionally muttering thoughts that seemed to prey upon his mind, and lengthen his rapid steps as he turned corner after corner, and threaded street after street, wending his way to that part of the city called the South Cove.

The deep-toned notes of the old South rolled forth the hour of ten, as the young man turned down a narrow lane, and passing through a court yard, entered a neat two story dwelling standing at its head.

"Oh, George! I am so glad you have come!"—was the greeting which met the young man as he entered the little parlor of his home. "Do you bring any news of the ship? You have been gone so long that I thought you surely had heard of her."

"No, mother, there are no news of the ship, yet. A brig came up, this afternoon, that spoke her yesterday in the Bay; and so I waited a long time at the Exchange, to see if any more report of her would be given. But there is none yet."

"Do you think the ship is near?"

"Yes, mother, she must be near; and—I am afraid she is on the coast, to-night!"

There was something in the tone of his response that alarmed the mother.

"Oh—no!—not on the coast to-night! Poor husband! God grant it may not be! He would be lost—surely, he would be lost—it is such a dreadful night, and you know how often he has told us of the dangers of a Northeast storm in the Bay!"

"The ship may not be on the coast. Perhaps she stood off to sea again, before the storm came on; and"—

"But," interrupted the mother, "what do the newsmen say? Don't they think it a terrible night, and don't they think it impossible for a ship to out-ride such a storm in the Bay, and so dark and cold?"

"Oh, they don't know, mother. But, hark! What was that!—and that!—a gun!—did you hear it?"

"I hear it—I hear it—it is a gun! A ship in distress! Oh, Heaven grant it may not be my husband; so near his home and in distress! Oh, no!—no!—no!"—and overcome by her emotion, she sank back in her chair, exhausted.

"But, dear mother, do not be distressed," said the young man, as if to soothe her extreme emotion. "I do not think it could be father. How could we hear a gun from his ship, so far?"—and then, as if in doubt, he added, "But the wind blows right this way, and we might hear a gun, to-night, several miles."

Again, while he was yet speaking, came to their ears the same solitary report, even above the howling of the elements. It aroused the mother. "That gun!—Did I hear it?—Oh, it is agony!—Poor husband!—Heaven succor whoever struggles for life to-night!"

No more was spoken. The young man, drawing his chair nearer to his mother, supported her agitated frame.

They sat in solemn and unbroken silence. There was a meaning in that distress gun. Its sullen report, booming from far distance, through darkness and tempest, told the peril of some noble ship; and to whom more distinctly than to those whose hearts were on the ocean, with the mariner in the storm.

The furniture of the little parlor, wherein they sat, was, by no means, sumptuous; but plain and comely, and arranged with that taste which bespoke frugality and care in her who presided over the domestic concerns of the house. In the middle of the room stood a covered table, over-scattered with books, and a bright astral burnt sociably upon it. A glass ship, brought from France, was sheltered by a transparent case upon the mantel-piece, where, also, were arranged a few sea-shells, and rare marine curiosities. A wood fire was crackling in the chimney place, and its cheerful glow lighted the sad features of mother and son, as they sat revolving in silence the occurrences of the past hour.

The mother was fair in feature. Her countenance spoke of much kind feeling and womanly worth; but there lurked the melancholy shade of anxious thought; and here and there, a sportive wrinkle told that care had not been a stranger to her path.

While young, she had been left an orphan; and at an early age was wedded to Henry L——, who, in childhood her first playmate, had possessed such sympathies as to endear him early to her heart. He, from his younger days, had followed the seas; first, from inclination, excited by alluring dreams of its romance, and its wild free life; but eventually compelled, by circumstances, to adhere to it as a profession.

Enterprising, ardent and skillful, he soon arose from subordination to command; and now, at thirty-five, had been for ten years master of an Indiaman. This was to be his last voyage, for he was intending, at its termination, to give up his ship, and spend his remaining days in the quiet of his own family, whom the sweat of his brow had thus far supported, and for whom it had accumulated a little income for the future.

The youth who was sitting beside his mother, was hardly fifteen. Yet his frank and manly countenance, the firm and decided curve of his lip, the quick and searching expression of his eye, told that his short life had been marked with the responsibility and charge becoming one of older years. And so it had been. For, during the long absences of his father, it had been his duty and care to attend to the wants, and protect the affairs of his mother, with a younger brother and sister; a task as dear to his generous heart as to that of a father himself.

It was now a long time that the mother and son had been sitting in silence. Moments were flying unconsciously to each. The church clocks of the city struck—Eleven—Twelve. The boy, turning to his mother, aroused her from her reverie.

"Mother, I would not sit up longer. It is late, and you need sleep, for you are weary and sick by watching; and father cannot come tonight, even if his ship should be near."

"No, George, he will not come to-night, if ever he comes! But that gun! oh, I know it came from his ship!—Poor man!—no one near to aid him—here, by his own fireside, I hear his cry for help!—and yet no help!—oh, Heaven aid him!—aid him!"—and again she sank back exhausted upon the arm of her son.

"But no, mother, that gun may not come from father's ship; so, do cheer up. At all events, we cannot know to-night, and you will be very sick if you watch longer."

"Well, if it is not he, it is some poor sufferer who has a family as dear as his own. We will pray our Heavenly Father to answer that distress gun; then we will leave all with Him."

CHAPTER II.

The ship works hard; the seas run high;
 Their white tops, flashing through the night,
 Give to the eager, straining eye,
 A wild and shifting light.

"Hard at the pumps!—The leak is gaining fast!
 Lighten the ship!—The devil rode that blast!"

The Buccaneer.

Towards the close of the same day upon which our tale opens, a stately ship, under a heavy press of canvas, was standing into Boston Bay. As she neared the land, she continued to crowd on sail, apparently eager to make a harbor, ere the storm, which had long been brewing in the Northeast, should break forth.

The inauspicious appearances seaward, had not been unnoticed by those on board the ship. Carefully had they watched the weather, which, thick and murky, was settling down into hard and frowning masses upon the Eastern board, gradually rendering the outlines of the horizon obscure, save where the comb that whitened continually around, betokening the coming gale, lit up the crests of the billows, for an instant, with its frosty glare. The barometer and storm glass had been often consulted; and each varying degree was warning the homeward-bound navigator to hasten to some sheltered anchorage, nor hazard a struggle with a Northeaster in the Bay.

The ship was an Indiaman. Her long and tapering spars, the gentle cut of her jib, the neatness of her trim, and the symmetry of her rig, all advantageously displayed as she yielded to the freshening breeze, showed that he who trod her quarter deck was master of his profession.

The ship had been a long time at sea. For months the Ocean's sun had arisen, and gone down upon her homeward path. She had come a dangerous and devious course; now grappling with the fierce typhoons of the Indian seas; now nodding defiance to the frowning icebergs of the Cape; now sleeping upon the waters of the burning Line; now toying with the light airs of the Tropics; ploughing the boisterous billows of the Atlantic; and now, seeming to scent the fresh breezes of her native land, she was urging her wings in eager haste for home.

Darkness began to settle upon the surface of the sea, and the long impending gale began to pipe from out the Northeast, driving before it squalls of sleet and snow; yet the ship stood to her course, momentarily expecting to get a glimpse of the Light House, or a pilot into some sheltered anchorage.

Night and storm had fallen heavily upon the Ocean; the gale was increasing in wildness and fury; but the ship, under continually shortened sail, still pressed on, as if confident in the direct course she was pursuing; and heeded little the threatening aspect of the waters, that were now upraising themselves, far and near, in "seas of fluctuating fire."

"Do you make nothing out ahead?"—anxiously inquired the master, as one of the look-outs descended from the fore topsail yard, where he had been long endeavoring to penetrate the dense darkness into which the ship was driving.

"Nothing at all, sir!—it's thicker than mustard ahead!" A shadow of disappointment crossed the features of the master.

"How does she go along, there?" he cried, turning suddenly to the man at the wheel.

"West-no'-west b' no'th, sir!"

"Does she make the course good?"

"Aye, aye, sir!—good and full!"

The master paused in thought. For a moment he was in doubt what to do.

"It will never do to stand on in this way," he muttered, "and a fierce Northeaster roaring at our heels."

"Call 'em up there to shorten sail!" he shouted to the officer of the deck. Then, pushing aside the companion hatch, he hastened below, while the hoarse shouts of "Call the watch!"—"All hands, ahoy!—shorten sail!"—echoing along the decks, told the prompt execution of his orders.

Spreading on the cabin table, a well-thumbed chart of the Bay, upon which fell the flickering rays of the lantern swinging overhead; and without staying to remove his heavy storm clothing, which was copiously shedding big drops upon the sheet, he carefully measured the space that the ship must have run towards the land, since the storm set in. Now he was anxiously calculating the remaining distance ahead, when there came from aloft, and was echoed at the companion hatch, the hoarse cry,

"Light, ho!"

"Where away?" was the prompt reply from the quarter deck.

"On the weather bow, sir; about two points!"

"On the weather bow! did you say?"—and he bent forward, eager to catch the reply of the seaman on the yard.

"Aye, aye, sir!—on the weather bow!" was faintly returned through the gale.

"Heavens, that will never do!" then above the full fury of the storm, he rang the loud cry,

"Stand by to 'bout ship!"

For a moment was heard the heavy and hurried tramp of the men to their stations, and the fall of frozen coils, flung from belaying pins upon the deck.

"All ready forward, sir!" was the scarcely intelligible response from the forecastle.

"Helm's a-lee!"

In obedience to her helm, the good ship, for a moment, swung from her course. But her sails were stiff and motionless, and immediately she fell back again.

"What's the matter there!—Won't she come up?"—thundered the trumpet from the quarter deck.

"No sir! The topsail blocks are frozen, and the yards won't work!"

A terrible oath was about to escape the lips of the master, as he heard this disheartening response; but some better feeling checked it. He knew that now he must be too near the land to wear ship; that time would be lost in clearing away the frozen rigging, to put the ship about; and it was probable that even then, the frozen sails would not "take back." He therefore gave orders to the helmsman to keep the ship to her course, determined to hazard the attempt of running safely into Boston harbor, with the alternative of shipwreck, should he fail.

On, on, like a goaded steed, dashes the ship; and a wake, like a maelstrom, is roaring and foaming behind her.

A solemn silence reigns along the deck. An instinctive prescience of some impending danger, has closed every lip. The watch have stowed themselves away under the weather rail; but there, as the ship pitches suddenly into a sea the cold spray is dashed over them. The man at the helm is blinded with snow. The binnacle lamp throws its steady flame upon the quivering face of the compass. Here, the eye of the master, at one moment, is resting; then it is watching the head of the booming ship, buried in the spray that gleams through the darkness like the flashes of a meteor.

"We'll fetch it yet!" said the master, exultingly, to his officer, as they both stood, side by side, against the weather rail, each wrapt in a heavy storm jacket that faithfully shed the pelting sleet and snow. "We'll fetch it yet! The good old ship knows her way in the dark too well to miss it!"

Again all are silent. Anon, between the lisplings of the gale, can be heard the harsh creakings of the over-strained wheel, fixed in the steel grasp of two stalwart men; the shriek of the spars laboring to escape from their hamper; the rattle of the icy spray falling back from the frozen canvas.

On, on sweeps the ship, the brave ship. Night fills her perilous path, and the arms of an angry ocean are lifting to check her daring course. Still, on sweeps the ship, the bold ship. The wild winds are whistling through every shroud, and each lofty spar bows, like a sapling, before the might of the storm. Still, on sweeps the ship, the adventurous ship, flying, like a frightened sea-bird, before the relentless gale.

Anxiety is upon its utmost stretch. Doubt, fear, alarm, settle gloomily upon every heart.

But, lo ! a shock ! The strong ship reels ! The beams quake ; the bulkheads groan ; every man is prostrate upon the deck ; panic and confusion follow universal.

The ship had struck. Where—upon what—no one knew. For a moment she remained hard and fast. She seemed immovable. But one broad-backed wave came hastening on, and, with a single blow, swung her around, broadside to the seas that were fast rolling in, eager to dash her timbers to atoms, and wash away all traces of her death.

The masts were snapped in a twinkling. The sturdy planks groaned to parting. Yet, notwithstanding the imminent danger of the breaching seas, the master lost none of his self-command. Getting a gun to leeward, it was three times loaded and three times discharged in the hope of acquainting some one with their distress. The heavy report was snatched away by the wild gale, but darkness and distance brought back no response.

CHAPTER III.

Riseth the winter sun
Over the sea ;
All white and pitiless
Down looketh he ;
Still comes the winter wind,
Howling and free ;
Still thunders the surf,
And the ice lines the shore,
But again shall that gallant ship
Sail never more.

The Winter Shipwreck.

"This is a wild night, a very wild night," said the old wrecker of Point Alderton to his wife, as they sat in the cozy kitchen of their little cottage upon the cliff, listening to the gale without.

"Aye, dear, it is," she replied, dropping her knitting and leaning forward to add another log to the crackling pile already upon the hearth ; "it is a wild night, but we need not mind it ; there's comfort in that. I'll get ye your pipe."

"No, no, not now," said the wrecker, rising and buttoning up his heavy storm jacket and pulling on his huge jack boots ; "I'll take a puff at that when I come back."

"When ye come back !" exclaimed his wife. "Surely, man, ye're not going out such night as this ! It isn't fit that a dog should stir from the house !"

"Perhaps not, dear," returned the wrecker, "but that may be no reason why a man shouldn't. I must go," he continued, "and look after those lads. It's an hour now, and better, since they went off to see what those guns meant, and it's high time they were back, unless they've got into trouble."

"But, stay with me ; the lads will be here soon," rejoined his wife. "Aye, here they come now!"

The cottage door was unlatched. The wind flung it open, and two hardy-looking young men entered, encased in numerous layers of jackets, over which the freezing sleet, to which they had been exposed, had formed an icy covering. They brought ropes and lanterns in their hands.

"Well, lads, what do you make out? You've had a tough siege, I reckon; and I began to be afeared for you." Such was the greeting from the old wrecker, as his two sons drew near to the blazing hearth.

"We don't make anything out, sir!" replied one of the young men. "There's a ship on the Point, like enough; and those guns, like enough, came from her. But we can't tell anything certain, for it blows the very devil's hurricane; I never saw such a night on all this coast; why, the pier down in the cove is half torn away!"

"And so you've learned nothing about those guns?"

"No, sir; nothing at all!"

"But can't you find out whether there's a ship on the Point or not? Wife! say, are there any rockets in the locker?"

"That there isn't, my man, not one; and I told ye that when ye went up to the city, the other day. I knew ye'd be wanting them, the first bad night."

"There's no hailing the Point?—no lights?—no bonfires?—eh, lads?" said the wrecker, turning again to the young men.

"No, sir; there's nothing of the kind! why, bless you, it blows wild enough down there to take a dead man's breath away!"

"And yet you think there is a ship there?"

"I think there is; those guns could not have come from any but an inward-bounder; but how can we know, its darker than the devil's pocket, and you can see nothing at all, six inches ahead of a lantern!"

"How is it with the weather? Is it going to slacken?" and with this query, the wrecker stepped to the door of his cottage to take a survey of the storm.

His well-practised eye took in all at a glance. Dense darkness above and around. Not one solitary star disclosed a break in the heavens. The surf thundered at the foot of the cliff, and, now and then, the increasing tempest, tearing off with a giant's grasp, the crests of the enormous billows, would fling the spray high over the face of the rock, to the very spot where the wrecker stood. The beach below was fringed with whirlwinds of spectral foam; and the glare of the comb on the billows, chasing each other landward with fearful velocity, now and then flashed through the darkness upon the wrecker's sight. Anon, some stray diver, or frantic sea-gull, went screaming by; but their clangorous cries were soon lost amid the tumult of the elements. Northward, in the direction of the Point, nothing was discernable. Wind and waves were spending their fury upon that unprotected spot, and darkness gave no tokens of their mercy.

"A wild night, indeed," said the wrecker, shutting the door and approaching the hearth, where the young men were warming them-

selves. "A wild night, indeed; if any poor fellows are on the Point they will fare hard till day breaks!"

"The gale must hold up before morning, sir;" rejoined one of the young men. "It never hangs a great while at this pitch."

"Aye," answered the wrecker, "it will be all spent before day-light, Old Davy can't blow in this way long, without splitting his cheeks. Come, lads!" he added, after a pause, "turn in and rouse out as soon as day breaks, and we'll go down to the beach to see what can be done. And, mind you," continued the old man, as they clambered up to the loft for their bunks, "that you turn out early."

When the next morning dawned, the gale had abated, and the waters of the Bay had somewhat subsided from their fury. A heavy swell was rolling in, from far seaward, dashing the cold waters of the ocean against the weather-beaten rocks that dared to offer a limit to their course.

The wreckers of Point Alderton were early astir. The first gray light of dawn found them descending to the beach, to render assistance to any who might be suffering from the gale of the previous night.

Upon the irregular chain of rocks, jutting far out to the Northeast, lay the battered hull of a large ship. The waves were beating heavily against it, tearing away, morsel by morsel, its remaining timbers, and, now and then, making a complete breach over and above it. Her masts were gone. Upon her decks appeared the forms of men hurrying to and fro, as in the hope of discovering approaching relief.

The situation of the ship was no sooner made known to the wreckers, than the plan was formed of carrying instant assistance to her. The life-boat was dragged from its cover to the beach, and launched into the surf. But the sea rolled too high, and broke too fearfully. Again and again did the strong arms of the wreckers guide the buoyant boat after the receding surf, and as often did the enraged sea turn back and dash it to the beach.

The people on board the wrecked ship had watched with intense anxiety, these attempts to bring them succor; and when they saw that each had failed, and the signal of the wreckers told that it was useless to attempt, at present, their relief; despair settled heavily upon their distressed spirits. Inevitable death again stared them in the face. Death, in any other form, would have brought no fears. But such a death! death upon their native shores, from which they had been so long absent, towards which their every thought, for months past, had been turning; death within sight of aid, and almost within sight of home; such a death was more than the sturdy souls of those shipwrecked men could endure, without one attempt, one struggle of their own for life; and to succeed or perish in that attempt was all! It was to swim!

A form appears upon the bow. Balancing itself, it plunges into the boiling surf. Another follows; now, another—and another. They buffet it long and manfully. From the shore and from the ship, their strugglings are anxiously watched. Now they approach the beach. They are near. They have almost reached it. They cannot sustain

the strife much longer. One wave more will roll them on. But, alas ! that wave comes not, ere " with bubbling groan," each manly form has settled, lifeless, beneath the surface of the angry waters.

Day advances ; and, as the morning sun bathes land and sea in his cheerful light, the billows of the Bay seem to assuage their commotion, thus offering a less perilous navigation to the wreckers.

The life-boat is again dragged to the beach ; and, amid prolonged and hearty cheers, it rides the heavy swells, shaking itself free from their foamy embrace. The boat hastens to the ship, which is now crumbling upon the rocks ; and, reaching her side in safety, the poor fellows slide down and are drawn into it. All are in, and the command is given, " cut away !" A sheaf knife gleams along the painter ; it is severed, and the boat, turning about her head, speeds her way to the shore.

But the boat, in the hurry of its departure, had left one of the company on board the wreck. The master, wishing to be the last to desert his ship, had awaited the descent of all his men to the boat, ere he himself came forward to descend. Unfortunately, while crossing the deck, a heavy lurch of the ship threw him from his feet ; and being unable, in his exhausted state, to recover himself before the order to cut away was given, he was left the solitary and helpless inhabitant of a crumbling wreck !

The boat pursued its way towards the shore, unconscious that it had left behind a part of its burden. The missing man was discovered leaning over the ship's side, and endeavoring, by feeble shouts, to arrest attention ; when a dozen voices in the boat exclaimed, " We must go back for him ! we must save him !" But how could they go back ? Their boat had already as heavy a burden, as it could safely carry through the swell. An attempt to go about would be extremely hazardous. It was but a short distance to the shore ; they might accomplish that, and afterwards return to the ship. But the ship was fast breaking in pieces upon the rocks. Before they could reach the shore, and return, she might be entirely gone. It was a moment of anxious suspense. What should they do ? There was no alternative but to proceed and return.

" Give way ! Give way cheerily, my lads !" cried the skipper, and the boat was hurried on towards the beach ; where it landed the rescued crew, and once more turned its head to the ship.

The wreckers, regardless of their own safety, and bent only upon the rescue of a fellow being from an awful death, urge the boat boldly through the seas, that uplift themselves, as if to warn them of the peril of their undertaking.

They are approaching the wreck ; the master is anxiously awaiting their coming, and now they are almost within his reach. But, lo ! a deep groan ! The ship opens, splits asunder, and Henry L., falling through the chasm, sinks into the watery depths below and is seen no more !

CHAPTER IV.

A sound is heard upon the gale,
The voice of those who mourn,
As slowly, to his long repose,
The loved, the lost is borne.
The sea has yielded up its dead;
The ever-changing tide
Has granted to the senseless clay,
The boon in life denied.

Anon.

Three days had passed. The melting snows were fast leaving the earth, and the chill rigor of winter was temporarily giving way to one of those mild extremes of temperature, so common to the New England climate. All nature was bright. The world of gayety and pleasure was abroad. The ice-bound streams unlocked their glassy fetters, and limpid brooks leaped forth, with merry babblings, at sight of Nature's glorious luminary.

The setting sun threw its fading light upon a little cluster of mourners, gathered around an open grave, over which a clergyman was performing the solemn rites of burial.

The stillness of the hour seemed in sweet accordance with the solemnity of the scene.

As the clergyman finished, the few mourners gathered around the coffin to take a last look at its inmate. She that was foremost was attired in the deepest mourning. Lifting her dark veil, she bent a long and earnest gaze upon the cold form of the dead. Beside her, stood a manly youth, upon whom she leaned. His gaze was also fixed intently upon the dead, but his disciplined heart betrayed none of the grief that rankled deeply within. With a hand in his, and by his side, stood a little girl, and a younger boy. The eyes of the one were deeply dyed by constant weeping; while the other gazed, in mute dread, upon the pall and bier, ignorant of the cause of so much silence and sorrow.

For moments no sound of man or nature broke upon the tranquillity of the scene. The very stillness of the grave was in that little circle.

A murmur was heard; and the music of a hymn arose, sweetly as incense, upon the air.

The music ceased. The bearers came forward to adjust the cords, by which the coffin was to be lowered to its last resting place. The gray-headed sexton leaned upon his spade, near the brink of the grave, waiting to fulfill his task.

Then the venerable man of God advanced, and, raising his hand in blessing, his voice broke forth in slow and solemn cadence—"We now commit to their last and long resting place, the mortal remains of Henry L——. Here let them mingle with the dust, from whence

they sprung ; here let them slumber, until the loud trump of the Archangel shall wake the dead, and summon him and us before the Judgment Bar."

There was a pause ; sighs and tears told the grief for the departed.

The young man had, as yet, betrayed no outward emotion. Now his ashy lip quivered, his cheek blanched, his eye moistened, and the stern reserve of manhood gave way to the hot tears of sorrow.

The youngest, his little heart swelling too full for utterance, began to catch something of the cause of the sadness about him : shrinking to his mother's side, and looking up into her face, he asked, in his own innocent and plaintive manner, " Mother, is that father they are going to put down there ! " A faint sob was the only response ; and he leaned with a pensive gaze, upon the bier, unable to comprehend that now he was fatherless.

The coffin was lowered into the grave ; the cords were drawn up by the bearers ; the last supplication for Heaven's blessing upon the bereaved, was offered ; then, the silence was broken by the rattling of earth and gravel, and the harsh scrapings of the sexton's spade.

The earth, that had opened its bosom to receive its inmate, was closed ; the dry sods were carefully replaced, and a gentle mound above the sleeper's breast was all that told that dust had returned again to dust.

The widow and the fatherless mourners repaired to their desolate home. The voice of joy and gladness had fled their once happy fireside, and now arose the cries of lamentation and mourning. Their fondest hopes, their brightest anticipations were gone, scattered in one short moment, and blighted forever ; and now began to crowd fast and heavily upon them, the sorrows and the trials of those whom the world calls the Widow and the Fatherless.

The bleak months of Winter, with all their cold storms and chilling winds, had passed away.

Upon a bright morning of the early spring, while the fresh air was alive with the melody of birds, and fragrant with the incense of opening herb and flower, I turned my careless steps to a neighboring churchyard.

In a secluded nook of the yard, where, in Nature's sympathy, drooped a weeping willow, my eye caught the white surface of a tablet newly erected. Drawing near to the spot, I espied a little child planting early flowers upon a grave which was still moist with the morning's dew. I paused to watch her in her affectionate task, until it was completed, and she was about to take up her basket to go.

" My little girl," said I, " you seem happily employed ; perhaps you can tell me whose grave this is."

She turned, somewhat startled at my abruptness, and lifting her rudimentary face, as the stray locks fell gracefully back upon her shoulder, she

fixed her dark eye for a moment upon me, then in silence pointed to the white tablet. I looked up and read, MY FATHER.

When I turned for my little companion, she had gone. Retracing my steps homeward, I passed the opposite side of the tomb ; there I read the touching inscription, which stood in bold relief upon the white surface, MY HUSBAND.

A sad memento, thought I, of bruised and broken hearts, of THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.

"THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY."

A LEGEND.

"THE bed of this lake was once a beautiful valley, in the center of which was a spring of water, covered by a broad stone. Tradition declared that the stone might safely be removed at night, but if the sunlight ever shone into the well, a destructive inundation would follow. Two lovers, the legend says, met by moonlight, and stood conversing by the uncovered spring until sunrise stole upon them unperceived, and changed the valley into a lake."

I.

Moonlight in the fairies' dell ;
Shadows on an islet fair ;
Starlight by the haunted well ;
Kathleen waits her lover there,
Lingers by th' enchanted stone,
Guardian of its fountain bride.
Move it *now* ! The moon alone
Glanceth on the bubbling tide !

II.

Midnight in the fairies' dell ;
Maid and lover side by side ;
Wavelets in the haunted well,
Starward leap in crested pride.
Blushes break on Kathleen's cheek ;
Softly peals the midnight chime :
Lover bold and maiden meek
Heedless seem of passing time.

III.

Dawn-light in the fairies' dell :
Homeward fly the lovers now :
Sunlight strikes the haunted well,
Darting from the mountain's brow !
Torrent-like the fountain flows ;
Waves submerge the islet fair ;
Over all the waters close :
Now a placid lake is there !

"THE BLUES."

BY A SUFFERER.

"Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and gray."

It is somewhat remarkable, that the phenomena of the mind embraced under the general term "blues," have never been carefully analyzed and accurately classified. If the air about us swarmed with venomous insects, whose attacks gave rise to different degrees of inconvenience and suffering, and sometimes even produced death, the winged marauders would very soon be caught and examined, and antidotes for the poison of each be discovered and proclaimed. But though the atmosphere of thought is literally alive with ideal insects, which go buzzing through the brain, stinging the very soul, and poisoning the rich fruit of contentment and happiness, yet no one, I believe, has ever thrown around them, even the gossamer net of conjecture, much less exposed them in the burning focus of a careful and philosophical examination.

If a neighbor or a friend should acquire habits of intemperance, and fling off the drapery of manhood for the filthy rags of drunken disgrace, an hundred voices would call him from the paths of riot and pollution, an hundred hands would dash the streaming goblet from his lips, and the patriot and statesman would tread with granite weight upon the nefarious traffic which barter death for gold. If misfortune or disease should disorder the brain and shatter the intellect of a relative or companion, and fire his eye with the wild glare of mania or delirium, even *this* wreck of humanity would find comparative comfort and safety in the haven of medical ingenuity and skill, and every blow of his heavy chains, clashing against the bars of his apartment, would only plunge the Physician still deeper into the mysteries of medicine, would only excite him to renewed activity and energy.

But when a man is drunk with revery; crazy with the murderous pressure of his own gloomy thoughts; when he is falling into a habit which rolls like a black cloud across the silver disc of hope and happiness, and twines about his once vigorous energies, the crushing folds of despair, the world, forsooth, must look on and laugh, or pass by with a contemptuous sneer. Here is an evil, starting up in the midst of society, fastening upon the young and blithesome heart with the ferocity of a famished tiger, and tearing into shreds the filmy tissue of human enjoyment, and yet, Philosophy does not honor it with her notice, and Reason curls his thin lips with contempt, and hurries away to battle Millerism and classify flies.

If you could have seen what I have, dear reader, often, before I entered this institution, and with appalling frequency since; if you could have seen a young man, with a lithe and athletic frame and a mind modeled after the massive intellect of a Newton; with high hopes,

warm imaginings, and a heart whose every throb beat time to strains of noble and generous sentiment; a being who blossomed into childhood, bloomed into youth, and towered into manhood with a stormless prospect before him, a golden harvest of wealth and honor waiting only his sickle to bestow upon him all that could add charms to life; if you could have seen such an one, I say, drooping beneath the sirocco breath of his own distorted fancies; stepping into the grave at the summons of a visionary destiny; relaxing the nerves of intellectual vigor, which should have been strung for a conflict and a victory, merely because his disordered mind brooded upon possible evils until their shadows really crept upon him, you would not deem me too earnest in language, or too vivid in description.

What is health, and wealth, and talent, to a mind which plucks torment from the noblest gifts of Providence; which drops poison into the clearest fountains of enjoyment; which bears within itself that which distorts all that is beautiful and fair, all that was intended to deck the tangled shrubbery of life with fruit and flowers? Such a mind, like a crazy Templar, has unarmed itself in the presence of the Saracen; shattered sword and shield and helmet, so that when misfortune *does* come, as it most assuredly will, it finds an easy and an unresisting victim.

Such a mind, too, is destitute of energy and vigor; unable to achieve anything glorious and honorable; unfitted to struggle with the billows of active life. What inducement is there to patient toil and unyielding activity when the poor wretch sees before him no prospect of success? What encouragement to join in the flaunting tournament of politics, the bayonet strife of law, or the confused *melee* of mercantile enterprise, when the first beat of the drum rings in his ear like a funeral knell? What stimulus to vigorous action, when hope is dead, ambition crushed, love unarmed?

I have always believed that the principal source of such an unnatural depression of spirits was in a tendency to revery. An imaginative mind, in the first dawn of youth and happiness, is prone, in its moments of rest and inactivity, to busy itself in fashioning airy edifices, and in arranging the connexion of cause and effect in such a manner as to produce a scene of unnatural beauty. Banners and laurel wreaths, submissive subjects and awed and listening senates, countless wealth and the full dark eye of female loveliness, float in dreamy splendor before the rapt vision of the enthusiast, and when the glittering pageant sweeps by, and the tide of reality flows back upon him, he starts from his revery, and finds himself in the midst of what seems to be a dull and stupid world.

Back again, at the first opportunity, he flies to his fascinating visions, which gain a stronger hold upon him at every repetition, until at last the dangerous charm has him in its chains. Now, as he draws a comparison between the bright and glowing scenes of his imagination, and the cold reality of the life around him, a feeling of despondency and gloom creeps to his heart; a sort of mental lethargy; an

unwillingness to struggle for the blessings and honors of social life, so far beneath the glowing visions of his fancy.

In this state of mind let misfortune come ; let disappointment suddenly snatch from him a coveted enjoyment ; let sorrow or disease tug at his heart strings, and the work of mental ruin is complete. He has indulged in revery until he cannot avoid it, and now, the subjects of his waking dreams are no longer bright and beautiful, no longer tinged with the radiance of a summer sun, or painted with the delicate tints of a summer flower, but appear garbed in the dark drapery of a winter night, when moon and stars lie buried in deep folds of massive cloud, like veins of silver in the earth. Wealth, and pomp, and power, no longer lead their gorgeous trains across the mirror of his mind, but poverty flits by with wan and emaciate cheek ; disgrace with his mantle bound around his brow ; death with his skeleton arms mournfully beckoning him to the tomb.

This is no fancy sketch. As certainly as the first glass of sparkling wine, quaffed amid the excitement of the wedding festival or the social supper, leads downward to the unhonored grave of drunkenness and disgrace, so certainly does the early indulgence in pleasant reveries and day-dreams lead to a life of discontentment and despair. Nor is this an opinion based upon mere reason, or upon a theoretical investigation, for I have *seen* the workings of this habit ; I have marked it at its first rise and in all its successive stages, like a streamlet, springing up in crystal fountains amid the pleasant hills and rolling on until it becomes a torrent, thick and muddy with the earth rifted from its banks, and dashing madly through dark ravines and sunless chasms. Aye ! more ; I have watched its development in my own case ; I have followed back the tangled thread of a strange and devious life, and marked the progress of this insidious habit ; I have seen it robbing life in rainbow glory, then divesting it of its sublimity and beauty, and finally making it a scene of hopeless and unparalleled misery ; and even at this point of time, when an earnest watchfulness and fixed determination has broken the chains of habit, and moments of depression and despair are comparatively few, yet there *are* times when they come back upon me, like a returning tide, with resistless energy and force.

I have spoken of "the Blues," (I use this generic term for want of a better,) with reference to their dangerous influence upon the mind, and with reference to their origin and progress, and I am now to speak of their development in particular cases, and of the modifications which they undergo by acting under varied circumstances and upon different minds. They appear under at least five aspects, which we may enumerate as the "Blue" of Revery, of Reaction, of Misfortune, of Disappointment, and of Despair. I do not flatter myself that this is a very perfect or philosophical classification, but that it is a convenient one, and that real and apparent differences exist between these several forms of despondency and gloom, I hope to show to the satisfaction of all. At least, it will serve the purpose of leading us from general phenomena to particular and specific differences.

I. THE "BLUE" OF REVERY. Of this, the basis and fundamental

condition of all the others, I have spoken in general terms before, and shall only recur to it now to trace out its peculiar and specific features, and mark its boundaries. It seizes upon an imaginative mind in preference to all others, and finds there its most pleasant and natural food. Such a mind is in its very constitution, prone to wander into the unknown and untried future ; eager in its pursuit of bubbles painted by the sunbeam, and floating through the atmosphere of an ideal world ; delighted to garb with imagined beauties, the varied forms of nature, and to adorn, with garlands of its own creation, the stern realities around us. Such a mind penetrates the inmost recesses of God's earthly temple, while minds of grosser texture linger in stupid ignorance upon its threshold : it seeks order and harmony where others are contented with mere utility ; it lingers with childish delight over the bud and blossom, while more selfish natures wait eagerly for the fruit. Here then is a mind, predisposed by its very constitution to revery ; finding enjoyment in its own strange imaginings ; an easy prey to the Tempter.

Add to this vivid imagination, ambition ; a burning thirst for glory and renown ; an almost enthusiastic admiration of whatever in the past is looked upon with reverence and awe ; and you have a mind which *will* indulge in reveries ; which will spend hours in the creation of its own airy fabrics ; in linking together circumstances till they form a brilliant and glowing chain. Ambition now guides the fancy : before, it was unselfish and innocent in its dreamy paintings ; it fed upon the beauties of nature, and expanded rapidly beneath God's own smile ; but now, another element has appeared. Ambition has furnished it with other themes, more soul-absorbing, because more selfish. Himself is now the hero of the drama which is enacting upon the tablets of the mind : the pure and spotless worship of nature, in her thousand beautiful forms, has given place to the worship of less ennobling deities, Glory, Honor, Fame. And they flit by, these gorgeous phantoms, these glittering nothings, with a splendor that dazzles, and captivates, and destroys.

One other circumstance deserves to be remarked. These reveries are peculiar to the *young* ; to those who have not as yet tasted the bitter fruits of experience ; and whose little world is a world of Hope, and bright anticipation. They approach not the old, the veterans of the army of life, who, weary and worn with the toils of many an arduous campaign, and soiled with the dust of the conflict, have long since learned to disregard the outward "pomp and circumstance" of the battle field, and look beyond, upon the wreck and ruin which lies behind. They have lived long enough to see their early dreams vanish before the realities of life ; to know how delusive and deceptive are the visions of the young and buoyant spirit ; and they dream no more. Reason takes the place of fancy ; calm and careful calculation supersedes the hasty ardor which leaps at once to a conclusion, careless of intervening obstacles.

It is the young, the imaginative, the ambitious mind, therefore, that needs to be warned against a tendency to frequent revery ; the more

earnestly, since this reverie is in itself a pleasant thing ; an amusement in hours of indolence and ease ; the very handmaid of Hope. It steals upon the waking youth in the silent watches of the night, when the calm moonlight falls in marble lines about his chamber, and, striking upon a table or a chair, leaving strange and weird shadows upon the wall. It comes in the cold evenings of winter, when the wind howls without, and the driving snow rattles against the closed shutters and collects in their crevices, while in his silent room, illumined only by the flickering glare of his cheerful fire, the dreamer sits, and sees strange visions in the bright red coals, while dusky shadows are dancing around and lifting as it were their long fingers in warning above his head. It follows him in his lonely ramble and as he threads the mazes of the forest or rests beneath the giant branches of an ancient oak, while the declining sun tips the leaves with gold, and waves his calm "good night" to the bustling world. It meets him at every turn, haunts him until he becomes nervous and feverish, imparts a new and unnatural lustre to his eye, and inspires him with a distaste for his ordinary pursuits. His studies are neglected : books of real value are carelessly thrown aside ; and you may often find him, at midnight, poring over some record of ancient chivalry, following some plumed conqueror through his scenes of fame and glory, or revelling amid the passionate words that flow like streams of fire, from the inspired pen of the Poet, until his eye grows dim, and his cheek burns, and his lip quivers with suppressed excitement. This it is to yield to reverie.

II. THE "BLUE" OF REACTION. This species of despondency is peculiar to persons of an excitable temperament ; men whose hot blood leads them to act from impulse ; and who exert themselves with a resistless and terrible energy one day, and sink back into a dull lethargy the next. The talents of such men are like the fires of a volcano, which sleep in their vast furnace for years, but burst forth at intervals with appalling splendor and destructive energy. They do not seem to understand the utility of steady, unremitting exertion ; the quiet earnestness which prosecutes its purpose with noiseless zeal and a patience that never tires ; but, like an untrained horse, they waste their strength upon the first impulse, or, like a meteor, flash and fade. Such impulsive efforts both in the mental and physical world are always followed by a corresponding reaction. A somnambulist, for example, will sometimes exert his physical energies for hours, performing feats that bring into play every muscular power, and that too in an extraordinary degree, and awake from his almost supernatural slumber completely exhausted. A mariner in the midst of a storm, will frequently tread the deck for hours, and sustained by the hope of self-preservation, perform a mass of labor to which, under other circumstances, he would be utterly incompetent, and then sink into his hammock almost lifeless.

The same is true of mental efforts performed under the influence of excitement. A lawyer at the bar, or a statesman in the legislative hall, in some tremendous crisis, will often display an unnatural and superhuman energy, but, when the occasion has passed and the question is

settled, a reaction takes place, and the mind yesterday alive with thought, teeming with caustic wit and resistless argument, and moving with the force of some massive and powerful machine, to-day is dull and listless; disarmed of its might; deprived of its wonted keenness and energy. Unpleasant thoughts creep over it; sad forebodings of the future; sorrow for some unguarded word, some ungenerous expression uttered in the heat of intellectual war. If a victory has been won, it is looked upon as a costly victory; if a defeat has been suffered, it is charged upon the workings of a blind destiny issuing its decrees by chance.

An example or two will more clearly illustrate my meaning. A young man on some festive occasion gives himself up to the pleasures of the wine. With his gay companions around him, alike regardless of safety and propriety, he pours down glass after glass of the sparkling beverage, until its fumes ascend to the brain, and drive Reason from his throne. A night of revelry and dissipation, of riot and disorder, of profanity and perhaps of crime ensues, and at the first break of the morn he staggers to his bed, a gibbering idiot. And when the fumes of intoxication pass off, and all artificial excitement is gone, how fares his mind? I pass by his inflamed eye, his flushed and feverish cheek, the burning thirst that racks him. I say nothing of his disordered physical frame, but ask, How is it with his mind? Shame for his disgrace, sorrow for his folly, a repentance that perhaps comes too late, makes him miserable. Thoughts of a despairing father, of a weeping mother, of a disgraced family circle, crowd thick and fast upon him: a reaction has come, and it is terrible indeed.

The pursuit of Fame is often attended with a like result. Some post of honor is selected out towards which the eager aspirant bends his steps. The excitement of the race endows the coveted object with imaginary charms. The more fearful that excitement, the brighter seems the goal, until at length, when the contest is ended and the prize obtained, the conqueror finds that he has but grasped a bubble which breaks in his hands. It no longer seems worthy of the struggle it has provoked; a powerful reaction takes place, and disappointment and mortification end the scene. The "Blue of Reaction" then is characterized by listlessness and lethargy of mind; a complete prostration of the intellectual powers; a gloomy determination to strive no more, since failure brings with it a sickening sense of mortified vanity, and success even is like the mirage of the desert, which fades as you approach it, to parched and burning sand.

III. THE "BLUE" OF MISFORTUNE. This species of mental suffering differs mainly from the two former in this, that it *always* has some *real* basis, some actual circumstance from which, as from a starting point, the train of melancholy proceeds. *Revery* may be, and often is, wholly imaginary, built upon no event of actual occurrence, and utterly severed from the real condition of the dreamer, and *Reaction* often produces a despondency of mind for which there is no foundation in the succession of events which caused it, but the "Blue of Misfortune" always springs from something, however trifling, which has a real ex-

istence, and around which, as a nucleus, cluster a thousand imaginary, non-existing evils. This is its marked feature. The mind would never occupy itself in linking together a chain of misfortunes *entirely* imaginary. Such a supposition is unnatural. But give it a foundation on which to build, some real evil from which to start, and all succeeding events, imagined though they are, will take the hue of their originator, as the waves of the streamlet take their peculiar properties from those of the parent fountain.

It is worthy of remark here, that the circumstance which leads to the "Blue of Misfortune" is in the majority of cases a *trifling* one; a mere ripple on the surface of events, which, impelled by the tempest of thought, swells into the heaving surge. A slight error has been committed, an unpleasant accident has happened, a chance word has been dropped, and the mind in its moments of revery pounces upon it with the famished ferocity of a Vulture; distorts and exaggerates; wrings from it, by a kind of mental alchemy, fatal and poisonous elements; shuts out from the scene with singular pertinacity every ray of sunlight; and broods over the gloomy prospect, like an owl at midnight poised upon the withered branch of a dying oak. Then follows a love of solitude; an unnatural distaste for society; a sickly melancholy which destroys the appetite and produces a sensation of faintness. The hue of health fades from the cheek; the eye becomes dull and spiritless; the lips are compressed; the breathing is oppressed and difficult; and the whole system, physical as well as mental, seems to be utterly prostrated, while the frightful diorama of a disordered and diseased fancy is passing through the mind.

Home-sickness, as it is commonly termed, furnishes a fair example under this head. This disease—for it is a disease, and is so classed by medical writers—is particularly dangerous and destructive in Academies, Boarding-Schools, and among the "Freshmen" of our Colleges; and if you ask the reason why, I answer that it finds there its easiest victims; those who are living quiet and thoughtful lives; and who, as a consequence, are not freed from the attacks of revery by the business and battle of active life. Absence from home and friends, from familiar scenes and faces; the severing of cords which are woven with our heart strings; the fond farewell breathed sorrowfully to father and mother and weeping sister; all these things, in themselves considered are sources of mournful emotion. To part from those who have become endeared to us by ties of relationship or intimacy is certainly a severe task: it is like robbing one's own soul; rifling one's own heart: and yet, when linked with the necessity that compels it and the benefit that springs from it, becomes, if not a positive good, at least a trifling evil. But see how the distempered mind views it. One side only of the picture, and that the dark and dreary side, is exposed to view. The images which crowd the fancy are such only as are calculated to awaken sorrowful emotions; doubts and fears and strange imaginings; remembrances of joyful days saddened by the fear that they are the last—the very last; and as I have hinted before the phy-

sical frame sinks under the torture, and disease and sometimes even death ensues.

IV. THE "BLUE" OF DISAPPOINTMENT. And now, dear reader, let me "shift the scenes" a little. You will rejoice, I am sure, to escape from the gloomy pictures which I have been sketching, to a delineation somewhat more lively. You have listened long to the low drone of the bagpipe, and the sleepy purring of the cat, and now you shall have the shrill blast of the trumpet, and the snappish bark of the watch-dog.

The Blue of Disappointment differs from that of misfortune in the mode of its development, while it agrees with it in this important particular, that it is always based upon some real circumstance, and that circumstance generally a trifling one. An expected smile is not as warm as it might have been; two or three persons remain in the parlor when they might just as well have spent the evening elsewhere; Miss —— is not at home; a dandy cousin has arrived from the city; it rains on a concert night; "Bub" has got a new tin trumpet, and he *must* show it to his sister; O! reader, there's no end to troubles of this kind, and no measure of the unhappiness which they produce. They are trifling things in themselves, but the more unpleasant because they *are* trifling, and when they form the subject of a revery, when viewed through the magnifying lens of an unchecked fancy, their powers of annoyance become almost incalculable. Like a swarm of bees in summer time, when their waxen palace is invaded, they attack one at every vulnerable point, provoke and annoy him beyond endurance, and in the end force him to seek safety in flight.

Irritable and nervous individuals are most liable to be attacked by the "Blue of Disappointment." Their ill humor springs not from the infliction of a positive evil, but from the loss of a positive good. They are eager in the pursuit of some real or fancied object of desire, and dash boldly on, thoughtless of obstacles. Suddenly, some slight disappointment throws its cobweb barrier across their path, and instead of darting swiftly through it, or leaping coolly over it, they pause in their career, irritated and annoyed. And now begins the deceitful work of revery. The tiny obstacle expands into an insurmountable difficulty; the silken thread of the spider swells into the massive cable of a man-of-war; the fragile network into a grating of iron. They become peevish and morose; cross and fretful among their friends; malignant and spiteful to their enemies. They hate all creation. They criticise with malicious and merciless cruelty every thing around them. The world appears to be one grand mistake, like the work of a bungling architect, carelessly framed and loosely dovetailed together: the Sun was tossed into the Heavens with a most wanton disregard of man's comfort; and nothing but blind chance could have supplied Saturn with two such ugly, ill-shaped rings. Thus these nervous grumblers give utterance to their complaints; growling and snarling at the petty disappointments of life; snappish under advice; absolutely furious at reproof; their own worst enemies, the prickly pear-trees of society.

Jealousy is a very common form in which the "Blue of Disappointment" develops itself. Upon "trifles light as air" it builds its towers of suspicion, and finds in the most trivial incidents "confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ." It is the natural result of a disordered mind preying upon itself; investing looks and tones with a meaning which they were not intended to convey; watching for mockery in a smile, and treachery in a tear. Mere suspicion springs up at first. Constant revery strengthens the suspicion, then makes it seem probable, and finally stamps it with the seal of certainty. Then follows the death-like anguish of despair, or the low murmur of revenge.

V. THE "BLUE" OF DESPAIR. Of this, the last and worst stage of melancholy, I must endeavor to speak briefly. It usually exhibits itself in one of two forms; either in a reckless, daring disregard of the rules which govern society, and of the opinions of others, or in a hopeless, deathlike languor which makes one tired of life, careless of the past, and fearful of the future. If the dreamer is of a bold and ardent temperament, and above all, if he is *proud*, he will disguise the pain which is gnawing at his heart under the appearance of a gay and laughing exterior. He will pretend to spurn all acquaintance with the gentler and more refined feelings of man's nature; he will talk loud and long of his exemption from the annoyances of friendship, sympathy, and love; he would fain have you believe that he is an isolated being as far as human feelings are concerned; and he will answer all appeals based upon the sympathies of his nature or the duties of morality with a careless laugh, if they emanate from a friend, with a mocking sneer, if they fall from the lips of a stranger. He exults in his fancied superiority to the rest of mankind; talks lightly of the wholesome restraints of public opinion; and delights in his lonely position, a stubborn rock in the centre of a flowery lawn; an iceberg in the Tropical seas. But alas! this state of feeling does not last forever. In the giddy whirl of society, when other eyes are upon him and he feels that his actions are observed, pride sustains him in his half real, half assumed character, and he moves about with a jest and a smile for all, but the practised observer who is never deceived by appearances, goes within, and reads his heart; detects jarring and discordant notes in the harmony of his laugh; sees a quiver in his lip, and marks the vacant and abstracted glance.

Follow him to his room, his dim and silent chamber, and you will see him as he is; sinking under the accumulated weight of *all* the forms of melancholy; Revery filling his mind with images; Reaction punishing him for the forced and feigned exhilaration which had marked his conduct in society; Misfortune, Disappointment, and Despair, hurling upon his heaving breast their mountain burdens. You will see the tear-drop of bitter anguish coursing down his cheek; you will hear the bold, stern heart, that beat with vigorous and unwavering firmness an hour before, now throbbing with brief and irregular pulsations; you will see the pale lip quiver like a leaf in the autumn wind; the cold damp beads of agony standing upon his brow, and *then* you will know something of the misery within.

These two forms of Despair, so different in the mental phenomena which they originate, lead, as one would naturally suppose, to widely separated results. The legitimate tendency of the one is to Intemperance and consequent ruin, that of the other to Insanity, or that morbid sensitiveness of mind which disposes to suicide. A man cannot long indulge in a careless and reckless life, thus hiding the inward agony which racks him, without seeking a refuge from the delirium of his own thoughts in the still more fatal delirium of the wine cup. He must have some stimulus, some excitement to enable him to play through the part which he has chosen, and the purpling beverage which drowns reason, destroys the mind, and tears down the physical frame, is his only refuge in the hour of corroding care. Or, if he escapes this temptation, if he suffers his mind to prey upon itself, he soon sinks into a state of helpless misery, to which death itself seems preferable. In this state of mind the Reason begins to fail, the judgment loses its restraining power, and often the whole fabric of Intellect crashes into ruin, or a sudden impulse hurries the hapless victim to self-destruction.

And now, reader, after having lingered with me so long amid scenes far from pleasant, you will permit me, I trust, to suggest two remedies for the prevention of "The Blues." I offer them not with the magisterial air of a learned Physician, but as the simple results of reflection and experience combined. First, then, *never* permit yourself to indulge in Reveries. They lie at the basis of *all* the forms of despondency and melancholy; they steal upon you with an insidious step; they endanger health, happiness, and life; they waste away your time, cripple your intellect, and leave you an idle dreamer but one step removed from insanity. If, however, this caution comes too late, if the wily foe has already evaded your sentinels and penetrated your camp, other and stronger measures will be necessary. The fact that the mind cannot busy itself in the contemplation of two things at the same time, will furnish a hint on which to proceed. Subject the Intellect to healthful exercise; *force* it, by the power of an iron resolve, from its channels of revery and sorrow to those of earnest and unremitting study, and the work is done. It will cost an effort at first, an effort almost superhuman, but yet if you *once* chain the morbid fancy, if you *once* wrest your mind from its dangerous wanderings, the victory is achieved. When, then, you find your head dropping upon the table, your eyelids lazily closing, and melancholy beginning to steal upon you, *up!* up for your life! Read, write, study, dance, sing, spend the evening with a gay friend, or an intelligent lady, but *never* lose for a moment the mastery of your own thoughts.

A single remark more to those who are troubled with melancholy friends, and I have done. A man under the influence of "the Blues," should never be humored. The "soothing process" fails here, and "moral suasion" acts only like a "quack medicine." Sympathy makes the dreamer worse; the low tones of sorrow and condolence harmonize with his mood without arousing him from it; the accents of kindness only add to his misery. Nothing of this kind will do. You

must *startle* him from his dream ; you must drive one class of feelings from his mind by exciting their opposites. If he is gloomy, crack a joke about his ears, caricature his sombre visage, make him laugh heartily, and your purpose is accomplished. If he is *very* melancholy, upset his chair, sprinkle him with cold water, or in extreme cases treat him to a good, hearty *kick*, and my word for it, anger will soon dissipate "the Blues." In the first burst of excitement he *may* aim a boot or an inkstand at your head, but you can dodge it, you know, and then "all's right." If these measures fail your only resource is to leave him to himself, for to *live* with such a creature is impossible.

And now, dear reader, this sketch must end. That it is a faithful transcript of the feelings of very many around me, I have not the slightest doubt, and I have written thus much, carelessly perhaps, but at least honestly and earnestly, in the hope that attention may be drawn to the subject, and some degree of benefit result. And whether my readers agree with the opinions I have in many places expressed or not, at least let me urge them to treat the subject with the candor which it deserves, and to struggle earnestly against the encroachments of a habit whose only tendency is to mental and physical ruin.

"THE BATTLE-FIELD."

"Arma virumque cano."

Virgil.

"Ἡὸν δὲ τόπος Θάνατον ἐισποῶ."

Euripides.

A NIGHT of storms o'erhangs the "Battle-Field!"
 The deep toned evening gun bath scarcely pealed
 The sunset hour—yet all is gloom! Dismayed,
 The steel-armed squadrons watch the gathering shade
 That seems to wrap them in a funeral pall,
 Nor heed they now the drum or trumpet's call!
 Trembling—they hear the vollied thunders crash,
 And see amazed the lightning's vivid flash,
 And every eye is restless with alarm,
 For all are seeking shelter from the storm!
 On! move the dark clouds—on! in dread array,
 Portentous heralds of the coming fray!
 With deadly aim they hurl their spears of light,
 Till man and beast shrink backward with affright!
 The stern old oak is shivered by the blast;
 The drooping willow to the ground is cast;
 The flowers too their fragrant corols veil,
 And lowly bend before the furious gale!
 Embattled legions tremble at its power,
 Wrapped in the darkness of that midnight hour:

The frightened war-horse, at the thunder's sound,
Spurns the tight rein with many a frantic bound,
Skims o'er the dark field, like a flying hare,
So sharp and bright the arrowy lightning's glare !

Passeth the night ! and at the break of morn,
From troop and squadron, peals the signal horn,
And what a scene the dawning sunlight brings
To tempt the vengeance of the " King of Kings !"
Two silent armies, burning for the strife,
The prize a bubble—but the hazard life—
In solid column and in square array'd,
Grasping with iron hand the battle blade,
And all inflamed with more than bigot's zeal,
Like voiceless statues, wait the trumpet's peal !

Thoughtful and silent sits the Marshal now,
His white plume drooping o'er his ample brow,
His breast adorned with cross and jewelled star
And knightly ribbon won in glorious war.
With eagle eye he scans the countless host,
Their country's safeguard and their leader's boast,
While in his look despair and courage blend,
For on that throng his brightest hopes depend !
Unmoved and stern the veteran soldier stands,
The keen edged sabre gleaming in his hands,
His dark face scarred in many a gory fray,
Where bleeding thousands clogged the slippery way,
The youthful Warrior curbs his champing steed,
His bold heart nerved for many a daring deed.
Strength in his arm and ardor in his eye,
Sworn in his heart to conquer or to die,
Inflamed and wild with hopes of wealth and fame,
He burns to weave a chaplet for his name !

But there is one upon a distant mound
Who scans with anxious eye the battle-ground ;
Whose throne, whose sceptre and whose very life
Hangs on the issue of th' impending strife !
His *all* is staked ! and yet, with eye serene,
With calm unruffled brow and placid mien,
He marks th' unnumbered squadrons of his foe,
And trusts his fortunes to a single blow !
Yes ! 'tis the winner of a hundred fields,
Whose swords have flashed, whose heavy guns have pealed
O'er half the world ! Amid the groves of Spain,
His conquering legions trampled on the slain,
Wrapped the low cottage in a fiery pall,
And razed alike the hut and palace hall !

Then waved his standards 'neath Italia's skies,
Amid the maiden's tears, the mother's sighs,
While from proud turret and cathedral grim
Came sadly forth a nation's funeral hymn !
On ! on ! he hurried—on ! in mad career,
A noble army thundering in his rear ;
On ! till the towers of Moscow met his eye,
Their spires and turrets mounting to the sky !
O'erwhelmed, defeated on those snowy plains,
Where o'er an ice-clad realm cold winter reigns,
He left those icy fields with slaughter red,
His homeward march with crimson carnage spread,
And now upon the issue of an hour
He stakes his throne and more than monarch's pow'r !
Before him stand in hollow square arrayed,
By love of country and ambition swayed,
The flow'r of Britain, burning for the fray
And all impatient at the long delay !

A moment flies ! and at the signal gun,
The hellish work of battle is begun !
From rank to rank the ringing sabres clash ;
O'er maimed and dead the mounted squadrons dash ;
Like the live thunder sounds the cannon's roar,
Till the wide plain is buried deep in gore !
On ! on ! they fly—that crowd of armed men !
On ! o'er the hill, and through the guarded glen—
Their guns and sabres reeking with the blood
That like a torrent rolls its crimson flood !
Swift o'er the plain, amid the tide of war,
His white plume gleaming like a radiant star,
And madly plunging in the awful fray,
Bold, but collected, rides the gallant *Ney* !
A strong battalion follows in his train,
With thundering step—the last, the only chain
That binds *Napoleon* to his toil-won throne,
Built on the widow's sigh the orphan's moan !
Tramp ! tramp ! tramp ! as with a ringing sound
The iron hooped coursers gallop o'er the ground !
Tramp ! tramp ! tramp ! terrible and grand
Moves the dark squadron o'er the bloody strand !
Like a wild storm, they dash upon the foe,
Lift high the sword and strike the frenzied blow,
Spur the swift steed upon th' unyielding square,
And all that mortals can both do and dare !
In vain ! in vain ! before a murderous fire,
Blood stained and weak, these gallant souls retire :

Tis lost! 'tis lost! a single sweeping blow
Has struck the monarch and the tyrant low!

And where—aye! where is *now* the jewelled crown;
The fawning crowd that trembled at his frown;
The golden diadem whose gorgeous blaze
O'erawed the world and riveted its gaze!
Gone! all gone! beyond redemption, gone—
And he—the mighty conqueror—sits *alone*!

Go view the field! go! gaze upon the dead—
The stars their watchers and the turf their bed!
Go! for the silence of the deep midnight
Broods o'er the scene of many a desperate fight!
Yes! there they sleep—a spectral, ghastly band,
Their lifeless cheeks by murmuring breezes fanned!
No friend was near them in the hour of death;
No pray'rs were mingled with their fleeting breath;
No sister's tears bedewed their pallid brows,
Nor weeping loved ones heard their dying vows;
No mother's voice—sweet music to their ears—
Whispered of peace and charmed away their fears;
None! none! were there to point them to the sky
And guide their spirits to the throne on high;
But on the field—the field of strife—they fell,
The rattling drum their only funeral knell!
Died—while their hearts to noble deeds were strung,
Died—while the clarion trumpet loudly rung,
While hate, revenge, and every passion dire
Burned in their beating hearts like coals of fire!

Go view the field! There the Warrior sleeps,
While o'er his tomb an orphaned sister weeps!
Count the sad tears that tremble in her eyes;
Mark her pale cheek and listen to her sighs;
See what a wreck the fiend of war has made;
Then—if you *can*—unsheath the battle blade!
But see! beside that pulseless form she kneels,
Her poor heart bursting with the grief she feels,
Prays to her mother, and, with tearful eye,
Beseeches Heav'n to bear her to the sky!

I

Mother! mother! dearest mother,
Throned in yonder starry sky,
List! O, listen! for none other
E'er will heed an orphan's sigh!

While the crystal tears are streaming
 O'er my wan and roseless cheek,
 None, with soft eyes gently beaming,
 Speak to me as *thou* would'st speak !

II.

Listen, then, sweet mother, listen,
 Grant thy 'wilder'd daughter's pray'r !
 Soon the wintry snows will glisten
 O'er her grave, so lone and bare :
 When the fatal death-dart gleameth,
 And the cold tomb opens wide,
 While thine eye with fondness beameth,
 Take me ! take me ! to thy side !

God heareth prayer ! A groan—a choking sigh—
 Her soul is wafted to its home on high !

Go view the field ! There the Veteran fell,
 There, in the centre of that hoof-torn dell !
 Ye saw the war-knife flashing in his hand,
 Ye heard the echo of his loud command,
 Ye marked his dark form in the madd'ning fray,
 When clouds of smoke obscured the light of day,
 Ye saw the red sweep of his dripping blade,
 And the bold onset by his prowess stayed—
 Yet there he lies, upon that noiseless plain,
 A bloody victim at a bloodier fane.
 His gray hair tangled on his furrowed brow,
 He heeds nor drum nor martial trumpet now,
 But sleepeth ever 'neath the flow'ry sod,
 Till worlds are summoned to the bar of God !

Go—view the field !—th' accursèd, blood-stained field,
 And if thy heart be not to anguish steeled,
 If in thy heart there burns one spark of love,
 Lit by the dove-eyed queen of realms above,
 Weep for the wreck that is round you strewn,
 Weep for the fall of the crumbling throne,
 Weep for the chief, the dark-browed chief,
 The faded flow'r and the fallen leaf,
 The lonely hearth and the silent dell,
 And murmur, sad farewell ! farewell !

Adieu, bold chief ! Young warrior, fare thee well !
 O'er thy lone tomb there broods a magic spell—
 A spell that bids us linger o'er the scene
 Where sleep the brave, beneath their pall of green !
 Ye fell, pale victims to a barbarous law ;
 Ye died, ere yet your straining eyeballs saw

Your country's banner trailing in the dust,
And e'en your mighty King compelled to trust
His life, his fortune, to an angry foe,
Whose pow'rful hand had crushed him at a blow !
Farewell, brave souls !—the God of armies guide
Your ransomed spirits to the Saviour's side,
Where all the tumult of the world is o'er,
And war's dread thunder shall be heard no more !

Go—view the field !—no longer stained with blood,
For flowers grow where once the war-horse stood ;
'Neath the warm sunlight glows the golden grain,
Where once the earth was covered with the slain !
Peace, o'er the world, hath spread her genial rays ;
Won from the poet's lyre his sweetest lays ;
Twined a bright garland round the soldier's spear ;
Checked the deep sigh and caught the falling tear !
And see ! the Warrior to his home returns !—
His hand is on the latch—his bosom burns—
Burns at the thought of those whose soul-lit eyes
Soon ! soon ! will flash with rapture and surprise !
The door swings back !—a single joyous cry !
The wife—the daughter—to his bosom fly !
The clash of swords, the deadly iron shower,
All are forgotten in that blissful hour !
But list ! the murmur of a music strain
Welcomes the weary wand'rer home again.

I.

Spirit of purity,
Daughter of Love,
Gently thy soft eye
Beams from above :
Sweetly thou smilest,
Fair child of the sky,
And reignest for ever
O'er angels on high !

II.

Peace, with its blessings,
Dawns on us now ;
Gently illuming
The cloud-darkened brow ;
Banishing ever
The sabre and shield ;
Leading the war-horse
Far from the field !

III

Flowers unfading
 We gather for thee ;
 Velvet-lipped roses
 Thy chaplet shall be ;
 Gems from the crystal domed
 Halls of the sea,
 Spirit of beauty,
 We offer to thee !

SKETCHES OF VACATION.

" And oft he raced the uplands, to survey,
 When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
 The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
 And lake, dim gleaming on the smoking lawn :
 Far to the west, the long, long vale withdrawn,
 Where twilight loves to linger for awhile ;
 And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
 And villager abroad at early toil.
 But, lo ! the sun appears, and heaven, earth, ocean smile."

BEATTIE.

" WHEN last we met"—. Reader, I am exceedingly sorry that I cannot finish my quotation, but, alas, "'Twas not in a crowd ;" but if memory serves you, our camp-ground was on the banks of the noisy Androscoggin ; and methinks I quitted your good company rather unceremoniously, at night time, when the stars, and fairies too perhaps, were watching our slumbers ; when the camp-fires, that once blazed so merrily, had, like the weary sleepers before it, sunk into repose. Now, then, as I seek your fellowship again, the scene changes, but the wanderers are the same.

Do you need a second introduction ? Well then, kind, gentle reader, pardoning your forgetfulness, I will give it you. Willingly will I spare you the trouble of accompanying us through some six miles of forest walk, where human footsteps had hardly wandered before, and whose toil and fatigue, time will never cause me to forget : all this I would not that you should consider, since it is my task to present you with the bright side of the picture only, and ill betide him who, upon reviewing in his quiet chamber the wild adventure and stirring incidents of forest life, would not pass lightly over the little trials of temper and endurance he met with, and which served but as the zest of hunger to the enjoyment of the banquet.

Imagine yourself thus, if you will, upon the shore of a large and beautiful lake away far off amid the forests of Maine, and there, fancy free, stretch yourself upon that broad, shelving rock upon the bank

yonder, beneath the overhanging branches of that noble oak, while I spread before you the faint picture I would draw from the colorings of memory. Before you, its tiny wavelets breaking with a scarce audible ripple upon the rock at your feet, and again, its broad surface, stretching some eight miles across to the foot of yonder mountain, and in length a score of miles, lies as noble and as wildly beautiful a lake as you can find even amid the romantic lochs of Scotland. Around you on every side, as far as the eye can reach, rise in irregular succession the firm old granite hills; while the forest near and far glows in the sunlight with every color of the changing leaf. It is nigh sunset, and the few clouds floating above us are reflected in broken lines upon the tremulous surface of the water. Over yonder, see those lofty and pine clad mountains! around which distance and the trembling light have thrown a beautiful coloring; the trees, reaching down to the water's edge, and covering the summit, remove all angular disfigurements in outline, until the whole seems blended and rounded as if it stood before you the work, not of nature, but of art. The soft and low murmuring of distant rapids fills your ear, if you will but turn your head to the southward, for we have struck the lake not far from its outlet into the Androscoggin, and the tumult of its dashing waters even now reaches us.

The sunlight straying through the occasional openings in the forest we have left, falls faintly and softly upon the water at your feet, while that irregular line of shadow, far up towards the north, marks the rough and grotesque form of the wooded shore, stretching away till its outline is lost in the dim and shadowy distance.

A bright fire is glowing and crackling some few yards in the woods behind us, and by the foot of yonder venerable pine, you may catch a glimpse of our various plunder.

But, see, a swimmer approaches us. He is sporting with the tiny waves, and now he nears us with strong and rapid stroke, shaking the clear water from his flaxen curls, and ever and anon, see how his white but sinewy chest flashes in the sunlight. He leaves the water, panting and dripping like a water god, and straight he presses forward for an introduction——Reader——Piscator.

Again, casting your eye up along the line of the shore, do you see yon tall ungainly form, urging ahead with steady pull a crazy looking craft, and now as he nears us, you may easily distinguish the lean proportions of our quondam friend and guide, "*Honest Joe*."

Now, since we are once more fairly acquainted, let us shake hands in a hearty humor, and, since the boat our trusty guide has succeeded in 'developing' from its hiding place, will hardly accommodate four, be so kind, reader, as to disenchant yourself, and conceive, as perhaps is really the case, that you are seated by the side of your warm and cheery fire; if so, give the coals another poke, man; fill your best pipe with the "*Fine Old Mild*" at your elbow; place your heels *more Americano* upon the mantel, and listen while I strive to draw your mind from the cold and stormy Present, into the warm, gay sunshine of the Past.

ON THE LAKE.

"Spring to the oars!" and at the word, the light frail craft danced gaily over the dark waters of the lake. "Again, again," and the boat, yielding to the heavy stroke, springs merrily onward and onward to the music of the bending oars. See! the mountains are throwing their shadows far out upon the lake; the cool air of the evening is settling in upon us; and far, far away behind us, the gray summit of the loftiest of the White Hills has faded into darkness. "Give way! give way!" and with rapid stroke we leave the open surface of the lake and shoot swiftly into the narrow channel that connects the lower with the upper bay. Now the level and dark line of the forest upon our left throws its gloomy shadow about us, while the last rays of the setting sun have tinged the lofty ridges upon our right with inexpressible glory. See the outermost blazes as if burnished with gold; the next tinged with the soft color of the violet, the third overcast with a purple light, while darker and darker grow the shades, till the last mingles its sombre hue with the dark waters at its base, where, reflected in reversed order, the same tints glow as brightly, mirrored far, far down below. And now 'tis Twilight—soft, dreamy, beautiful Twilight! The brightness of noon-day, the darkness of midnight, mingled like colors upon canvas in the sombre shadows of twilight. Unearthly hour! how like to that in which, when the good man's life is ebbing fast, the brightness and action of Life mingle and play awhile with the grim shadows of the Dark Valley, as it were Life itself, brightening for a moment ere it sinks into eternal Slumber. Romantic hour!—when at Fancy's call, spirits of unearthly form fill the covert of the forest and trip over the curling waves—where elves and the joyous train of the fairy queen, peeps forth upon the world to watch the coming of the moonbeam—when weird and fitful sounds are heard, as if unearthly hands playing upon unearthly instruments, sent strange music through the dark aisles of the forest, to pour itself soft and wild over the still, sleeping waters of the lake.

But, hillo, reader! while we have been rambling away into cloud-land, the shadows have deepened into darkness; already it is nighttime, and the stars have started out in the clear northern sky, as if they were windows in yon dark vault to let the glory of Heaven in upon a sleeping world. Hark! with a sharp, quick sound the keel grates upon the shore. Weary and hungry we quit the boat, and guided by a faint light twinkling in the windows of a distant farm-house, plod wearily along the beaten path till we reach the portals of a solitary tenement, which the "foreknowledge" of Joe had destined to shelter us for the night. A tow-headed youngster, who had watched our progress since we neared the house with true New England curiosity, fled at our near approach, to give warning of the arrival. A loud rap at the door brought forth for our reception, not the grim backwoodsman we had anticipated, but a soft voiced, gentle looking little woman, who, upon seeing our plight, quietly invited us in. The tone, the manner, was enough, and as perhaps, reader, you will appreciate the distinction

we felt, as we crossed the threshold, took off our ragged hats, and deposited our plunder by the hearth-stone, we felt that we were the guests of a lady. Oh, Joe, that one pleasurable disappointment shall, as I summon your lean, lank form before me in the "dim moonlight of memory," serve as your atonement for the many mishaps and luckless wanderings your blundering stupidity cost us.

A single hurried look cast around the half finished and dreary apartment, together with its occupants, told the whole story. "By Jove, Piscator, 'tis the old story over again. I see it all, my boy—married young—happy once—husband turned drunkard—left the settlement—turned trapper, and leaves his poor, little wife, uncared for in this wild, unprotected place, to entertain chance wanderers like ourselves. Looks broken-hearted, don't she? Deuced pretty, though." Now I am willing to confess to you, reader, that if there exists any soft spot around my heart for the gentler sex to work upon, it has a strange connection with the sight of your poor, little, suffering, uncomplaining women—the music of whose hearts has long ceased to play, for the strings of the instrument have well nigh snapped, and in whose eyes, Fancy sees continually a tear.

But see our little hostess, how quietly and yet busily she moves about the room, preparing the best her poor stock affords for the wanderers' meal—now diving into some mysterious pantry or hiding-place, and bearing forth a few of her chosen "tea-things," those relics of better days that a woman's heart will cling to in spite of fortune—now looking after the Johnny-cake browning so cosily by the blazing fire, and now turning aside to still with a soft word and motherly caress the sickly looking occupant of yonder cradle, whose plaintive cry starts her at times, as if it were a sudden recollection of happier days flashing across her memory!

But look! see, Piscator has left his warm corner by the fire, and though he counts himself a bashful man, still the "manner" of the heart spoke then, when throwing down his rough hat, and giving his long tangled hair a brush back, he offered with kindest grace to quiet the little moaning sufferer in the corner. Well, reader, I have often heard of the joy and music of a smile, but you might have surely felt both, could you have seen the thankful look and faint smile that lighted up that sad, care-worn face, as she accepted the offer of our friend. Confound the fellow! I never envied him when he drew "the big trout" from the rapid waters of the 'Diamond,' or sent his ball, at sixty yards, an inch nearer than my own; but the memory of that smile haunted me, and for once I was jealous of noble old Piscator.

Supper being announced, we were soon seated around the rude table, when the fortunes of the day, together with the Johnny-cake, were duly discussed; and here let me state one piece of advice which, should any one ever feel prompted to take a trip to the wild woods, he had best remember: in the shape of advice, it is simply, to go provided with good fresh tea, an article seldom found out of the settlements, and my word for it, a single cup of strong tea will afford more solace and refreshment than all the 'spirits' you can carry. Far be it from me to

disparage the '*Rosy*,' for then might the "gray goose-quill" refuse its office, and the dear memory of many a merrie hour, spent in the lordliest fellowship, depart; when wit and humor, the cheering song and glad chorus, with all the delightful vanities of life, shone and sparkled amid the gloom of the real and the commonplace. Forest life needs no artificial stimulus. You may need refreshment, and what I urge is simply that you will find it more surely in

"The mild witchery of the Indian plant,"

than in the irregular excitement of the liquor flask. Now that my homily is finished, let us return to the lone farm-house in the woods. Supper over,—a quiet smoke by the bright fire,—a chat with our gentle hostess, as she sat, whiling away her loneliness, woman-like, with sewing by the light of a miserable dip that shed its sickly light over the gloomy room, a yawn or two from the trio, and we followed her of the sorrowful eye through a succession of bare, unfinished rooms, such as only can be found in a 'new home,' until we found ourselves ushered into the crib that was to afford us the rest we craved. A straw bed, not over large, a rough stand, covered with books, old mutilated magazines and some ragged newspapers of venerable age, a couple of rickety chairs, and our dormitory is before you.

Urged, by what motive I know not, Piscator opened the first book that met his eye, and although we were about depositing our weary frame by the side of Joe, he mercilessly interrupted our progress:

"Hillo, Charley, I say, here's a library for the backwoods. Kirke White's Poems, and no mistake. This tells the story—leaf turned down, and pencil marks all along. Listen, man:

"Come, Disappointment, come,
Not in thy terrors clad,
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad;
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resigned, thy peaceful eyerows twine.
* * * * *
Though Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread"—

"There man, hold on; I'm off, Piscator. D—n your sentiment." What followed we know not.

I had thrown open the window to admit a supply of fresh air into the small, unventilated apartment, and standing by the sill, was quietly enjoying the pleasure of contrasting the sweet, wild notes of a whip-poor-will from a neighboring tree, with the deep sepulchral snore that occasionally welled up from the inmost recesses of poor Joe, when the sound of approaching voices, in loud and angry tones, mingled with

threats and curses, fell upon my ear. The truth flashed at once across my mind—it was the drunkard, with his renegade companions, returning from their traps. Another ear than mine had also distinguished the sounds, for a soft, plaintive voice, accompanied with loud knocking at our door, begged us to come out—"For husband had come home, and he might hurt her, and the baby was so sick." "Hurt the de—l, (we hope that last was unheard.) Whew, here's fun! Turn out, boys, rub your eyes, and clear for action. Where's the rifle, Joe?"—"Outside!" "Hard that; never mind, there's but four of them, and drunk at that." A few seconds elapsed before we were dressed and in the kitchen. It was time. Sure enough, there was only four of them;—three, half drunk, were busily employed in destroying every article of household wear they could lay their hands on; while the fourth, who, to judge by appearances, was the husband, holding by her small white wrists, the form of her he had sworn to protect, was demanding with terrible threats the key to the liquor closet. Our sudden eruption evidently astonished him not a little; and loosening the hold upon his wife, the little woman made good her retreat by darting through an open door into another room; just in time, by the way, to escape seeing her ruffian husband fall headlong over the empty cradle, felled like an ox by the strong hand of Piscator. "Charge 'em, boys!" and the old rafters rung with the cheer we gave as we closed in on the drunken scoundrels. It could hardly be called a fight, and what there was, was over in a moment. Joe proved himself a very trump, putting in his 'right and left' with the force and precision of a prize-fighter. Down they went, with hardly a show of resistance—the surprise, and the liquor they had taken, utterly incapacitated them for action with three hearty young fellows, rendered doubly strong by the goodness of their cause.

A rough little fellow, in a red flannel shirt, with a most diabolical squint in his eyes, fell to my share in the *melee*. He was evidently bent upon coming to close quarters, but judging from his tight build that I could dispense with so intimate an acquaintance, I put in what John Sheridan used to call a "sharp left-hander," which, followed by a short 'rally,' completely settled his 'hash.' The enemy being utterly discomfited, I was looking around for our *protege*, of whom the last that was seen was a white dress and a whiter foot dodging round the corner of the door, and felicitating myself with the idea that my valor was to be rewarded by her sweet lips, when, lo! a strong sudden kick, and I found myself landed in the middle of our sleeping apartment, wide awake. Joe, unfortunate man, had indeed suffered by my chivalrous dream, (for dream it certainly was, reader—would to God it had been true, merely for the fun of the thing.) I had been practising my 'one, two and return' into the 'small' of his back, by all accounts, (Piscator had been awake, it appeared, enjoying the sport,) for the space of some five minutes, but Joe being *rather* a sound sleeper had hardly noticed it until awakening with a curious sensation in the back of his head—where I had planted my last—with one vigorous kick, he had put me fairly *hors-du-combat*. Alas, poor Joe, I am to this day inclined to think, however, that you got the worst of that Nocturnal Attack.

THE
LIFE AND OBSERVATIONS
OF
A PERSON OF LEISURE.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"De omnibus rebus, at multis aliis"

THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS THE SUNDRY MORAL AND LEARNED REFLECTIONS WHICH, AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CHAPTER, THE READER WAS REQUESTED TO MAKE FOR HIMSELF.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.*

Mrs. Dangle. Why should you affect the character of a critic? I have no patience with you! Have n't you made yourself the jest of all your acquaintance by your interference in matters where you have no business?

Sheridan's "Critic," I, 1.

IN THIS CHAPTER THE AUTHOR CONSIDERS CERTAIN REFLECTIONS WHICH IN CHAPTER THE SECOND THE READER SAW FIT TO MAKE.

No sir! You may say precisely what you please about the description of my birth, and I defy you to prove that there is an indelicate word in it.

Was there ever any thing so provoking! Just fancy me, dear reader, (and before I advance another step in that address, let me distinctly set forth that the reader to whom I now turn my attention is by no means the one who on former occasions has been distinguished by that epithet. So far is this from being the case, that I can see that benighted gentleman absolutely turning up his cynical nose at the idea of such a thing, and in the very excess of his blindness, positively shaking his sides with internal and suppressed laughter, as he hears his forfeited title bestowed on another; and having explained this accurately, let us commence our apostrophe again.) Just fancy me, I say, dear reader, ("and why *dear* reader? Why not call me gentle, eh? Mr. Author!" My very good sir—not to say *dear* sir, lest I should seem to take the very point at issue as granted—if you persist in interrupting me in this way, pray, how do you suppose we are ever to make an end of this chapter? Not, however, to seem disobliging, I will answer you. I do not then say "gentle reader," because the shortness of my acquaintance, and the consequent inadequacy of my information respecting your moral characteristics, forbid my stating positively whether you be indeed gentle or not. For any knowledge

* The author begs that it may be understood that this chapter is no Quixotic expedition against a windmill, but a serious reply to an actual charge!

of mine to the contrary, you may be a roystering, swaggering, bullying varlet, with a throat like

“Tuba mirum spargens sonum;”

whose volume of sound cannot be less than a folio; who besprinkles his talk with oaths, and sees you to perdition in the matter of a curse or so; a sort of Bombastes Furioso, or a Tamburlane the Great, with his chariot drawn by conquered kings, whom he reviles as

“Those pampered jades of Asia that can draw
But twenty miles a-day.”

Who knows? Not I, certainly. You say I’ve hit it? and very glad I am of that, for, do you know, I have a great liking for that style of man? Therefore I shall continue to call you dear reader, as I have already entitled you twice before.) Just fancy me then, dear reader,—*me*, a modest man in white neckcloth and steel-rimmed spectacles, (for those of gold ever smacked too strongly of ostentatious vulgarity for my taste,) sandy-haired, pale-faced, oldish, with the second finger of my right hand somewhat discolored by frequent contact with my gray goosequill, suffering at the time from a repletion of ink,—*me*, the good, quiet Mr. Doldrum, that mothers ask to escort their daughters to public places—fancy me, I say, penning that account of my nativity. Picture to yourself, the nice weighing of words, the cautious advancement of facts, at first rather hinted at than stated, the conscious blush as I alter a sufficiently delicate phrase for one a shadow more remote from odious plain speaking. See me, timidly, and with a startling circumlocution, approach the subject. How I dally with a parenthesis that may brake the fall upon so dreadful a disclosure, and finally blurt it out with an assumed boldness, the offspring of shamefacedness in excess. And then to be accused of indelicacy!

I have said it, I do not know how many times, and Æsop, I’ve an idea, made a similar remark, that it is nonsense to try to please every body. In trying to carry our donkey, we are sure to make asses of ourselves, and hence (we have a weakness toward philological research) the origin of the expression. Therefore shall we not attempt this impossible task. If our language be exceptionable, put us down, and avoid us as you would the Gentleman in Black, or if curiosity triumph over fastidiousness, take out your pencil and relieve your sense of duty by writing “shameful!” in very sharply defined letters, on the outer margin, and so pass us by.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

“They thrust their children to the study of law and divinity before they be informed aright or capable of such studies.”

Anatomy of Melancholy.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH CONTINUES THE HISTORY OF THE AUTHOR THRO’ A STUDIOUS CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Had I a better memory of my earlier years—or rather I should say days, for what child ever reckoned time by any other measurement,

nor is it till a later period that we learn to reduce to minutes or generalize to years, the seasons of pleasure or pain that we pass through—it cannot be but I should tire of this self-imposed task long ere the history should reach the period of manhood. Pleasant though it may seem to wander at will over the fields of memory ere we set out on the excursion, we have no sooner started than we are convinced of our mistake. How dully we trudge along the path we once trod so merrily, and what sad havoc does the heavy heel of manhood make among the flowers over which the child's tiny foot once tripped so lightly! How rudely does the eye of the full grown man, matured by age and polished by society, penetrate the gossamer veil of time-worn recollections; and as we continue the scrutiny, how facts appear in their real colors, and divesting themselves of fancy's raiment, stand forth in naked deformity. Or if indeed this scrutiny be safely passed, and the scenes of bygone years are proved as lovely as we could wish to paint them, if distance have indeed lent no enchantment, if life in the past be all we would dream in the present, how sad the comparison between the world of revery and the world of reality, how dreary to emerge from a Paradise of Fancy into a Purgatory of Fact! ("What do you mean by that, Mr. Author?" Nothing, my dear sir, but the antithesis is a pretty one, and as I have been struggling to introduce it in the three previous chapters, you will perhaps excuse its presence now.)

I have some recollection of having left myself (a chapter or so back) on the lap of my nurse, simmering, as mine host John Willet was wont to do, before a very hot fire; and here my memory fails me. Either that my mind, in its infantile state, found itself unable to set in motion such a complicated machine as that of vision, or that the impressions then formed upon the tablet of memory, were so faint as to be obliterated, each by the one that followed it, or that the thoughts, as they trickled into the mind, were sopped out by sleep as with a sponge—or that with the obstinate dislike for new notions that has since been so characteristic of me, I folded myself up in mental swaddling clothes, as Mrs. Crone had previously folded me in bodily ones, and refused to perceive; or that the spirit (a supposition not impossible) had not as yet fairly entered its fleshly tabernacle, but was at that time traveling, a vagrant, through space, or that some other equally indistinct cause was productive of some other similarly undefined effect; but the result, however you explain it, is this: that no outlines however faint of the events of the six months following, are shadowed on the retina of memory. ("What makes you so full of metaphor, Mr. Author?" I have been reading *The Faery Queen* and *Jeremy Taylor's Golden Grove*, my good sir.)

Therefore am I unable to give more than a wide guess at the earlier portions of my childhood. To be sure, here and there are known facts, anecdotes of odd precocity, memorials of stunted virtues or overgrown failings, which can serve as stepping stones by which we may walk dry-shod over the stream of conjecture that flows between. Such are the tales that my old nurse, not Mrs. Crone, who, after trotting me as though

I contained milk, which it were necessary to churn, and smothering me in blankets, as though she feared my brief candle would be blown out by the first breath of air, and preferred putting an extinguisher on it to avoid smoke, had resigned her post at the month's end to another, a kind, doting old soul, who died—Heaven assoil her!—twenty years ago last autumn,—such are the tales she used to tell of my wonderful childhood. How I used to ride on the gold-headed cane which the Rev. Dr., my father, carried with him so pompously when he walked ;—how I measured my increasing stature by the diminishing distance between the top of my flaxen-haired poll and the Roman nose of the uncouth head which, under the pretence of being a knocker, disfigured our front door ;—how I stoutly resisted the invasions of the alphabet, and made a fresh stand on each individual letter, until, driven from one stronghold to another, I made my final surrender at “and by itself and”—were some of the traditions which this goodly dame delighted to recount to me, an auditor who wondered and admired as I listened to the recital of my own exploits.

And now comes my own memory to begin *her* task, and I, *quantum mutatus ab illo*, summon up before me the image of my boyish self, as it gambols over the grass, and leaves its footprints in the flower beds where it had been forbidden to tread, and reads bright fairy tales under quiet trees, not with the thankless abstraction of later years, but with a happy glance ever and anon at a bird or a butterfly, or the wavering sunlight as it falls through the gaps in the foliage, thinking them no intrusions, but rather blending them with the enchanted story, till they seemed part of it, and knowing not whether it be bird or butterfly, sunshine or fairy tale that it is reading, but only that it is happy in them all (“How is that, Mr. Author?” Interpret it as you please, my dear sir.)

And so passed my childhood. When eight years old my father, who had delayed thus long that he might not expose me to temptation ere, as he said, my principles were formed, sent me to school! Hitherto I had been kept at my books at home for an hour or so in the day, and my mind had been more cultivated by society than by books. An only child, and the constant companion of my parents, who doted on me, I grew old while in petticoats, and became pedantic without affectation. My language was far from child-like, and by frequent familiarity with their use by others, *sesquipedalia verba*, (or what seemed such for my years,) were “household words” to me. Had my elders talked Latin, Costard's *honorificabilitudinitatibus* would have been of my vocabulary. Natural though this was, it was far from seeming such to my school-mates, and “Jed. Doldrum, with his long words,” was a frequent subject of merriment. But for this, boyhood had passed as happily as childhood, and at sixteen I was despatched for Yale College, of which my reverend father had been a graduate, and for which he had the highest possible respect. But my history there deserves another chapter.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

I.

O! a warm glance, a sunny glance,
A warm glance of love, boys,
When lips blush and eyes dance,
And stars shine above, boys;
When the heart burns, the cheek burns,
And dark tresses hide, boys,
The rose tint, the lily tint,
Of mingled fear and pride, boys!

II.

O! a kind word, a gentle word,
A kind word of love, boys,
From fair lips at eve heard,
Like murmur of a dove, boys;
When hearts beat a love-beat,
And dark lashes fall, boys,
And soft smiles, sunny smiles,
Tremble over all, boys!

III.

O! a rose blush, a timid blush,
A blossom of the peach, boys,
A bright glow, a warm flush,
The heart's silent speech, boys;
When Day folds her white wing,
And stars run astray, boys,
When hearts glow, and cheeks glow,
And fear hath flown away, boys!

IV.

O! a bright smile, a loving smile,
A bright smile of truth, boys,
A sun-flash, a pleasant wile
To snare the heart of youth, boys!
The bright smile, the warm glance,
The blush red as wine, boys,
The kind word at eve heard—
Are they not divine, boys!

AN INCIDENT IN MY TROUT-FISHING.

"GLORIOUS sport! Sam and I caught a dozen *noble* fellows—we had the smallest hooks, you see. O! 'twas exciting!" Such, dear reader, are the tidings which will probably greet thine astonished ear in a week or two, if we may judge, in a general way, from the college pastimes usually incident to this season of the year, and, more particularly, from a conversation we overheard the other night among a knot of enthusiastic *Wallonians*. "We have met the enemy and they are ours"—this grand announcement of the immortal Perry could not have displayed a higher pitch of exultation than do the triumphant sentiments we have quoted above, or the more circumstantial intelligence, "I crept up to the bank—put my line under a turf—he bit, and *out I flung him!*"—the last words, of course, accompanied with a most magnificent flourish of the arms.

And what does all this rhapsody of intellectual men mean when translated into the vulgar? Why, it runs somehow thus, according to certain leaves of *our* vacation note-book. You go splashing through a bog on a "raw and gusty day,"—you come to a little hissing brook that, snake-like, is continually sneaking out of sight beneath bushes and stones—yet your eye gladdens, and, in your joy, you impale a live worm on a barbed hook and thrust him into a cold bath; soon, the least nibble is felt—a slight tremor runs through your limbs—another nibble, and lo! five or six inches of little, innocent, beautiful life is swung through the air, and lies writhing on the ground—no, he is unsafe; you grasp the tiny captive and hold him fast. Hold him harder, rejoice and laugh. Now look down upon the early flower-nodding in the breeze, cast an upward glance at the glorious heavens, there—see the gasping thing on your palm! Glorious sport!

It was an afternoon in May; and for four mortal hours, with delicate tackle and the choicest bait, had we unsuccessfully followed up a beautiful streamlet. No wonder we at last reclined upon a smooth ledge, and, in sullen silence, passed deliberate judgment upon the folly and cruelty of trout-fishing. But as the eastern laborer in pursuit of shell-fish accidentally lights upon a pearl, so we, disappointed in the object of our fatiguing ramble, were destined to be abundantly rewarded in a manner unexpected. For we had not long indulged in these moody reflections, when we were accosted by a voice in some direction above the horizontal. On looking up, we beheld, on the top of the ledge, a thick-set, oldish gentleman, whose jovial countenance and affable manner attracted our good-will no less decidedly than his white cravat and a certain clerical distinctness of utterance, excited our unfeigned respect. He had a spade in his hand, and had evidently been attending to the duties of his farm.

From our occupation or general appearance, or in some way, he at once guessed our connection with the venerable institution in which we all take pride. Hence, began a cheerful talk, in which he informed us that he himself was a graduate of some twenty-five years' standing, and

which was only momentarily interrupted by an invitation to accompany him to his house, that was but a few rods' distant. Of course we complied; and never have we passed a couple of hours with a stranger more to our pleasure and profit. His library was filled with all the old standard theologians, but, at the same time, made room, with the most amiable toleration, for every prominent genius of polite literature. The stiff, sober regiment, headed by Hooker, on one side, was mimicked, on the other, by the roguish fellows under the command of Gen. Swift and Lieut. Sterne. Whitfield in a black frame, and Sheridan in a gilt one, both gazed at a picture from Claude. This was all, I found, typical of the man's mind. He had a full share of the argumentative powers so peculiar to New England divines—a cultivated taste, a sympathy with every species of intellectual excellence, and, what is certainly rare at his time of life, a thorough remembrance of the feelings of youth—the *feelings* of youth, for youthful *events* most every one retains.

He, accordingly, took delight in bringing up the incidents and emotions of his own college days, and in contrasting them with corresponding portions of present college life, as he eagerly gleaned them from our answers to his rapid questions. "I understand," said he, "that nearly all of the old college customs have died out. Perhaps it is as well that many of them should; but never would I raise my hand against them till I was assured of something better to take their place. The remembrance of them even now quickens my pulse, and I am not aware of any but innocent emotions as I recall them to mind. I never was a fighting character, but I hope you will not think the less of me when I assure you, I sometimes think I would give most any thing to hear again at midnight the cry of Yale! Yale! Then the hurrying up and the rushing down stairs to the place of contest! I know it seems foolish, but never did a patriot meet the invader of his country's soil with a more honest breast, than we answered to the summons of our bully—we were defending our Alma Mater, and thought we stood as legitimately the champions of all students, as Leonidas and his band deemed themselves the defenders of confederated Greece. But my neighbor's son tells me that you have now become so exquisitely conscientious at last, my friend, that the annual foot-ball game is to be given up! What nonsense! what nonsense!" exclaimed my worthy host, with a more bitter curl of the lip than I supposed him capable of assuming. "Nonsense!—and if you live to my age without forgetting your own, you'll feel it. Some of the finest youths I ever saw had no such scruples in my days. There are now some of them in the work of our Master, some in high stations of honor, and some beneath the valley. Here you will see the names of all," as he extended to me a finely bound volume. "This is a custom which I hope you have not yet abandoned." We assured him that the custom was still prevalent, and that there were no signs of this at least going out of use, and remarked, as we turned the autographs, that these pages must afford him much interest, as displaying in the sentiments the peculiar minds of the authors. "They do so," he replied, "and

yet in the majority of cases they are meaningless to a stranger. Read that;—fine sermon, is n't it, as far as it goes? Well, that was written by what you now-a-days, I believe, call a perfect rowdy. He knew I was somewhat serious, and no doubt considered it his duty to write in that style. There, you see, is a manifest attempt at wit; yet Brown was ordinarily one of the most sober and contented of that class who voluntarily resign all claims to wit and humor. But he had probably read a witty autograph a few moments before. He has only tried his hand at it once since, in a controversy with Dr. ———, and it is unnecessary to tell the result, only I could n't help pitying him. There is the writing of one who tried to 'get off,' as the boys say, something comic on every occasion, but he deceived himself almost as much as poor Brown—yet he might easily have been a pleasing and agreeable writer, as well as companion. *This fellow was intimately acquainted with me for four years, and yet, you see, he can find nothing to write except a pun on my name; and there are no less than fourteen brothers to it throughout the book.* "Why," we exclaimed, after reading a page of compliment, "you must have enjoyed an enviable position in college." "I thought so," he added, smilingly, "when I first read this sentiment on my friend; but I afterwards read more than fifty such fine characters all in the same hand-writing."

But the level rays of the sun streaming through the windows of the library, constrained me to take reluctant leave of my worthy entertainer. As I took up my rod and empty creel, I succeeded in satisfying myself with the justifiable reflection that I had, at least, drawn out *one* "noble fellow."

OBITUARY.

RESPECT for the memory of the dead leads us to touch upon a mournful theme. It is ever a sad and solemn hour when the Great Father of the Universe calls one of his children home. Whether the funeral train sweeps through the crowded streets of the city, or amid the groves and green fields of the country, it ever brings with it thoughtfulness and silence. But death in College—at our very doors—striking down the brother at our side, the friend around whom were entwined so many hopes—death *here* awakens more than a passing thought or a careless tear. And as we follow to the grave, as we look our last upon the inanimate features of the dead, and leave him there to sleep beneath the sod, every heart is touched.

We are to record the death of TIMOTHY DWIGHT PLATT—summoned to another and, we trust, a brighter world, in the bloom of youth and at the dawn of his collegiate course. Suddenly—almost unwarned—he was called upon to exchange the tumult of life for the calm serenity of the grave; and far from home, with no father, no mother near to catch his expiring accents, he felt the death-damp settling upon his brow. Personally unknown to us, yet the testimony of his classmates and the

unaffected sorrow of his more intimate friends, enables us in a measure to appreciate the severity of the blow which has taken talent from our midst, and ended a life whose dawn was full of promise for the future. May we heed the solemn warning!

" Alas for man !

The herb in its humility may fall
And waste into the bright and genial air,
While we—by hands that ministered in life
Nothing but love to us—are thrust away—
The earth flung in upon our just cold bosoms,
And the warm sunshine trodden out forever !"

At a meeting of the Freshman Class of Yale College, held Friday, Feb. 16th, 1849, the following Resolutions were passed :

WHEREAS, It has pleased Him, in whose hands are the ways of life and death, to remove from our midst a classmate and brother, Timothy Dwight Platt, of Binghampton, N. Y.,—

Resolved, That we regard this bereavement, so sudden and at so early a period in our College course, as a peculiar admonition from our Heavenly Father, reminding us of the uncertainty of life and the vanity of human hopes.

Resolved, That we, as a class, extend to the parents and friends of our late companion our sympathies, assuring them that during our short acquaintance with the deceased, we have seen much to admire, esteem, and love, in the modest retirement and gentle amiability of his deportment; the high rank and great promise of his talents; and in the excellence and uprightness of his character.

Resolved, That in testimony of our regard for his memory, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be transmitted to the parents of the deceased, and to the press for publication.

EDITORS' TABLE.

" When shall we three meet again."

"The loud call" —

" Accidents *will* happen"—

" O ! mornin' life ! O ! mornin' luv !"

" Otium cum *dig*" —

SHAKESPEARE.

D. WEBSTER.

OLD PROVERB.

MOTHERWELL.

HORACE.

DEAR READER, As you have been told before, our Editorial corps has been growing "small by degrees and beautifully less" within the last few weeks, until the quintette has become a trio, a circumstance which has forced us into your presence a month earlier than we anticipated. One of our number is reading Blackstone with a very *law-dable* energy and chuckling with cruel merriment over his escape from the toils of authorship, while another has become lord of a school room and is teaching little boys to cipher and young girls to—"stop making faces at the master." Of the remaining three dignitaries, one is constitutionally opposed to the over-exercise of his

faculties and in the innocence of his heart has been heard to declare that editors *have* souls, (their *sole* possession we imagine,) and *must* sleep at least once a week, while the other has such a mass of business to transact in New York, and is so admirably slow in its performance that he seldom has time to visit our "sanctum," so that your humble servant is left alone to face the printer and the public. The former we can get along with, for we can dodge him in the street and turn his *imp* out of doors—though the little rascal has a very inconvenient trick of crawling in at a window—but the latter (meaning of course the public and not the "devil") we cannot foil either by stratagem or force, for, like Shylock, they *will* have their "pound of flesh." We take a walk to the Post Office, admiring the fair forms and bright eyes that flit by, at the risk of losing our center of gravity on the slippery pavement or of running full tilt against a lamp-post or a Professor, when up comes a friend with extended hand and greets us abruptly, "Morning! when's that Yale Lit. coming out?" We feel like cramming the Yale Lit. down his throat. We go to the breakfast table, and the same impertinent questioning empties the coffee into our lap and frightens a mouthful of meat into our windpipe. We call on a lady in the evening, and the half-hinted inquiry as to the whereabouts of our Magazine upsets a chair or two and completes the mischief which a pair of malicious eyes had already begun. Such are some of our troubles, dear reader. We pray you let them pass as an apology for any errors of omission or commission which may mar the present number of the Lit.—a number, by the way, forced from us only by the Hydrostatic pressure of circumstances.

Our Editorial trio was thrown into the most "admired confusion," a short time since, by a horribly personal joke of our worthy Professor of Astronomy. He was speaking of the "moon hoax" which "gummed" so many learned philosophers some years ago, and, alluding to the rumor current at the time that a committee to inquire into the subject was sent to New York from this College, he astounded his audience with the information that *that* committee was composed of students, and their object—to *get contributions to the Yale Literary*. If a comet had suddenly whisked its fire-train through the lecture room, or a brick-bat from a meteoric body fallen with a crash through the roof, or we had heard, like Pythagoras, the "music of the spheres," we could not have been more astonished. And that long, shrill, abominable, infernal whoop of our amused classmates!—ugh! it rings in our ears still! And the ladies—they laughed too!—the witches!—as though editors hadn't got feelings, and were only made to dun subscribers (Can you take a hint, my friend?) and furnish food for laughter to the rest of the community. If our joking Professor (it was all a *joke* of course) could have seen the two extremes of our Editorial corps a few hours after practising with a pair of rusty foils with a most ominous scowl, and afterwards thumping each other's heads with a pair of chubby boxing gloves, he would have slept in nightly fear, and solemnly vowed never again to joke about the Yale Literary, not even in order to kill what was, unquestionably, a false rumor, with reference to our Alma Mater.

It is pleasant to look back upon pleasant scenes, and we expect to be pardoned therefore for a reminiscence or two of New Year's day. There is something about this annual interchange of kind words and wishes, this yearly communion of sympathy and friendship, which seems as it were to open the flood-gates of the heart and to set free the tide of emotion which selfishness and care so often limit and restrain. Beneath its warm and genial influence the silent man becomes loquacious, the snarling Bachelor good-natured and forgiving, the selfish worldling liberal and benevolent. On such a day there are smiles for all, kind words for all, tokens of interest or affection for all; and the heart that does not open for their reception, that does not pour forth its spirit treasures in return, must be dead indeed. The approach of this annual festival, this Saturnalia of the affections, this boundary line between the cares and sorrows of the past and the brilliant visions of the future, has for us an extraordinary interest. It came this year with smiling and joyous face, but with icy hand and garments of snow. Through the thronged streets flew crowds of jovial spirits, upsetting in a snow drift, or pausing to exchange greetings with a friend. Sleigh bells chimed and door-bells jingled; eyes sparkled, and so did wine; cakes rose and then fell; hearts fluttered, and ribands too; cheeks were *red*, and so were mottoes; and on the tide of happiness flowed, gathering up love, affection, and friendship, as it went, like a great ball of snow, rolling from a mountain summit, adding to its swiftness and its size at every turn, and taking up in its progress flakes of gold and grains of sand, the crystal and the withered

leaf: but above all and over all this scene of festal mirth, marring its harmony and gladness, like a funeral knell at a wedding, brass-heeled boots at a ball, or a cracked fiddle at a concert, rattled that enemy of comfort, that murderer of sleep—the *college bell*. Aye! and it called us to study and to toil—*study*, while all nature around us was reeking with fun—*toil*, while the very laborer in the streets was resting the weary arm and revelling in indolence and ease! And did we heed the summons? No sir! Every stroke of that bell was answered by a jolly laugh; every Freshman that marched to his recitation room, like a criminal to the bar, or a steamboat passenger to “the captain’s office,” covered our face with smiles, and doubled us up with laughter. No sir! we did *not* heed the summons! A span of horses stood at the door; we tumbled into the sleigh amidst a pile of buffalo robes, and as the recitation bell gave its last “kick,” crack went the whip and off went we, and we made our earliest call while the man first called up in the division-room was deliberately and gracefully ‘flunking.’ Was n’t that glorious! Ah! ha! most worthy College Faculty, for once we preferred wit to wisdom, fun to philosophy, pleasure to profit, woman to man! All that afternoon we dashed about from house to house, and from street to street, laughing here, talking there, and happy everywhere; nor did our horses stop of *their own accord* before one particular door, as our first Editor’s are said to have done. But one mishap marred our pleasure. We had run the gauntlet of bright eyes all day and escaped uninjured; we had visited particular friends and particular foes; we had even dashed boldly into a parlor whose walls were completely lined with ladies, as the sides of a conservatory with flowers, and retired unhurt—no! alive; but alas! Fate had pulled on his “seven league boots” and was after us like a fox after a chicken. We were driving merrily along, executing sundry fantastic cuts with our whip, much to the amusement of our horses it is to be presumed, when we saw, at a short distance before us, a dignified, well-dressed gentleman, with his hands in his pockets and his hat set jauntily on one side, and whom we imagined to be a personal friend, and forthwith we determined to make him join us in our ride. “Hallo! old fellow!” we yelled at the top of our voice,—“hold up a moment!” The gentleman looked hastily around, but did not slacken his pace. We shouted again: “Hold your horses, old boy, and we’ll take you in!” but the pedestrian had evidently strong objections to being “*taken in*,” for he made no answer to our rough invitation. As we approached him however, somewhat surprised at his actions it must be confessed, he turned his face towards us, and we saw, to our astonishment, that we had been hailing a—*Tutor!* Down went our hat over our eyes, crack went the whip, and we dashed by as if a whole menagerie had been howling on our track, leaving the amused college dignitary to laugh at our mistake and chuckle over our hurried flight to his heart’s content. . . .

A mistake equally amusing, and of which one of our brother Editors was the victim, has reached our ears, and in spite of threats and promises, shall reach you, reader. Our “Knight of the Quill” had made his arrangements for a trip to New York, via the Sound. Happening upon some friends, they all concluded to spend the evening together, and forthwith pipes and cigars were produced, and amid the volumes of fragrant smoke, a dropping fire of jokes and puns (our first Editor was *there*) commenced, which soon banished from the traveler’s mind all recollections of his intended journey. Late in the evening, however, some careless remark reminded him of his half-forgotten purpose, and with a glance at his watch, and a newly lit cigar, he bounded from the room and “made tracks” for the steamboat wharf, upsetting a watchman in his flight, and endangering the personal safety of the few wayfarers on his route, and finally reached the wharf, puffing and blowing like a high-pressure engine, just as two of the boat-hands were pulling in the “plank.” With one desperate leap he stood upon the deck, and after a puff at his cigar and a gasp or two for breath, shouted, with a triumphant laugh, “All right, Captain! Go ahead!” The crew near by looked at him with an odd mixture of surprise and merriment, and then asked him where he intended to go. “Go?” said our friend, with a careless toss of the head, “why, to New York, to be sure!” “Ah!” was the reply, “the boat went half an hour ago: *this* boat does n’t go till *morning!*” Luckless Editor! He went off slyly the next day in the car. . . .

What a strange frenzy seizes the unmarried portion of community at the annual return of St. Valentine’s day! Love, chained fast to the pillars of politeness and etiquette during the rest of the year, is on that day set free to prey upon unsuspecting innocence. In what showers of perfumed billets, delicate notes, and melodious son-

nets, his arrows fly ! How hearts beat, cheeks flush, and eyes dilate ! With what appalling rapidity the mercury of friendship and affection rises to "fever heat !" With what a horrible grin the man at the Post Office greets his customers, and with what a scandalous, unsentimental pleasure he rattles the coppers rung from Cupid's victims ! How men that have an unfortunate trick of rhyming suffer for their friends ! How many Seniors are sick during the prevalence of the amorous epidemic, and with what a smile of mingled pity and contempt does the Mathematical Monitor note their absence from "Prayers" and recitation ! How the Freshman sighs and swears over his first Valentine, and forthwith resolves to "cut" the Valedictory, and woo some fairer and gentler mistress than Science. How carefully Tom Moore's lyrics and Byron's strains of glowing lava are perused and examined ! How many vows of everlasting love and adoration are registered on the tablets of the "boy-God," and how soon are the majority of them broken ! Dear reader, did *you* receive a Valentine ? Was n't you tickled when you glanced at the contents of that mysterious little envelop lying on your table ? Did n't you read it over and over again, and press it to the region of your coat supposed to cover your heart, and perform Romeo in the most approved style ? And was n't that Classmate who could thus make you the victim of a mischievous hoax an unfeeling wretch ? We can imagine the indignant eloquence of your affirmative reply. A friend has placed at our disposal a pair of Valentines, which we publish for the benefit of the uninitiated. Whether they are *original* or not is of course a matter of no consequence to our readers, whatever it might have been to the unfortunate recipient. The first one is all honey.

"If mankind were all like you,
And womankind like me,
Kissing is all the world would do,
And all in love would be,
And busy all in writing lines,
And sending true-love Valentines !"

The second is all pepper. The lady's opinions are expressed with a womanly spirit and piquancy which bodes any thing but comfort to the unfortunate who becomes her future lord and master.

Of thy teasings and pleadings
I'm heartily sick.
I'm sure if I loved thee
I'd tell thee so *quick*.
What use or advantage
In wooing like this ?
When a woman says "*No*,"
Do you think she means "*Yes* ?"
The longer thou suest
The colder I grow.
There !—take my last answer !
Canst hear it ? 'Tis—*No* !

That comes out with beautiful brevity and plumpness, does it not, reader ? He must be a bold man who could face such a vixenish reception of his addresses. Courting a boa-constrictor, or wooing a streak of lightning, would be much more safe and pleasant. And such are Valentines ! Dear reader, beware !

When all the world is California mad, it would be strange indeed if our college community should entirely escape the infection. Naturally enough, the disease has broken out in our midst, and leaved upon us its contributions of youth and enthusiasm. Several of our former classmates, and many more of our immediate predecessors, have set out upon their march to the modern El Dorado, in the hope of obtaining, by a single desperate struggle, the wealth which here rewards a life-time of toil. That we wish them all success it is scarcely necessary to say, but we very much doubt the expediency of the step which they have taken. In the absence of all salutary restraints and regulations, the state of society must be semi-barbarous, and the only protection for property or life must reside in superior strength. Living, too, utterly deprived of

the ordinary comforts of life—sleeping under a ragged tent or on the sunny side of an overhanging rock—finding a snake in one's boots or a bowie knife in one's ribs—feeding on tough beef, to which sole leather would be a luxury, and hard biscuit which no grist mill could pulverise,—mending a hole in one's coat with the strands of a tarred rope, or closing the skylights of a dilapidated beaver with rags or leaves—weakening the constitution and sometimes entirely destroying the health—all this is but poorly paid for by the acquisition of gold. Yet on it rolls—the crazy stream of emigration—bounding to the Isthmus—sweeping around Cape Horn—dashing through the desert plains of Mexico—maddened by the fierce impulse of selfishness, and rendered swollen and stormy by the obstacles which start up in its course. The youth and strength of our land are marching southward, draining the arteries of society of its best blood, and leaving behind them many a vacancy which no wealth could fill. And yet—after all—really—a little of that “gold dust” would n't be so very bad. We think that we could manage a half barrel or so of the “shiny,” and without much difficulty too. Let us see! In the first place, we would *pay the printer* :—fact! reader!—and then we would hire our first Editor to stop punning, which would cost us a thousand dollars or so; and then we would buy a new wagon for a scientific gentleman of our acquaintance; and next we would purchase Powers' “Greek Slave” to adorn the vestibule of “South Middle;” and then we would hire five hundred iron-fisted, hawk-eyed Policemen to catch a villainous knave who is prowling about the country, pretending to be a member of this college, and under color of this membership, fleecing the parents of our Classmates and friends—aye! and we would add an additional bonus of ten dollars for each blow of an old-fashioned, slave-driver's whip, applied dexterously to his uncovered back; and then, after this burst of virtuous indignation, we would cushion the seats of the college chapel, and buy a bellows for the “man what blows the ophi-cleid;” and then we would build a nice little, neat little house with a garden all around it, and a fence all around that, and fit up a pleasant little library—something like the Lino—; and then we would put in possession a——. Did you really think, reader, that we would finish that sentence in *your* hearing! Beg your pardon, sir, but we had n't the most remote idea of such a thing. We were only writing a little carelessly—rambling along without a thought—and—and—*dear* reader, we'll change the subject, merely remarking, *en passant*, that a punster friend of ours has translated one of the mottoes—“*Otium cum dig*”—prefixed to our Editors' table, “*Oh! chum, come dig*”!

We have received the “New England Offering” for February, and congratulate its lady Editor upon the success which seems to have attended her efforts. But, dear madam, who wrote that spicy paragraph about the “sickleness of man”? And who is that queer, quiet “Fannie,” who says of Winter,

Kisses he the maiden, blushes burn her cheek,
Grasps the hand of pleasure, playing hide and seek,

and then abuses him for “treading on young toes,” and “pinching beauty's ears and nose”? Our Editorial corps are quite anxious on the subject.

We have also received the February number of “The Indicator,” and blushed becomingly over that paragraph dedicated to the praises of our own beloved Maga. Really, brothers of Amherst, you *are* clever fellows, and—do you like oysters? “We pause for a reply.”

We must also thank our friends of the University of Virginia for sending us a copy of their newly established Magazine. Want of time has prevented us from giving it a fair perusal, but its Editors have our hearty wishes for their success.

We say nothing to our contributors, because we have but a few, and they, fortunately, need neither our criticism or advice. A kind of double-refined, lethargic laziness seems to have crept over our College friends, and prevented them from rendering us even a slight assistance in supporting our Magazine. Ugh! we pity the next Editor.

These puns, reserved for this number, are too bad: we can't publish them.

VOL. XIV.

No. V.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

APRIL, 1849.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTRY.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV.

APRIL, 1849.

No. 5.

THE JUNIUS LETTERS.

THE middle of the Eighteenth Century forms one of the most remarkable, as well as most important periods in English history. From the year 1750 to 1780, embracing the last ten years of the reign of George II, and twenty years of that of George III, the annals of Britain are filled with a record of events, greatly diversified in their character, and affecting in the highest degree the welfare and prosperity of the nation. At the commencement of this period, Robert Walpole had just closed his long administration, and the elder Pitt, England's noblest statesman, had been entrusted with the reins of government. Never were they managed by an abler hand—never did any other minister so greatly enhance the prosperity and the glory of the nation. The first term of his administration presents us no remarkable events. The chief minister of the Realm, though a statesman of transcendent powers, could not at once and single-handed, recover a kingdom from effeminacy and corruption, to which it had been long declining. The second period of his administration, however, was productive of the most important results. By his wonderful powers of mind and his unequalled influence, he recovered the nation from its state of inactivity and stupor, checked the tide of adversity which was threatening to sweep away all elements of power, both at home and abroad, and enrolled in the annals of Britain a long catalogue of the most brilliant naval and military achievements. He infused a new spirit of activity and enterprise, not merely into the various departments of government, but throughout the entire nation; and in fine, fully substantiated his conviction expressed to the Duke of Dorset, "I am sure, my Lord, I can save this Country."

But this happy period in England's history was interrupted by the sudden death of the old king, and the accession to the throne of his grandson, George III, whose reign, directed as it was by profligate and corrupt advisers, proved exceedingly disastrous to the interests of the nation. An immediate result was the retirement from office of the

minister whose administration had been so brilliant, and productive of so great prosperity. His successors were men by no means qualified in talent or in excellence to fill the station thus made vacant. The King, although well-meaning, was swayed by his political counsellors, some of them weak, many of them profligate and corrupt. What wonder that, with such men at its head, the nation should suffer, not merely from the influence of their private example, but also from their public measures! Intrigue and faction, fomented by bribery and reckless ambition, were sapping the hitherto firm foundation of the state. A ministry unqualified to govern, were also incapable of agreement. From a Parliament, the price of whose votes could be estimated in pounds and pence, there could be expected but little exhibition of legislative wisdom or of sound political policy—but little action tending to secure the welfare of the nation, or to promote harmony within its borders. Discontent and disorder soon became everywhere manifest. At this time even a Marquis of the Realm, when moving that Parliament appoint a day to take into consideration the state of the nation, scrupled not to speak of “the present unhappy condition of affairs, and the universal discontent of the people,” attributing them to the maladministration of the Government, which, as he said, had adopted a maxim and policy fatal to the liberties of the country. So alarming became the aspect of affairs, that even the ex-minister Pitt, at this time Earl of Chatham, came forth from his retirement to employ once more the power of his irresistible eloquence in rescuing his beloved country from impending ruin.

Such being the state of affairs in England, and such the character of her Government, it can be no matter of wonder, that there should arise in many patriotic minds the earnest inquiry, How shall deliverance be sought? In what way can a corrupt ministry be reached? How can a deluded king be convinced of his errors?

It was at such a crisis that there appeared in the London Daily Advertiser a series of Letters, over the signature of Junius, which at once drew to themselves the attention of the nation, and excited the most intense desire to discover their author. The first letter bearing this signature was dated January, 1769, although there can be little doubt that others of similar character and design had been previously published by the same author under a different name. In bold and vigorous language these Letters portrayed the evils under which Britain was laboring, and censured in no measured terms those to whom these evils were attributed. The Heads of the various departments of government were the first objects at which were hurled the terrible bolts of bold denunciation, and the piercing shafts of satire. Their effect upon those at whom they were directed, coming as they did from an unknown source, has been compared to that of the fearful handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's palace. The wonderful familiarity they displayed, not merely with the public measures and the more secret counsels of the Cabinet, but also with the daily transactions of their private lives—the unprecedented boldness with which the evils of an existing administration were set forth—and the impenetrable con-

calamity which shrouded their author, could but render him an object of the greatest terror to those whom he attacked. Titled nobility and lofty station, instead of shielding, only served to render their possessor a more sure mark for the secret assailant. The tremendous power with which Junius wielded his pen, and the fearlessness of his denunciation, caused many a Judge and Lord to tremble lest the next bolt be aimed at him. And when at length the sacredness of Majesty itself was violated, terror reigned in Parliament, Cabinet, and Court!

The effects produced by these Letters naturally suggest to every mind an inquiry in reference to their style and character. Why were they regarded with so much dread? What gave them such terrific power, that even Majesty should quail before them?

That they were thus regarded, is of itself sufficient evidence to prove them of no ordinary character. No puerile production of a common newspaper politician, however much truth it contained, could have so aroused the hostility of England's Lords, and the intense interest of the entire nation. Doubtless there were many, who with patriotic zeal discharged their puny weapons in their Country's cause, but these weapons either failed to reach their aim, or fell powerless from the shield of lofty station.

But the style of Junius was such as few could imitate, and none could equal. His papers were manifestly from the pen of no insignificant scribbler. They betray the most thorough study and perfect mastery of the English language, and have been pronounced unequalled examples of the energy and power of the pure Saxon. There is a peculiar perspicuity and force with which every thought is presented, and every clause made to bear directly upon its object. They seem to combine in themselves every element essential to a vigorous, energetic style. There is the power which a deeply important subject affords—the power of a full and complete understanding of the facts to be presented—the power which is imparted alone by sincerity and by a deep interest in the object to be gained. While there is breathed forth in them a spirit of strong and genuine patriotism, nowhere else can there be found such withering rebuke, such spirited invective, such severity of sarcasm, and such terrible irony. The Letter of May 30th, to the Duke of Grafton, and that of Sept. 19th, 1769, to the Duke of Bedford, well illustrate the power of Junius in this variety of style, and check all wonder at the rage of those at whom were pointed his envenomed shafts. Not a line but presses its sting into his victim, and leaves him writhing in agony.

But the limits of this article forbid a complete examination of the characteristics of the Junius Papers. A full understanding of them can be gained only by an attentive perusal. Says one who has diligently studied these writings, "they are a solid fabric of human intellect, which will forever stand the test of criticism; a fabric the longer we gaze upon, the greater is our admiration. The intrinsic ability of these Letters, their fine flow of language, their disclosure of public events, the boldness with which they were written and ushered into the world; all combine to stamp upon them that eulogium which Junius himself,

without vanity, has inserted in his Dedication to the English nation :— ‘when Kings and Ministers are forgotten, when the force and direction of personal satire is no longer understood, and when measures are only felt in their remotest consequences, this book will, I believe, be found to contain principles worthy to be transmitted to posterity.’”

From the consideration of the character of these Letters, and of the circumstances which called them forth, the mind naturally turns to contemplate their author.

At the present time it is difficult to form a conception of the sensation created by the appearance of these Letters. To form any adequate conception, we must consider the deplorable condition of public affairs, the agitated state of the public mind, and also the eagerness with which a new and unusual champion in the arena of political strife is always received. We must remember, too, the boldness of Junius' attacks, the severity of his style, and the station and character of those in relation to whom he wrote. Under such a combination of circumstances, conspiring together to produce an intense desire in the minds of all to ascertain the author of these Letters, Junius remained, and to our day remains, undiscovered and unknown.

No problem of a more curious nature, or of more difficult solution, has been presented to the literary world. The King and his ministry, as well as those at the head of the Judiciary, were foremost in the eager search to discover the Great Unknown. No wonder that with them inquiry was aroused, and invention racked, to discover and drag from his hiding place so dreaded an enemy! The Judiciary employed its agents—the King sent forth his emissaries and spies. Every circumstance was eagerly caught, which might serve to throw a single ray of light into the darkness which enveloped him. At an expense of thousands of pounds the Publisher of the Advertiser was tried before Lord Mansfield, the most bitter enemy of Junius, but no information respecting the concealed author could be elicited. Not mere curiosity, but the bitterest hatred, the most intense thirst for revenge, and fear for the future, gave energy to this search. Every expedient which human ingenuity could devise, or human imagination conceive, was tried, but tried in vain.

But there were those engaged in endeavoring to discover Junius, moved by other incentives than hatred, revenge, or fear. Not all who read, were enemies. The popular character, the patriotic spirit, and the elevated style of his writings, gained for him a host of ardent admirers. Their curiosity to discover “who thus shot his arrows from an impenetrable concealment,” was scarcely less intense than the anxiety of his enemies. But all the plans which ingenuity could devise, or vigilance execute, signally failed of the accomplishment of the desired end. In the language of Dr. Good, “Enveloped in the cloud of a fictitious name, Junius, unseen himself, beheld with secret satisfaction the vast influence of his labors, and enjoyed the universal hunt that was made to detect him in his disguise. He beheld the people extolling him, the court execrating him, and ministers, and more than ministers, trembling beneath the lash of his invisible hand.”

Nor did these efforts to discover him cease when the occasion, which called forth his Letters, had passed away. Volume after volume has been written, collating every circumstance, and sifting all the evidence which can be brought to bear upon the subject, to identify Junius with one and another of his cotemporaries, but all without success; and even yet the search is not abandoned. Of the distinguished individuals, whose claims to the authorship of these Letters have found many and able supporters, the most prominent are Lord George Sackville, Lord Ashburton, Edmund Burke, and Pitt, the Earl of Chatham.

But as the grave has long ere this closed over the author, his name, thus far unknown, will probably ever defy the power of search. "I am the sole depository of my own secret," said Junius, "and it shall perish with me!" The declaration has been fulfilled! The impenetrable mystery which enshrouds him, stands out a conspicuous anomaly on the page of History. Never was the veil of secrecy more skillfully wrought, or more closely enfolded about its object. While the whole English nation were aroused,—while his praises or his curses were on every tongue, Junius preserved his secret locked in the chambers of his own breast. It is indeed a great wonder, that he could thus baffle eager search. It is a wonder far greater, that although he possessed the full assurance that his writings would be handed down from generation to generation, and be read so long as the English language endures, he could thus withhold his name, and refuse the homage of an admiring posterity. There is here presented a new fact in the history of man—the voluntary rejection of perpetual honor! It is here that Junius appears in the most interesting light. The thoughts and emotions which filled the breast of such a man, in the sole possession of a secret so universally desired and so eagerly sought, present a theme of contemplation of no ordinary character. From the elevated standpoint of knowledge he clearly beheld the efforts made for his discovery. What hopes, and fears, and passions, must have alternately swayed his mind as idle rumor and vague conjecture, with busy zeal, turned the current of popular suspicion now in one direction, and now in another! How guarded every word and every action in all his varied intercourse with his fellow men! What strong temptations to divulge his secret must have been resisted! What determination of will, and inflexibility of purpose, are manifested in its preservation! What skill and adroitness in escaping detection!

Such thoughts as these fill the mind as we close the volume of *The Junius Letters*. They form no uninteresting portion of English Literature. They hold no mean rank in the scale of literary merit. Their claim to our attention is founded not alone upon the occasion which called them forth, nor upon the high station of those to whom they were addressed. The political views and principles, which they profess and advocate, give them no inferior place in point of intrinsic worth. That a proper spirit is always manifested in them, none will presume to maintain. We need the author's name to determine with certainty that envy or disappointed ambition have not assisted in their

production, and given to them somewhat of their peculiar power. But that he possessed a spirit of genuine patriotism—that he saw and lamented the great evils under which his country was laboring, and put forth this effort for their removal, we think, is sufficiently obvious to every candid mind; and such will be the honorable tribute of the impartial Future.

A SOUTHERN CHRISTMAS.

“One word to such readers, judicious and wise,
As read books with something behind the mere eyes,
Of whom in the country perhaps there are two,
Including myself, gentle reader, and you.
All the characters sketched in this slight *jeu d'esprit*,
Though it may be they seem here and there rather free,
And drawn from a mephistophelian stand-point,
Are meant to be faithful and that is the grand-point.”

Fable for Critics.

WHAT strange beings are parents!

Full of love and tender anxiety, by the influence of both they are continually forming opinions ill-judged, and jumping at conclusions unfounded, so far as extraneous circumstances are concerned. Where their children are interested, they are devoid of suspicion, filled with happy confidence: but whatever circumstances may surround these pledges of their affection, they look with distrust and guarded suspicion, lest from them a contaminating influence may proceed.

For instance: a son is sent to college, in a year his parents come to visit him, they stop at a public house, perhaps the only one in the place, there they observe some twenty or thirty young men daily frequenting the bar-room; then with ill-judged haste, forgetting how many there are who never enter these drinking shops, they jump to the conclusion that the students are too dissipated for their innocent offspring, and decide that it were far better they had kept their unsophisticated son at home, amid scenes I venture to predict far more open to temptations of every kind.

To such parents I would urge the moral of the little incident which I am about to relate, as indicating the state of morals at home as not much higher than that in any college in the United States. And I would premise by stating that every word I am going to say is to my certain knowledge literally true.

It was no longer than last Christmas, a bright, sunny, cheerful day as it was in the little village of D——, that some fourteen young men, wearied with the duties of a twelvemonth past, were assembled in the hospitable mansion of one of their number, all primed, and ready for any kind of spree that might turn up. Judging from the frequent attacks that were made upon a huge bowl of smoking punch, placed upon

the table before them, and the jolly state of mind in which we find them, they had already imbibed a quantity sufficient to banish dull care from their midst.

It was eleven in the morning, and already had they finished the bowl twice filled to cure the aching of heads fevered by the previous night's frolic. Jokes flashed as the quick repartee was exchanged, eyes sparkled as the merry story was told, the joyous song rung loud and clear despite the dense clouds of tobacco—all, all betokened the highest stage of fun and good-humor. The sweet notes of that good old song, Crambambuli, were still echoing through the walls, as a loud knock was heard at the door and an unexpected visitant appeared.

"Gentlemen, His Honor the Mayor requires your presence immediately, at the court room, to answer to the charge of breaking the peace last night."

An instantaneous silence! For the fact was, they had commenced their Christmas the eve before, by breaking into the belfry, alarming the town, disturbing the blues, etc, etc, and I only wish you could have seen the comical expression which sat upon their sobered faces, as with one accord they turned to him who sat at the head, and looked to him for an answer. He, nowise daunted, and assuming a dignity ill-according with his tottering head and stammering voice, soon replied, "Go to him that sent you, and say we never breakfast until eleven. Let him examine all witnesses, and we will come at twelve, to hear the decision."

A burst of laughter greeted this rough and ready answer, and stutted eulogiums were passed upon the beauty of its diction. After a few more pulls at the horn, the crowd arose and proceeded in mock ceremony to the office of "His Honor the Mayor." There standing before his awful tribunal, this dreadful sentence was pronounced:

"Young Gen-til-mens, your conduct doit avoir un plus grand punishment but in want d' evidence, I am oblige pronouncer you acquitted. You are honorablement discharged."

Now inasmuch as our worthy Mayor is to act a most conspicuous part in our narrative, a short description of him may not be malapropos. He was one of those jolly old Frenchmen, the personification of good living in his person, the essence of wit beaming from his eye. He had gained his election in a characteristic manner. Each of the regular candidates, anxious to gain his ends by *un grand coup de main*, had brought him forward, that upon him they might each throw the disaffected of the other, and thus secure their own majority. The day came, our little Frenchman in the chair, the votes were called—an equal number for each, himself included: He gave the casting vote for himself and therefore was elected. Thus elevated to the mayoralty by his own means, he determined to prove himself worthy of his constituents, and therefore abandoned his former tipping habits. His head mounted with a huge wig, scarcely concealing the little chubby cheeks, which would show forth the effects of jovial habits, his little round paunch artificially enveloped in the drapery of the huge chair of state, his merry eye peering out with humorous glances, which nongh

could restrain—all displayed how vainly, yet how industriously, he endeavored to accommodate himself to his new position.

But to proceed ;—our crowd of acquitted youngsters, pleased with the magnanimous conduct of the worthy dispenser of justice, decided unanimously that they could do no less than invite him to dine with them, which they accordingly did. Now there was a hard struggle going on in the breast of monsieur C., as he heard this unexpected proposal, and the sparkling eye betokened the eager readiness with which he wished to catch at the offer, yet there was a little something which whispered, “keep out of temptation,” and following the impulse, he was about to decline the invitation : but then visions of the delicate steaks of venison, lubricated by the sparkling champagne, caused a sudden reaction in his sentiments, and so he determined to compromise the matter. “Gen-til-men, I am vera heureux accepter your invitation, but il faut remind you dat I ne vave drink anything but le claret, and il faut dat you ne pas offrir l’eau de vie or champagne.”

“You shall swim in claret, my dear sir,” resounded a number of voices, and in a whisper, “your head with something else.”

Oh unfortunate Monsieur C., knew you but one half of what is meditating for your benefit, how gladly would you even now shrink back ere it is too late. But no : they are already seated in the light buggies and as they return to the house at a racing speed, songs and glees rise loudly on the air. The home was not far from the town, and our party were arrived, their abstinence just sufficiently long to create a new desire for another pull at the never-failing punch bowl. But it was very near the dinner hour, so that the attack was not very vigorous, monsieur C. rigidly refraining from touching anything as yet, because the claret had not made its appearance. Conversation was resumed, both sober and wild, by the company, with the exception of two, whose motions in an adjoining room deserve our notice for a moment. Here were the host and one of the original number, who had conceived a plan as original as amusing, and were now busy in the preparations for its accomplishment. A dozen bottles of claret lay before them, from each of which they were extracting about half its contents, and refilling with strong Cogniac Brandy. This done, they replaced the corks, and then joined the party in the sitting room, soon after which dinner was announced.

And oh, what an assemblage of delicacies met the glistening eye of our Epicurean Mayor. At each end a large wild turkey, well dressed and seasoned with delicate spices, the tender ducks, with their champagne sauce, chickens in every style, all manner of vegetable rarities, while between every dish were posted, like sentinels, the sharp Heid-sick and the desired claret. Tender strips of newly killed venison were writhing and jumping above the flaming spirit lamps, which burned bright and steadily to preserve the viand hot and tempting—rich wood-cock, partridges, quails, the result of their own sportive amusement, combined to make the catalogue complete, and the desires satisfied, while the close attention of the servants, and the rich display of plate in which all was served, evinced that nothing had been forgotten by their hospitable host.

The first course was over, the fresh shad had been shown full justice, the turkeys were attacked, the ducks dissected, and all were busily at work in the task of demolishing. Pop goes a cork—pop—pop, go two others, while the effervescing beverage is cautiously and scientifically dispensed in the needy glasses. Brightly did the eyes of Monsieur C. glisten and sparkle as he saw his favorite *liqueurs* flowing plentifully around; but still firm to his principles, he restrains the officious servant as he would fill too his glass, with the ready exclamation—"Sacre Dieu, non, non—ne pas pour moi; I dreenk de claret. Monsieur, vid your permission—I feel my glass." And suiting the action to the word, he poured out a plentiful supply of the suspicious looking fluid, and, with a graceful wave of the head, tossed it off to the health of the party. "Vera fine claret, tres, tres fine! It ees si long time I av drink de claret, dat I croyais it vas l'eau de vie—mais it ees grand, tres grand—le bon claret toujours ave the gout of good brandy."

Glass after glass did he drink of the mixed liquor, each time extolling more and more legrand liqueur, with a volubility of tongue only surpassed by the brokenness of his language. Full of mirth and wit, he afforded plentiful supplies of amusement, increasing as the contents of the bottle would diminish—unsuspicious, never dreaming that he was the butt at which were flung all the shafts of raillery and sarcasm, he still went on imbibing, until the little stock of sense still remaining in his pericranium was fast disappearing. Then he commenced to grow belligerent, and mounted on the table commenced lounging most furiously with a carving knife at all the champagne bottles. "Eternel enmity pendant toi et moi!" A lunge—"I nevere drink you more!" another lunge—"Vive le claret." A third and desperate lunge, which sent him sprawling on the table, upsetting two or three decanters, and sending a score of tumblers tumbling about the floor. His feet resumed, the spirit of his dream was changed. One more potation, and he was showing to his young friends the new polka step, of which, if it consists in tottering contortions of the body and hopping movements of the legs, he most certainly gave an excellent imitation. Then he was the Mayor again, as he strutted in the dignity of his station and stuttered out the admirable Shaksperian epithet—"Ricarde est soi-meme encore"—until at last wearied and tired, he doffed the warrior, the dancer, and the Mayor, and comfortably assumed the new capacity of the beast, by choosing his deserved position under the table.

Meantime our friends had not been idle. The champagne had flown rapidly round the festive board, and as rapidly to their reeling brains. Songs and jests, puns and witticisms, sarcasms and repartee were liberally dispersed, as the sparkling wine went round. It was a scene of mirth and jollity, of boisterous fun and frolic, far exceeding any spree of college life. Wave after wave of curling smoke rose gracefully above, until a knife could cut the mass, so dense it really was. Cigar after cigar was tried and smoked, regalias, as well as all kinds of Havanas, liquor after liquor poured freely on the pregnant board. So one might easily judge that ere long many others would follow Monsieur C.'s bestial example, unless a truce was quickly made. A happy

thought soon struck them, however, and one which they immediately proceeded to put into execution.

Poor unfortunate Monsieur C., was it not enough that you were enticed into scenes long since forsworn, and to taste of the liquid long abandoned! Ye shades of injured virtue, why rise ye not in judgment against these sacrilegious polluters and stop their endless persecutions!

Up stairs they went, and commenced to rummage among the drawers for some fantastic dresses which had been used a year before, in the performance of some private theatricals. Among the large assortment, they chose an old dress, fitting close to the body, so used by the character of the clown. This they ornamented, by daubing red and black paint in various figures, representations of the dinner scene, etc, etc, until they pronounced it sufficiently unique to be used. Down again they went, there finding poor C. still industriously engaged in his snoring employment, and evincing no signs of locomotive power. Bodily they lifted him upon the table and stretched him at full length, amid stammering maledictions pronounced upon their heads by the stationary Frenchman. There perched, they deliberately proceeded to unclothe the unfortunate Mayor, but not without vigorous opposition on his part.

"Wife, wife, I am not drunk—I can aller coucher myself—Prenez garde. I weel deshabillera myself. I am de tête of our famille. Prenez garde."

Our friends, taking the cue from his speech, humored his home-bound fancy and assumed the capacity of wives, so far as the caudling was concerned. By the soothing epithet of husband—darling—dear—they succeeded in pacifying him to a state of submission, until they came to putting on the clown's dress. Then his slumbering senses for a moment returned and he insisted with demoniacal force that, "dat vas nevare his robe de chambre. His robe vas vite and nevare fit trop tight. He nevare could sleep in une robe, qui vas made of de sticking plastaire." Another dose of *brandy-claret* succeeded in again restoring him to his former stupefied condition, and, with the exception of when they were enveloping his nose with the garment, he was comparatively docile. There he writhed and howled like a squalling child, swearing to his wife that there "was no grog blossom on that membre of his body, du tout, and he could not ave it all plastaired up."

At length, however, they succeeded in accoutering him in his new attire, which sat so closely around his plump little frame, that at every movement some crack would be heard, as a seam would be unripped. But from this they had not much to fear, for he lay like a mesmerized patient, stupid and inactive until moved by the will of his tormentors.

There they left him, wrapped in his deep sleep, as securely as in his many-colored garment, and forthwith proceeded to accomplish the second part of their most unrighteous plot. With spirits elated and mirth full for action, they drove into the town, borne quietly thither by two mettlesome mares of the generous host. Arrived there, they eagerly inquired for the sexton of the place, whose residence, when found, they quickly reached. As soon as they could obtain an audience, they stated that a friend was in a situation requiring the hearse, and, as

they did not wish to trouble him to proceed so far in his avocation, they would like to usurp his position, and use the car of black. The old sexton, a shrewd old chap, always intent upon making a good bargain, hesitated for a long time, until, by the offer of a sufficient inducement, he 'had held out as far as his conscience, i. e. his pocket, demanded. Getting out the sable hearse from its dingy stable, he proceeded to attach the bare-boned, time-serving animal to its accustomed harness, ever and anon launching out in prosy sermons of advice, as to how fast to drive, &c., delicate words of praise upon his revolutionary horse, which had passed through the brunt of so many burials—all which, with a due sense of regard for the reader's patience, I will forthwith omit. Suffice it to say, the hearse was obtained, its box mounted by one of our party, and all then returned back to the *repository* of Monsieur C.

Notwithstanding the many warnings of the worthy old sexton, his favorite Bucephalus was urged to his full powers, and put to his fastest pace. But withal, this was not sufficiently rapid to keep up with the high-spirited animals which bore the remainder of the company. Whip and lash were applied most unsparingly, and these proving insufficient, a thick leathern goad, torn from the sides of the sombre vehicle, was laid on with all the power to be mustered. But all would not do. Lash, whip, cut, beat just as much as you chose, not one jot faster or slower would this mulish beast stir from his favorite gait, but jog, jog, jog, in the same steady movement, with which, for a quarter century, he had borne his silent burdens to their resting bourne. At last, however, our indefatigable driver reached the house, just in time to find his companions, who had arrived before him, issuing thereout with every symptom of consternation and surprise.

It appears that immediately upon their arrival, they advanced to the dining room, connected with a sleeping apartment, now for Monsieur C., expecting of course to find him in the self-same posture and place that he was when they left. But imagine their wonder and astonishment, when an empty apartment greeted their vision, no trace of Monsieur C. anywhere to be found. The fragments of a bottle of champagne, visible on the ceiling, evinced that his trance had been broken—though to what extent could not be ascertained. The last bottle of claret was missing, and expectation was on the *qui vive* to find out where he had secreted himself. Up stairs they went, through all the rooms, in all the closets, under the beds; down still, through the parlors, in the pantries, under the sofas; down still, through the cellar, in the store room, amid the barrels; farther, into the wine room, through the alcoves, among the baskets—but in vain; no sign or token displayed any traces of our unfortunate friend.

The whole house had been searched, and nought evinced his presence there. They began to feel alarmed. He could not have returned to the town, for there was but one road, and that the one that they had taken, and, had he returned therefore, they would have met him, as he must have walked. Fright therefore began to succeed mirthful surprise, and they began to feel anxious, lest the hearse might in reality be needed. Through the garden and grounds they searched, though

the cold air pinched them well, and made them pay for their frolic. Under hedges, by the ditches, through the bushes, did they look full well, amid shouts and cries for "Monsieur C., Monsieur C." But all in vain, and they were returning in despair, to search the house, when a loud cry and boisterous laugh from one, betokened that he was at last found; our host had stumbled over him as he was about to retire in despair. He was leaping a fence, through the gate of which he had before past, and who should he light upon on the other side but poor Monsieur C. ? Yes, poor fellow, there he was nicely bundled up in a heap, sprawling beneath the hedge, snoring away as manfully and comfortably as if he were in the warmest apartment. His gumelastic, indian rubber legs perched at right angles above him, his head, in a patch of potatoes, embedded in the sand, in his mouth (a hole for which had been forcibly made through his garment, which had slipped up too far) the identical missing bottle of claret, his hands affectionately clasping the aforesaid bottle, and apparently endeavoring to squeeze out more from its emptied interior, his nose performing its appropriate and musical function—it was a sight more ludicrous than words or pen can express.

As our crowd assembled around him, and the shouts of laughter pealed merrily through the air, they took him up bodily and strove coaxingly to make him stand erect. But to no purpose. Carry him they must, or else leave him there. The latter they were not disposed to do, and so like a mass of stone they bore his rotund form to the house. There they laid him on the table, the scene of his former martyrdom, and proceeded to repatch the various points which were torn in his peregrination. The dress was mended in all its parts, and washed with a sprinkling of camphene and turpentine. Meanwhile various were the surmises as to how and where he got out of the house—what was his object, &c. &c.—all which I wish the reader to decide for himself, as I am able to arrive at no more correct conclusion than they did.

Monsieur C. all this time lay stiff and immovable, never changing his position from the seat in which he was placed, and as he breathed, making the return breath echo in a whistling sigh, expressive of his comfort and satisfaction. In his fantastic dress, fitting tightly, and displaying most admirably the obesity of his little frame, while his little hands and feet seemed like wire figures, he put one in mind of a ganky ape, which had lost its only charm, viz. activity. The crowd around, some drinking, some dressing for the grand finale of the spree, were all in the highest state of excited expectation. Our host was dressed in a flowing surplice, with poor Monsieur C.'s dignified wig upon his head, and prayer book in his hand; another of the company, as the prim old quaker sexton, with broad-brimmed hat, and straightened coat, mouth puckered up and measured pace; another, as chief mourner, in a drapery of crape, to which were pinned innumerable handkerchiefs, soaked with wine, expressive of the dripping quantities of tears shed; another, as mourning wife, with flowing robe, extending two feet behind, and a cap of the Elizabethian age; and so on throughout the whole company.

When they had all finished their arrangements, they brought forward the coffin which they had obtained along with the hearse, and doubling poor Monsieur C.'s jolly little figure in the table cloth, just leaving a nice little space around the chubby face, lifted him up and placed him within that narrow receptacle. Then, placing down the top, they screwed it on fast, having previously cut a circular hole over his face, through which to breathe, a strip of paper pasted over it obliquely with the glowing motto, *γνώθι σεαυτόν*. Thus prepared they bore the coffin and its *official contents* to the hearse, whose appearance had been somewhat changed since its arrival. Instead of the veteran mule, were attached four spirited animals, who chafed and champed as they were restrained by the grooms; six flags hung out from its sides, three on each, and on the back was pasted a large white sheet, bearing the following inscription in flaming capitals—

Fellow Citizens all—Respond to our call,
And join our most holy procession :
Our dearly-loved Mayor lies now within here,
In King Claret's most righteous possession.

He has gone from you now—to a world far below,
From eating too hearty a dinner ;
But rave not in sorrow—he'll be back tomorrow—
This world could not spare such a sinner.

Our host, mounted on the box, whip and reins in hand, eleven others on top of the hearse, clinging on as well as they might, commenced the solemn funeral procession, borne swiftly by the fiery animals, goaded anon by the lash, anon by the wild shouts of laughter and revelry, which resounded from the outside passengers—merrily sped they through the grave roads, startling the timid deer as they passed the grand old forest, a joke and a jest for every one they met, the pendant flags waving gracefully to the cool evening breeze, the outstretched poetic banner inviting censure and despising reproof. On, on, they flew, through the outskirts of the town, a nod to the sturdy rustics returning to their evening firesides, a kiss of the hand to the fair faces of the village beauties as they peered through the half-opened sash at the "freaks of the gentlefolks," while the deep-toned bell, which had so often summoned the culprit to the bar of justice, now sent forth its clear, melodious notes at the hands of our missing two, who had ridden forward for this laudable purpose.

On, on, they advanced, the horses borrowing life and spirit anew from their frolicsome drivers, a grim smile to the sexton, as he stood with mouth agape and eyes outstretched as though his senses were deceiving him at this most diabolical insult to his profession—a reverend bow to the parish rector, as with clasped hands and uplifted arms he prayed for mercy on their souls—a wave of the hand to the prim old maids who stood aghast and dismayed in their humble porches looking expectantly for a second rain of fire and ashes wherewith to punish these sinful recreants.

On, on, still they rode through the mud and the slush, through the crowds of bystanders and loafers eager to see the end, with a long cavalcade stretching out far behind them of buggies and carriages striving hard to keep their distance; on, on, past the house of the defunct Mayor, whence was stretched the crane-like neck of the reverend mayor, with a shout and a laugh and a song and—crash, crash goes the hearse as the top gives in and twelve are deposited as cabin passengers, while the sudden effort to check their speed sends the crazy vehicle reeling on its side. Out flies one in the line of a tangent, out rolls another in the curve of an ellipse, out emerge four rolling one on the other, while the coffin is whirled exactly in a perpendicular position, which placing Monsieur C.'s feet upwards and head to the ground, occasions a loud cry of "murder—prenez garde—murder—elp—elp—le diable—elp."

Crowds of villagers came pouring in multitudes to see the effect of the catastrophe, the pettifogging lawyers to gain a client for the next term, the meddling physician praying as he jogs along for broken bones, contusions, etc, etc, the street-praying divine beholding visions of souls to be recovered and a rich harvest for him, the gossiping old maids to gain a new story for their next quilting on the morrow—mid all which our crowd quietly and quickly returned.

Of the manner in which monsieur got out of his narrow apartment, of his state when thus restored to life, of the caudling he received from his much-dreaded spouse for a month of nights after, of his impeachment the next day by the indignant townspeople, and his characteristic method of smoothing matters over, of the vain search that was made the next day for the perpetrators of this outrage, I am not prepared to speak. Suffice it that on the 8th of January a party was assembled, not one hundred miles from that place, numbering about fourteen, and as I passed the window, I saw them rise and drink, as the toast was given,

"To our worthy and much injured Monsieur C."

MY FAVORITE ELM.

I love to leave the din of life,
To seek this silent glen,
Away from all harrowing sins and cares—
Away from angry men.
Here, here my heart can be at rest
From bitter toil and pain—
A harp too worn, too rudely touched,
To breathe a livelier strain.

My soul is dark as a winter night,
When wild winds sweep the sky,
And blinding showers of sleet and rain
Are falling fitfully.
Dark dreams and passions mock my rest,
And tempt me aye to sin ;
While life and men, alas ! give strength
To the tempter fiends within !

I love thee, noble forest king !
I love thy leafy shade :
For I have often wandered here,
To dream of rill and glade—
To dream of vale and mountain height,
Of rock and stream and glen,
And long lost friends whose eyes of light
Shine bright upon me then.

I love to mount thy leafy crest,
And listen to thy strain
Of sombre music, like the voice
Of winds upon the main ;
For in my heart full many a chord
Responds, old tree, to thine,
Like the murmur of the cypress grove
Responding to the pine.

I too have felt the blasts of life,
And lived amidst the storm,
With a heart too wild to bear the strife,
And a soul, alas, too warm !
I too have felt the cold winds beat,
The bleak, cold winds of scorn ;
And I, like thee, am tossed about,
Shattered, weary, and worn !

Then let me ever come to thee,
To breathe my griefs away,
And gather strength to bear my lot,
As I have done to-day.
O, let me mount thy top, and hang
Upon thy loftiest bough ;
And sing to thee my own sad song,
As I am singing now !

SPIRITUAL METAMORPHOSES.

To die ;—to sleep :—

To sleep ! perchance to dream ; ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause !

HAMLET.

THE various phenomena which are displayed during the progress of that peculiar and startling event, which destroys the body and bears the soul of man out of our sphere of vision, are calculated to call into lively action the deepest feelings of our nature : and for this reason, mainly, they have rarely been subjected to the strict scrutiny of a philosophical analysis. Man is not at one and the same moment an emotive and a philosophic being. Emotion and philosophical investigation involve the exercise of totally different faculties, and are brought about by totally different causes. And hence, those who gather around the dying to watch the final change, and to see the spirit throwing off like an old garment the shattered body, and passing away into a new and invisible state of being, are in no proper state of mind to mark with curious eyes the striking phenomena which come to light at that awful hour.

Divesting ourselves, however, of this common and proper feeling, and putting on the sombre robes of philosophy, let us approach this scene of wonders in order to mark the process by which the spirit is set free, and to watch the progress of that spirit as it enters upon another state of existence. Let us notice each change as it passes over the face of the soul, and scan with strained vision its retreating flight toward those shining portals which separate mortality from immortality.

Disease, fastening upon the body, and wearing out those energies which once gave beauty and consistency to the form, soon reaches a vital point of attack. The soul learns speedily that the physical frame which has been its habitation, is a decaying and ruined tenement. The pulse grows rapidly feebler—the senses duller—the powers of the body more and more languid in their action—till at last they suddenly cease to act ; and at that instant the spirit abandons its ruined habitation, and passes out of sight. Then follows a speedy dissolution—the body decays—the members fall apart—and grace and beauty and strength soon melt away into a shapeless and worthless mass of earth !

But, abandoning these merely physical phenomena, let us turn our vision to the soul, which by this process of ejection is made shelterless ; and seek to discover its condition in that new existence which it is in this way compelled to enter—trusting meanwhile that we may thus cast some gleam of light, however feeble, on that path which by a common law of nature we shall all alike be compelled sooner or later to tread.

The idea that the soul abandons the body at the precise moment at

which visible death takes place, may or may not be true. The soul may linger fondly around that wonderful machine by which its own powers have been developed, and may even descend with it into the tomb, there to watch in silence the gradual process of dissolution. It is more probable, however, that this separation actually occurs at the moment at which it seems to occur—when the heart ceases to beat.

The world, in which the spirit on its departure from the body is to commence a separate existence, must be altogether spiritual, since none but spiritual existences could inhabit such a sphere as would be adequate to the reception of a disembodied soul. Whether that world can occupy any particular portion of space, may fairly be questioned, since our idea of space is wholly non-essential to our idea of spirit. The soul may linger in the atmosphere around us, or be shot forth into vacuity, or pass at once into that sphere where other spirits have gone before it, and where it may enter at once into the full fruition of that new state of being.

What will be the first thought flashing across a spirit at the moment of its disembodiment! Evidently, a consciousness of the awful change which has taken place in its own condition. In cases of disease, and even of sudden death, this change will have been partially foreseen: and the soul will thus have been in some slight measure prepared by anticipation for the actual occurrence. One of the most peculiar features of this change will be the loss of sensation, and of the senses—those faculties which are the guides and educators of the intellect through life. Subsequent to this will come the idea of separation, not only from the body which has been so much the object of thought and care, but also from relations and relatives, associates and associations of every kind, and lastly from both place and time. Let us now strive to form some conception of the soul at this stage in the process of transformation. One idea occupies its thoughts—it is wholly swallowed up in that—separation, complete and eternal separation from all it loves; hates, hopes, fears, delights in, feels, thinks about, knows, comes down upon it with a louder voice than thousands of thunders, and thrills it with a depth of emotion past all language or conception—as if every thought, and feeling, every perception and emotion which have played upon it through a life-time, were condensed into one awful feeling, and were pouring their concentrated energy into its very centre!

We have seen the mind prostrated by the loss of a single friend—nay, even by the loss of gold. We have seen our boasted reason shattered at the slightest touch. What then will be the issue when friends and fortunes, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, even life itself, are torn up, perhaps instantaneously, out of the bosom of the soul; and it is cast, all quivering and bleeding, out into the broad universe, without a tie to bind it anywhere? What can be the issue of this awful, awful change, if we suppose it to be fully and instantaneously realized by the soul, but disorder, derangement, disorganization, death?

To this momentous question there can be but a single answer in the minds of those who believe the soul to be immortal—and that, an answer to which the view we have just presented, offers the least appa-

rent justification. That the soul must pass through such a scene as this, seems certain—and it is as certain that it is neither injured nor destroyed by this overwhelming feeling, but still continues to maintain a permanent existence. We are therefore compelled to conclude that the departure of the soul from the scenes of this life is gradual, and not instantaneous; and that it is preserved from the inevitably fatal consequences of an instantaneous separation by a gradual removal, in some manner beyond our comprehension, of earthly objects from our sight.

Another remarkable phenomenon, which occurs during the transformation of the soul, is the fact that, by the loss of sensation and of the senses, it is deprived of every means of obtaining knowledge respecting things external to itself. We know that the soul derives its knowledge of external objects from the senses, and that it possesses, so far as we can see, no other means of obtaining such knowledge. How then, when it is deprived of the senses, can it gain any idea of whatever is around it? When ushered into the spirit world, though it be surrounded and welcomed by millions of spirits, how can it obtain any conception of them, or of the world into which it has entered? A man without senses, though possessing the genius of an angel, would go through life without gaining a single idea of this state of being. Will not, then, the soul, deprived of the bodily senses, go into the world of spirits and there live, deaf, dumb, torpid, thoughtless? To this query, there can be but one of two answers—either the soul, after having thrown off the body, comes at once into a full and perfect knowledge of spiritual things, as if a veil had been removed from it—or it is furnished by the Creator with a new class of faculties—spiritual senses, analogous to our physical ones—by means of which it obtains knowledge of spiritual objects, just as now by means of the physical senses it obtains knowledge of things temporal.

To the former of these suppositions there are several serious objections. What human mind could bear up against being so suddenly ushered into the midst of the glories and terrors of eternity—glories and terrors of which the strongest mind, stretched to the utmost limit of its powers, can form no adequate conception! It is barely possible to conceive how any soul can endure a complete, though gradual separation from the scenes and the associations of this life; but if we add to the force of this thought the triple force of eternity with all its horrors and splendors, all equally overwhelming, falling on the shelterless and astonished soul—how, how can it escape being crushed and annihilated by the blow?

But this supposition implies, farther, that the body is rather a clog, than a help to the soul—that like a closely-drawn veil it obstructs instead of assisting the soul in obtaining knowledge. That this idea is radically incorrect, is plain. Can it be supposed that the Creator would fetter the soul by connecting with it anything which would prevent or impede its action? Yet he has connected with it a body, not however to act as a clog and hindrance to it, but rather as a means of educating and developing its powers. Such is the manifest office and ministry of our bodily organisation. Is it then proper to presume that,

when these means become defective, the soul will come at once without any intervening medium, to a perfect and absolute knowledge of external objects? Or does it not seem requisite that some other medium, analogous to the senses, should still be employed to give a new development and education to the intellect? Such, we believe, will be the case. We believe that, when the soul is deprived by death of these physical instructions, it will be furnished with new spiritual senses which will operate, as the bodily senses have done, to bring about a higher development of all its faculties and powers.

But this supposition implies, in the third place, that the soul at death obtains a full conception of the absolute nature and essence of things. It is however the province of the Deity alone to possess any knowledge of things in the absolute. All human knowledge is merely relative, and therefore more or less transient. Even our own souls in their absolute nature are wholly unknown to us, our notions of them being formed, not from any knowledge of their own inherent nature, but by studying their various developments and manifestations. So of matter, though we are surrounded by it in millions upon millions of forms, and are ourselves made of it, yet of its real nature and essence we have not even the slightest conception—nay, men are even doubting whether it be not a combination of certain powers or forces, each of them as mysterious and undefinable as matter itself. Since then all human knowledge is merely relative, and since it is a characteristic of all human knowledge that it requires to be transfused into the soul through some intervening medium, why may we not suppose that this same characteristic must belong to all relative knowledge? For this reason, we believe that the soul will be endowed at death with a series of spiritual senses, more subtle and powerful than these bodily organs, through which it may obtain a newer and higher kind of knowledge, and by means of which it may be purified and elevated nearer and nearer to the Infinite Creator.

These senses, like our physical senses, will require education in order to develop their powers and agencies. The soul must therefore commence a new childhood, in which it will be occupied in the development of these new faculties, and in the exploration of its new home. Thus eternity will dawn upon it with a new and ever-increasing light; and not until it has existed for a period of ages upon ages, will it have discovered any large proportion of the mysteries and truths of that new state of being. Indeed we know of no valid objection either in scripture or in reason to the thought that it will thus pass on through continued gradations of being, ever approaching nearer and nearer the absolute, and winging its perpetual flight in an ever decreasing circle round and round the eternal and absolute Deity.

And here we pause, feeling that we have scarce commenced the development of the many thoughts suggested by this great and interesting theme. Our theory, so far as we have stated it, teaches, first, that the transition of the soul from this state of being to another is gradual, not instantaneous—secondly, that it will be endowed at death with a new series of faculties, somewhat analogous to our senses,

which will aid in its development in that new state of being—and thirdly, that the tendency of all knowledge, and hence of the soul itself, is from the Relative, which consists in the outward manifestations of things, to the Absolute, which contains the real essence of all knowledge and truth.

A REMINISCENCE.

I OFTEN love to pause awhile in the midst of my daily avocations, and suffer my thoughts to take a random stroll among the many reminiscences which cluster around my past life. It is an idle, but a very pleasant way of passing time, to yield my reason up to memory, and to live over again the varied scenes which memory summons into view. Men who are colder and harsher than I am, often chide me for loving the past so much—and it is very just—but still I know that the bustling and busy present has never yielded me one half the pleasure which an occasional remembrance of the past affords. And besides, in the sweet language of another,

“I am better after it, and go
More gratefully to my rest, and feel a love
Stirring my heart to every living thing;
And my low prayer has more humility,
And I sink lighter to my dreams—but this,
’Tis very true, is only idleness!”

All my remembrances of the past, however, are not so full of pleasure or of interest. There are scenes in the panorama of memory over which there hangs a pall of sorrow which I rarely draw aside. Let me, however, gain thy heart awhile, dear reader, as I relate a simple incident, the occurrence of which has cast a painful shadow over my past life, and which even now causes bitter tears to fall upon this paper as I write.

A gayer party never freighted the passing hours with joy and song, than that which had assembled together one pleasant summer—a dozen in number—at the noble mansion of Major Moulton, in the centre of the Empire State. We had been drawn together—some from the distant metropolis, others from a nearer city, and others from the surrounding neighborhood—to pass a week or two in pursuing those rural pleasures which throw a peculiar charm around the life of the opulent farmer. Beguiled by the winning smiles and friendly words of Amy Moulton, the only daughter of our host, I had gladly abandoned for a season my classic studies to partake of the enjoyment which the occasion offered. With me came my only associate and classmate, Henry D——, the son of a distinguished lawyer in the western section of our State. Forgetting our books, and gladly throwing off the severe restraints

of literary labor, we threw ourselves with fresh zest into the current of gay hilarity, which flowed on unceasingly from day to day in our happy circle. It would have done thee good, kind reader, tired as thou art by many a night of toil and pain, or haply cheered by the sweet remembrance of many such scenes in thine own experience—it would have done thee good, I say, to have scampered with us on horseback over the green lanes and quiet highways, while our merry laughter went ringing through the summer air, and startling the sober dames who wove their flax in the doorways as we passed; or to have wandered with us over the verdant hillsides, gathering the wild flowers, or strolling beneath the leafy forests, undisturbed in their slumberous grandeur, save by our cheerful words or merry songs, or by the hardly wilder carol of some unscared bird. Two or three other gentlemen, Douglass and myself, accompanied by our host, who was himself a true lover of sporting, often ranged through the neighboring forests in search of the abundant game which at that season were accustomed to frequent them; or passed many a quiet hour on the margin of an adjacent river, which teemed with the spotted victims of our piscatorial skill. And then our evenings—ah, dear reader, here is a joy which thou in thy lonely studio knowest not of! And our twilight walks—it was then I learned my first sweet lesson in love, as we wandered through the pleasant fields, guided by the rays of the silver moon—a lesson which all the sorrow, and pain, and toil which I have since experienced, have never caused me to forget! We often sat together in the pleasant balcony which fronted our hospitable abode, through whose trellised vines the parted moonbeams were streaming, and the light winds fitfully playing, and sang to each other our lightest and merriest songs. And when we were weary of our innocent joy, we gathered together in our lighted parlor and passed the hours in mirth and dancing, till the voice of our kind hostess warned us to prepare by a night of sweet repose for the scenes and pleasures of the morrow. Such another scene of gay and harmless enjoyment it has never been my lot to witness or experience.

In all our excursions and plans of amusement, Amy was our guide and preceptress. She arranged our various expeditions, directed us in our rambles, and was the first in all our schemes of pleasure. In our morning rides her petite figure was always foremost in the group; and her black gelding moved lightly over the fields, as if proud of the beautiful burden he bore. In our botanical excursions her quick step was always in advance—she alone knew where the choicest flowers were hidden, and invariably gathered the sweetest and richest bouquets to adorn our evening festivals. Wherever we were, her gay laugh rang the clearest, and her merry song, as light as the carol of some mountain bird, sounded sweetest in our ears. In the parlor her music sent a peculiar thrill into every heart, and gave to the joyous dance a charm more potent than its own. Everywhere she was the leading spirit in our band—we all loved her, but there was one whose whole soul seemed to be yielded up to her—whose whole life seemed to be dependent on her presence and her smile. It was D——. He had made me

the repository of his secret, and I knew by the blush that overspread her tell-tale face whenever we met, that it had also been told to her. They were frequently together; in our morning and evening excursions he was ever at her side. He was her partner in the dance; he sang with her; and they often strolled away unaccompanied through the winding paths of the spacious garden which surrounded our delightful home. We all felt that a deep and lasting affection was springing up in their hearts; and by a natural instinct we often left them alone to enjoy the sweet delirium of their deep emotions. They seemed to be formed by nature for each other. She was all feeling and fancy, and full of the freshness and happiness of a pure and guileless nature. He was one of those rare men whose emotions lie too deep for utterance, but his voice and eye betrayed a depth of feeling which gave the lie to his ordinarily composed appearance. I have rarely, if ever, known a man of deeper or stronger affections; and yet like most men of that character his friends were few. But they alone who knew him most, knew what strong and earnest feelings reigned in his heart.

One evening, as we sat together at our evening repast, it was proposed and agreed that we should visit, on the following day, a beautiful waterfall in the vicinity—a place often visited by tourists from all sections of the country. It presents one of the most magnificent views of natural scenery which I have ever witnessed. Setting out from the Falls House, you traverse for a mile or more a narrow footpath leading through a dense forest to the upper extremity of the Falls. Suddenly this path leads you out from the gloomy woods in which the noise of the cataract seems to echo and re-echo on every side; and you pass out on to an overhanging ledge of rock, from which you gain a magnificent view of the upper fall. The river for some distance above has apparently worn its way through the solid rock to the depth of fifty feet; and it sweeps down, foaming and rushing over the crags, till at last it reaches the fall. At this point it dashes over a semi-circular ledge of rock, falling a distance of thirty feet into a deep basin, shaped by the falling surges out of the solid limestone. This is styled the upper fall. It is truly a sublime sight. A beautiful rainbow usually overhangs the falling waters, and throws a peculiar splendor over the scene. The tall trees which skirt the ragged cliffs on both sides of the stream, seem like living beings to be silently watching the boiling gulf below; while the noise and spray of the cataract are always rising together, and spreading away over the distant fields.

From this point the river descends rapidly, dashing over and among the dark crags with a terrific grandeur, till it reaches the second or middle fall. Here it pours in one solid column over the rocks, and leaps onward as if in haste to rest itself in the quiet pool a mile or two below. By a kind of rustic stairway the visitor descends to the platform at the base of the upper fall, and is enabled by the aid of strong chains thrown along the narrow margin of the stream to follow its course downward till he passes beyond the middle and reaches the lower fall. Here the scene is truly magnificent. The overhanging cliffs, fringed by the dark foliage of the pine and hemlock, and towering

up a hundred feet over each side of the river, throw a peculiar and terrible shadow over the entire scenery—a shadow made less painful by a brilliant rainbow, which, poised like a thing of life a hundred feet above the waters, is ever spanning the dark abyss with such a sweet light, that it always reminds me of the Holy Spirit shedding its benign radiance into a troubled human heart. The stream, as if gathering itself for one tremendous effort, plunges in one dense mass over the perpendicular ledge, and buries itself with a deafening roar in the dark bosom of the pool below. Nothing can surpass the blended grandeur and beauty of this scene. I always feel when I visit it—and I have often been there of late—as though God himself were audibly speaking to my soul. I hide my face in silence, and my very heart stops beating, it is so sublime, and yet so sweet! Surely God does speak to us in these sublime manifestations of his power, as well as in the sublimer revelations of his word.

But I am wandering from my story. Early in the day our company—with the exception of Douglass, who was prevented by a sudden indisposition from going with us—sat out together to visit the spot which I have just attempted to describe. It was a beautiful morning. The sky was cloudless, and the air seemed to be hushed to slumber by the thousand harmonious sounds which rose up and swelled like the choras of an anthem on every side. The warm sun was pouring out his mellow rays upon the earth, as if glad to smile upon so bright and beautiful a world. We were full of gayety and joy. Our young hearts were stirred within us by the sweet influences of the quiet scenes through which we passed, and an involuntary response of joy and happiness rose in our breasts. To me there is no sight on earth more pleasing than a group of those whose souls, as yet uncontaminated by the world, are alive to every pure or beautiful emotion.

Ho! ho! for the glorious, gladsome time,
When the soul is pure and in its prime,
And voices ring with a silvery chime,—
When the heart is full of a joy sublime,
And merrily throbs the pulse of time!

How pleasantly it contrasts with the sad experience of riper years, when the world is pressing with all its weight of cares and temptations upon the weary soul!

Wo! wo! for the dark and dreary time,
When the soul hath passed its earlier prime,
And voices sound a jarring chime,—
When the heart is stained by bitter crime,
And slowly beats the clock of time!

After a short ride, made still shorter by our lively conversation, we reached the Falls. Taking the usual route, we strolled through the thick woods which skirt the stream until we reached the upper fall. There we seated ourselves on the moss-covered rock overhanging the cataract, and partook of the refreshments which had been furnished

for the occasion. Having finished our repast, and sung a wild song or two, which accorded strangely with the deeper and grander sounds of the falling waters, we commenced our descent along the margin of the stream. I lingered behind, in company with a portion of our number, to watch a brilliant rainbow which was glowing with uncommon splendor over the upper fall. Suddenly a wild shrill shriek burst upon us, and went echoing up the narrow ravine. Such an awful sound I have never heard—it is still ringing in my ears. After recovering from the terror and surprise in which we were thrown, we hastened as rapidly as possible to the spot from which the sound had proceeded. On arriving, we found the remainder of our party half-distracted with terror and grief. Amy had carelessly approached the margin of the stream to gather a flower which was blossoming there, and had accidentally fallen into the foaming water. Some of our number had sprung to her aid; but before they could reach the spot she had been swept over the fall into the deep basin beneath. A few of us hastened down the stairway to discover, if possible, some way of rendering her assistance, while others hastily set out for the neighboring village in search of aid. But all our efforts were useless—the eddying surges swept her in an instant from our sight. Every means of rescue was tried in vain; and it was not till after a search of several hours that we succeeded, by the aid of the villagers, in recovering the lifeless body of her who had so lately been our life and joy.

It was near sunset when we sat out on our painful journey homeward. I had been selected to bear the dreadful tidings to the afflicted parents; and for that purpose had hastened on before the rest of our mournful party. I will not attempt—I could not, if I had the desire—to describe either the effect of my sad announcement, or the scene which followed the arrival of the carriage bearing the cold remains of her they loved. Poor D—— was inconsolable. He threw himself upon his couch, as I told him the fatal story, and gave way to a wild burst of anguish, such as I have never witnessed elsewhere—it defies description.

Our little company remained until the day of Amy's burial. It was a beautiful morning when we laid her to rest in that quaint village churchyard. The summer winds were sleeping on the green hill-sides, while every thing around seemed to be resting in silence, as if in harmony with the deep solemnity of the scene. The inhabitants of the neighboring village had gathered together to unite their lamentations with those of our sad circle, for Amy was endeared to all of them by many a kindly word and friendly deed. We buried her beneath a spreading willow on the summit of an elevation overlooking both the quiet village and the distant waterfall. A marble monument, with the simple inscription "OUR AMY," is all that now indicates the resting place of one so lovely and so unfortunate.

Douglass went home immediately after the burial, and I never saw him again. He died in a year or two, as the report ran, of consumption; but from the tone and language of his letters, I readily divined the secret of his death. They are both gone together, I trust, to a better and happier world. I think they are happier now.

A DISQUISITION ON TALES AND TALE-WRITERS.

THE growing taste of the public for novelty has brought into existence a race of men, who, if we are to judge from their productions, labor fully as much with their pens as their brains, to supply this appetite with the food it craves. To such men, a murder of an aggravated character, or a calamity, private or public, are perfect God-sends; they live on "bloody murders," and get their meals by a "horrible accident." But the public taste must be gratified, and murders are comparatively rare occurrences; consequently tales innumerable of perils by sea and land, painted with all the horrors of the nightmare, have flowed from the pens of hundreds. The great majority, however, of those who seek for bread in this so perilous way, seem to prefer the sea as the scene of their tales; perhaps, because their books being read by landsmen, the frequent blunders in them may be overlooked, and because they can take greater liberties with Father Neptune than with our sober and sedate Mother Terra. Some make islands spring up and suddenly disappear to assist the development of the plot, and multiply wonders on wonders, till even those who saw the sea-serpent, find their credulity overtasked. Storms and hurricanes have been multiplied in such overwhelming numbers, that not even Espy, with all his ingenuity, can furnish Eolus with a decent excuse for raising the wind in such an unwarrantable manner. According to the writers of these "tales founded on fact," so many ships have been dashed upon lee-shores, that it would puzzle a geographer to find a sufficient number of such places to accommodate the wrecks. So many too, have gone down at sea, that it is wonderful that enough should remain to carry on the commerce of the world. To us who know what the Elephant is, there is a ready answer for this problem; but to any one who did not know how little fact is necessary for the foundation of a tale, the prosperity of commerce would be an enigma. The novels and sea tales to which I refer, are perfect catalogues of disasters, and you can scarcely open a volume of this character, without finding at least one wreck, with almost always a total loss of vessel and cargo. How underwriters and insurance companies can exist and make money in the midst of this wholesale destruction of their property, I must leave to the authors of these "tales founded on fact," to answer. Such is the character of the novels and novelettes of the day, taken as a class, and even so good a writer as Cooper has so far yielded to the public taste for horrors, as to have the hero of one of his novels twice or three times wrecked, thrice captured, and twice blown out to sea in an open boat. Not satisfied with this, he drives him through dangers innumerable, and after all leaves him half-finished (as a character) at the end of the novel.

But why so many should attempt to write sea stories, where of necessity thousands of terms and words must be introduced of which they can know but little, is more than I can comprehend. While they

stick to "long-shore talk," they get along well enough; but when they use sea terms and talk "sailor fashion," they are as much out of their element as a real Jack Tar would be in a drawing-room. And when they begin to tell of their own exploits, dangers, and sufferings on the briny "helement," I feel inclined to always include the whole in one, and call it sea-sickness. But Lord, Lord, how people are given to lying! as good old Mrs. Partington would say, that they can't commend themselves—even to sleep in a berth without it! But, for our part, we have no objection to a person's exerting his talents even in this way, provided he does no harm to others, and we as well as the rest of the world think that Jack Falstaff's lies constitute one of the best parts in Shakspeare's drama. In fact, what is a lie, when the venom of malice, the intention of harm is taken from it, but a species of romancing, pleasing us often, when plausible and probable, and again, amusing us by its witty ingenuity? It often forms the basis of wit, though disguised, and is in fact the soul of all romancing. How many of the funny things, at which the reader and we have often laughed, does he suppose to be true? Probably not one out of ten. It is most amusing to watch an old hand, spinning a yarn to a green-horn; to see how cleverly he protects his weak points, pouring into the credulous ear its proper quantity, (as much as it will bear,) and giving all a truthful appearance. Right well did we enjoy a short confab the other day between a certain respected member among the Faculty and a division-mate of ours. "Mr. —," said he, covering his jolly face with a most lugubrious air, "I have not attended exercises lately, as I was indisposed, and I would therefore like to be excused." "Been confined to your room?" inquired his rather doubting preceptor, who had some indistinct notion of having seen him out the day before. "Nearly all the time," says our friend, recollecting the circumstance, "but yesterday I walked down Chapel St. to assist the working of my medicine!" Could any other defense more probable or unobjectionable have been selected? Who could question his ideas in regard to propriety of exercise with certain medicines? But college is and ever will be as good a place for the training of ingenuity, as ever Flanders was for swearing in Uncle Toby's time. "College sickness" has passed into a proverb, and the more scrupulous of the present generation have drawn as nice a distinction between the different degrees of lying as ever Mrs. Opie did in her book on black, white and (mulatto) grey lies.

How to deceive without offending some fastidious consciences, was a problem harder than the fifth of Euclid to some, till a means was found in an excuse at once laconic, true, and ambiguous, all combined in the single word, "indisposition." In all cases it is true, one way or the other, and those who in the debating hall contend against the expediency of a lie in any case, are at once fitted with a most appropriate substitute. To the ear of the tutor, it has a sickly sound calling to his recollection the direful headaches, heartburns, and dyspepsia, he reaped as the fruits of long, laborious study; to his pupil no such horrid images, *horresco referens*, are suggested, but it is rather a friend in need to bear the weight of all his college iniquities and transgres-

sions. It is in effect what a "fence" is to a political man, balancing himself and him between truth and untruth, affording an easy escape from a more explicit profession of his principles. Hint a doubt of his veracity, and calling up a look of injured innocence, he will truthfully reply, that what he said was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He said he was indisposed and he was,—to attend prayers. Students are necessarily under a sort of martial law, though their rulers may be divines, and like all persons under restraint, they seek to evade the law. Hence with some, often the most talented, this kind of exercise of ingenuity is at least expedient, if not necessary; and who will say this training of the powers of invention may not lay the foundation of a creative imagination, whose works shall hereafter delight the world. The men of many excuses are already authors and originators of many tales—perhaps founded on fact. Sometimes reversing the order, we come across an author, in whose works we think we can see strong presumptive evidence of this kind of college training, and we like, from our opinion of his works, to form an opinion of the quality of his excuses and his manner of presenting them. We base our conjectures on the good and acknowledged, but enigmatical proverb that the child is the father of the man. For instance, he whose works of fiction delight us by their well-drawn characters, and who continues to excite our interest to the end without any straining after effect, is at once placed among those "lucky fellows," who get through college, enjoying their time, yet coming into no collision with the powers that be. We find that in the books of such men their characters retire naturally and gracefully from the scenes, and doubtless the same character was manifested in their excuses. Calm and undisturbed they presented them, and gained their wishes without the use of these "alarming illnesses," "deaths in the family," and all other flimsy pretexts of like character, which characterize other, and more shallow-pated men. This is the first class, and one well represented in several of my acquaintances.

But when we see an author, who composes as if by machinery, filling out one book after another with the same unvarying characters, like the owner of the "solitary horseman," for instance, we cannot help ranking him among those students, who either through sheer laziness or lack of ingenuity offer to their tutors, day after day, the same thread-bare excuses. They have not originality enough to vary even the form, but are content to make an intermittent fever or a series of headaches last through the term. Pandora's box full of ills may have been counted curses by the ancients, but the "boys," in this age, have not only disarmed them of their hurtful power, but made them minister to their pleasure.

But let us pass on to the consideration of the remaining two classes. In one of these, there is such a lamentable want of training, that we always feel inclined to regard them as life members of the freshman class. They are so modest that we almost always find a long apology for the poverty of the book, and an interminable preface, which at once disgusts the reader, and disposes him, before he has read it, to dislike

the book. These doubtless were the timid freshmen, like men who always begin by telling the tutor, in a sort of debtor to creditor tone, "with bated breath, and whispering humbleness," how sorry they are to be obliged to apply for another excuse. They raise doubts, by their manner, of truth itself, and deliver fiction so bunglingly, that they obtain permission of the Faculty, in youth, to visit the country, and of the public, in after life, to visit Coventry. Peace and better luck be with them.

But last of all comes a class of men, whose works are so perfectly distinct from those of all others, that they seem to have obtained a special patent. Of these we have a most distinguished specimen in this country; a man who spins out monthly, nay, weekly, a series of flimsy tales, full to the brim of blood and murder, piracy and carnage. He is among authors what a butcher is among other men, up to his knees in blood, and continually dooming, in a most business-like way, his heroes and characters to an existence of horror and slaughter. His modesty is as great as the merit of his works, and both may be fitly represented by the algebraic sign —. Read, if your patience or your stomach will allow you, one or two of his works, and you will gain a correct idea of his excuses to his college tutor, and also of his manner of presenting them. Bold as brass, he presents to his reader a mass of crudities, called a tale, made ridiculous by the assertion that they are founded upon fact, utterly improbable, and having not even the merit of originality. Such doubtless was the character of all the fabrications given to his tutor as excuses for his delinquencies. Unquestionably he was one of those, who having made the tutor refer them to the Faculty till endurance became no longer a virtue, were at last permitted to leave a place where so much invention was found necessary. Would that some way might be now found for putting a check upon the flood of trash with which he is deluging the public.

But here, perhaps some captious gentlemen, whose patience I have exhausted, exclaims, "what in the world have the excuses offered in a college life to do with a man's character hereafter?" Much, my dear fellow, and much more than you may at first think. In the first place they are, as I have striven in a roundabout way to show, a most excellent index of a man's mind; secondly, they show the character of the habits which will characterize the man through life, and he would be but a poor prophet who could not form a very tolerable conjecture as to a man's future course in life, from a knowledge of his college character. Remember, my dear sir, that the truest estimate of a man's disposition is formed, not by great events in his life, where he is on his guard, and does not permit his real motives to be exposed to the public gaze, but in those little affairs, in which he may act without restraint or reserve. The man whose confab with the tutor I have noticed, will make, I prophesy, a lawyer of eminence, a pleader, well versed in all the tricks and turns of the law. Let no antagonist of his ever expect to worst him by attacking the weak points in his case; his ingenuity will furnish a ready means of defense, and, to make a "bull," he will prove strongest on his weakest points. Should he turn his atten-

tion to novel writing, no critic will ever say of him, as of a modern author, that unless "he had killed Paul, Paul would have killed him." But there are a few men in every class, who pass through college, without offering or needing an excuse of any character whatever; now in what class of authors, says our critic, would you place them? If they are talented, say we, and give their attention to literature, it will never be to that kind called "fiction," but rather to history and the recital of facts. They are the plain, straightforward, practical men, who will make *learned* lawyers, judges and historians. It may happen that occasionally a distinguished statesman or politician will arise from their number, but a poet or a novelist would be indeed a *rare avis* among them.

But perhaps we have said enough on this part of our subject, and have formed a body whereby we ought to hang a tale, or at least our idea of one. Not that we pretend to be wholly right in our ideas, or that we shall aim at laying down a set of rules by which such effusions are to be judged; such an act would be the most presumptuous folly in the writer of this essay, and every way deserving of censure and ridicule; and therefore we shall merely give our opinion, as one formed in unison with our peculiar tastes.

In the first place then, it is evident that none can object to any subject whatever, if the writer has the ability to treat it in a proper manner. But if there is any one thing to which the writer, we think, should pay the most particular attention, it is to the selection of his subject; to the selection of one with which he is perfectly acquainted. Whenever authors do otherwise, their effusions remind us of the blunder of the painter who represented Solomon in the adjudgment of the child, as habited in a wig and gown. On this principle, we would say, let no landsman, as yet unskilled in practical navigation, choose aught appertaining to the sea for his subject, lest the most disastrous consequences should ensue. We have already hinted in this essay at the passion some writers have for placing their heroes and ships in every possible danger, and then extricating them by means truly miraculous. Even some writers, who have seen blue water and sea storms, do this in some degree, but they also have some slight regard to fact; and by their knowledge of the subject throw an air of reality over their fictions. But what can you expect of a landsman, who scarcely knows the name of a ship's masts, but the broadest burlesque, where he intends to paint a scene of danger and soul-stirring excitement? What is more natural than that, their sense of sight being confused by the intricate maze of a ship's rigging, they should make blunders while coolly examining it, which if carried out at sea, would in case of a storm send them to the bottom. Therefore we say most emphatically, let landsmen beware of sea subjects, lest like the widow of the admiral, in Cooper's story of the Red Rover, they make their ships cut the watery waves with their taffrail, or order a reef in the flukes of the anchor. If you would enjoy a capital burlesque on a landsman's description of a gale at sea, or one of Prof. Ingraham's novels, get the twenty-fifth volume of the Knickerbocker, and read the description of the manoeuvres of an East river

ferry boat in a gale, and also the "Phantom Clam Sloop." If illustrations, and examples of unintentional burlesque, are wished for, let the reader take up any would-be sea writer's novel, and if he is qualified to judge (which we will suppose to be the case) he will find blunders enough to shame an Irishman. That other subjects for tales of land adventure have been quite as unfortunately chosen, let some of our military novels bear witness; but since our remarks on sea stories, with but a slight alteration, will apply to all, we shall close with the motto,

"Cuique sua et propria sint."

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BEWARE! BEWARE!

Beware—beware  
Of the lightning's glare  
When the reeling clouds are high in the air.  
Its golden glance  
Is the Storm-King's lance;  
Its blow is death! Beware! beware!

Beware—beware  
Of a maiden fair,  
For Cupid hides in her braided hair:  
That winning smile  
Is the Tempter's wile  
To snare thy heart. Beware! beware!

Beware—beware  
Of the tiger's lair,  
For there's naught on earth his fangs will spare;  
The forest king  
To your heart will spring:  
His eye is sure! Beware! beware!

Beware—beware  
Of the tongues that tear  
From Purity's brow its signet rare,  
For slander's spear  
Is a curse or a sneer;  
His steeds are winged. Beware! beware!

Beware—beware  
Of a flow'ret rare,  
Though its leaf is bright in the morning air;  
The spear of death  
In its fragrant breath  
May hide for you! Beware! beware!

Beware—beware  
 Of Ambition's snare ;  
 'T will fill thy heart with a wild despair ;  
 'T will promise fame  
 And a laurelled name,  
 But murder Hope ! Beware ! beware !

Beware—beware  
 Of the earth and the air,  
 Of all that is beautiful, bright, and fair ;  
 For all is wrong  
 But the Poet's song  
 That bids frail man, Beware ! beware !

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NOTIONS AND NOTICINGS.

NO. III.

DEAR READER : I should have had neither the disposition nor the ability to continue these short-breathed sketchings—in which I imitate that “bird” which, according to the Hibernian, “every time he jumps, he sits down”—unless this fine day had come out in the heavens. I know not whether my system be constructed on such exquisitely delicate principles that it will not work unless everything without be congenial, or whether it be so grossly put together that nothing short of the finest weather can make it act decently ; but certain I am, that my inward state corresponds to “externality” as “face answereth to face.” “On a sunshine holyday,” no one can be so happy. Why, I feel as if I could stand and laugh at a mark all day long ! I invariably place a strong chair by my side, to slap over the back, when I can sit still no longer. The ticking of my clock seems the moderate but irrepressible snicker of a corpulent friend, while the laughing figure in the looking-glass, whenever I glance that way, throws out his hand in a right generous style. Then how welcome the entrance of the Sweep, and how *cutely* we fling jokes at each other through the dust ! If I step out, the area of joy is only extended. Every face seems full of good nature and affection. There is no such thing as a stranger—“gentlemen from abroad,” draymen, ladies, errand-boys, I know you all, though you manage to shy past without looking at me. And yonder pump—has it not been “up to something” while my back was turned ?—it looks now so affectedly stiff and serious, just like Sam Weller after he had been “carrying on.”

But let “the falling of the barometer, wind in the rainy quarter and the nimbus cloud,” utter their predictions, and I go at once to see if my bed be well made. Is it not, indeed, a theme for our poets, the sorrows and anguish of a “shocking day ?” For who that has waded through

the deepest and darkest trials of life, has not felt, on a cold and cheerless day, "strange horrors seize" him "and pangs unfelt before?" Who does not, also, at such a time, feel more wicked, more disposed to yield to *any* evil suggestion? Might there not, then, be constructed a hero of a tale, who, from a mild and inoffensive man, should, solely by the influence of a "long spell of bad weather," be led to commit some daring deed of guilt? I commend the hint to Edgar A. Poe.

But, seriously, I often used to wonder how a man could steadily adhere to some great design through all sorts of weather. Take Columbus, for instance, when he was endeavoring to force his project of discovering a new world upon the attention of the princes of Spain. On a bright and cheerful day, his hopes might almost amount to certainty, his manner be bold and confident, his eloquence commanding. But let him rise on a dreary morning, let him look out on a heavy leaden sky, upon leafless branches bending beneath wind and rain, let him feel in his own person the influence of the cold damp air; and how *could* he believe in the existence of a world beyond the waters, or care anything about the matter if there were a dozen such? I confess it is still a mystery to me.

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"He is almost the one of your poets that knows  
How much grace, strength, and dignity lie in Repose"—

is remarked of Bryant in the Fable for Critics. Disregarding the application—which seems, however, perfectly just—there is a great general truth in these lines that cannot be too well understood, especially in these days. Now we have no respect for those who waste what talent they possess in indiscriminate railing at the present, but are not these things true? Where there is a general presence of valuable qualities, there will be less effort made to display them, they will be used rather than held out for show—the hopper of a mill (I think Coleridge is responsible for this) makes the most noise when there is the least grain in it—modern writers in every department are more wordy, extravagant, and affected than their predecessors. Compare the popular historians of our times with Herodotus, with Xenophon, with Tacitus, nay, with Clarendon and Hume. Place our orators beside of the simple energy of Demosthenes—by the side of the magnificent diction of Cicero, reflecting, indeed, like some grand river, the beauties of exuberant Nature, but ever flowing evenly and quietly within its banks—beside of the naked lava torrent of Chatham. Read our theologians, and then turn to the plain, nervous reasoning of Barrow—to "the stately goings forth" of beauty and wisdom in the pages of Jeremy Taylor—to the idiomatic ease and elegance of Paley. In the froth and smart acidity of our wits, can you find anything so heartily genial as the soberly told adventures of "La Mancha's hero," or the simple life of my Uncle Toby? As for our poets, we have only to compare the great majority of those who have flourished since the rise of what has been very justly styled, on some accounts, the Satanic School,

to get the idea that Pegasus, in addition to running and flying, has acquired the art of braying.

"Now the question naturally arises," as we say in the debating societies, to what is this change attributable? Is this the enthusiasm and extravagance which often accompanies newly discovered truths? Or is it the delighted display of old principles that have beautifully shot up into new life and in unexpected forms? Or is it the reflected light of unwonted energy and zeal in pursuit of truth and beauty among the masses? We need make no labored attempt to show that it is none of these. No one pretends to have discovered new truths of late, except the social reformers, and no one to have made unknown combinations of well-established principles, except the daily applicant at the Patent Office. And a glance at the world is sufficient to satisfy us that it is anything but the beautiful and true that is sought for in Europe, in California, and at home.

The fact is, while our predecessors busied themselves with the kernel, we have been engaged in the noisier work of overhauling the shells. While Bacon and Locke, listening intently to nature and their own souls, quietly wrote down the low-voiced responses; Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Emerson, getting into caves by themselves, astonish the world with the strange reverberation of their own commonplaces. While Homer and Virgil, Shakspeare and Milton described to their fellows "the many goodly states and kingdoms" that floated before their vision, and left themselves and their auditors without remark; our poets make a deal of "botheration" about "my heart" and "the poet's soul," and the remarkable progress of the human race just at this time. But not only does the author voluntarily make a show-box of himself, but the innocent spectator must be bullied and dared and insulted. Faithful description has now become extinct; every character is introduced merely for the delight of branding or crowning him. Simple, sober Nature is no more; all objects, now-a-days, glare, appall, thrill, transport, overwhelm, create or annihilate—to breathe, even, has become an "awful consideration," and a thought, we fear, is too sublime a thing to be often entertained, except by a clique or school, who can divide it among themselves.

Of course, there can be but little effect produced in this way. Noise may attract or disturb men, but it rarely moves them. There must be something deeper and nearer the springs of action; and the less the parade, the readier is the power acknowledged. The hurricane, the fire and the earthquake may arouse and engross the attention, but in "the still small voice" comes the Deity, and the soul is conscious.

It is curious to observe how much men will do to avoid *thinking*, and the very different ways in which they will attempt this. Every man is expected to use his mind and to display its fruits to those around him. The alternative is, then, to *think* (the simplest, natural mode) or *not* to think. Why the latter is so generally adopted, we cannot, and it belongs not to us, decide; but we trust the assertion may be allowed to stand, for argument's sake, at least. The next in-

quity is, how to remedy its want. And here is the root of our observations. My friend with the crooked eye-brows and a ridge on his nose, set out early with the determination of making an "impression." He is naturally shrewd, quick to apprehend, with a little obliquity of taste that a thorough drilling would have shortly cured. But he is not *patient*, and he is ambitious of display. He, therefore, goes searching around after old books that nobody has seen and old pictures that nobody wishes to see. Out of the former he repeats some choice sentence to me at every turn of a common conversation—which sentence, he declares, contains in a nutshell just about all that can possibly be written on that point, and in the very best style, too. As for the pictures, I should say more of them, if I had'n't been told a hundred times, when asking questions about them, that I have no more taste than a post. My friend laughs if I mention Cowper or Addison, and then follows another quotation from one of "the great unheard of." Milton, he tells me, he has *cut*, since he found an idea which that poet has bodily taken out of one of his favorites. In certain companies he succeeds admirably, passing for a rare genius, profound student, and, often, for a man of *original thought*!

My gloomy-browed and stoop-necked neighbor is a metaphysician. You can almost see him grasp a truth in "the inane" and drag it forth to light. No, not to the light, for he seems tormented with a sort of *luciphobia*. That a thing is clear, is to say that it is shallow and not worth notice. But in the profound he is completely at home—that is, he can tell you that Kant has a chapter on that particular subject, and that he differs from Coleridge, for Coleridge was a poet and too fanciful to be relied on. But you must wait sometime if you would know what it is that Kant says, and still longer, to know what he means. However, my friend is a good natured, clever soul (though indolent) that never gets provoked at your strictures on his conduct and opinions, for he looks upon you with a gentle smile of pity. With severe study and lively intercourse with studious minds, a better fellow would never have wielded clear logic or ridiculed humbug.

That gentleman who walks with a stately tread and with his face towards the sky, is decidedly opposed to the old antiquated ways to which the world persists in clinging. He told me the other day that this college is fifty years, at least, behind the times. He also said something about the "dead languages" and "tyranny" and "want of liberal ideas," and other things, which might have alarmed me, had not the nearness of the recitation hour excited greater fears. He maintains that the world is just waking up, and that all present systems and institutions will be shaken off like the dew-drops from the lion's mane. It is impossible to express the contempt he has for such men as Aristotle, Bacon and Locke, who have long stood in the way of "the world's emancipation." Induction and reasoning are stumbling blocks, truths are acquired by "insight" and "sympathy," and such divine endowments. 'Tis thus he passes for a brilliant thinker and many a crowd is attracted about him. Thus many go to see a "reed shaken by the wind." But the truth is, it is dry and irksome to *think*, and he has mounted the most tempting hobby.

But here is my friend of the severe countenance. Hear him censure tales, poetry, music and eloquence "as trash, without a particle of thought" in them. Hear his panegyric upon "sound history" and upon mathematics. Now we have found a thinker. Consult him, therefore, in his darling study of history. We are curious to know the state of society, the manners and customs of Queen Elizabeth's time—let this be the point. Listen, he tells us when every battle was fought, the precise number engaged, and the situation of the forces, as though he had been an eye-witness. He gives the size of the navy, the cost of a campaign and the sources whence the money came. And this is all. His knowledge is all body with no life in it. Accuracy he mistakes for judgment, and a mass of details for thought. Naturally gifted with a fine memory, he found it much easier to exercise this than to train his powers of reasoning and reflection.

Speaking about precision in dates, localities, &c., I know nothing more tedious than a mass of these strung upon some trifling narrative. But "the place where and the time when," constitute the principal topics with your interminable story-tellers. This is tolerable, comparatively speaking, except in cases where absolute preciseness is out, really out of the question. Many a story has been earnestly told, as much entitled to unexceptionable credence as the following, with which a Yankee, "all of the olden time," astonished our boyhood. "Now I'd hearn some people tell how if you grease your boots, they'll last a mighty-sight longer; but other folks say they'll go to ruin just as quick, if any thing a *leetle* quicker. So one day, when I'd got a new pair, says I, we'll canvass that matter, as the Square says. So one of the leathers I greased riglarly every single day, but tother never once had a lick at the brush. Well I guess folks laughed a few—but what's that to a *feelosfer*, says I. And now what do you suppose was the grand teetotal result?" "Can't imagine." "I'll tell ye," said he, lowering his voice, and putting on a sober, confidential look, "the boot I greased wore just *fifteen minutes* the longest!"

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#### DIVERSITY OF RACES.

THERE is a problem yet to be solved in the history of man, which is now the occasion of much uncertainty and mystery in its records. It is the problem of the origin of races—a question, the solution of which alone will account for those strange diversities in organization, in civilization, and in character, which so distinctly divide the families of mankind. It lies then at the very foundation of the philosophy of history. But so involved is it in mythical fable and allegory, so obscured by dark and varying traditions, that he who, in history and nature, would search out data for conclusions, must content himself with only arriving at probabilities, or perhaps merely indicating a course for fur-

ther investigation. And that we are authorized, and even called upon in seeking out the origin of races, to look beyond revelation, will be readily conceded by those who consider the very different construction from the popular one, which science has placed on the Mosaic account of the world's beginning. Nor are we forbidden to reason on this subject because we may not as yet be able to establish the correctness of a different and better interpretation. It required ages to explain the allegory of inanimate creation; and it will yet require years of laborious research to remove all the mystery of man's origin.

To him who looks out on the world with an inquiring eye, it would seem that there could remain no longer a doubt, in regard to diversities in the human family, independent of climatic and sectional influences. For over all the earth, wherever man is found, he beholds the unvarying marks of species; but not a trace of any uniform effects from either heat or cold, fertility or barrenness. From the bleak and inhospitable regions of Terra del Fuego, through the torrid Pampas and forests of the Amazon, as far as to the icy abode of the Esquimaux, the American Aborigines are physically the same.\* The negroes of Van Dieman's Land† and Caffraria‡ are even darker in complexion than the Abyssins,§ the Gallas,|| and numerous tribes of Ethiopia, which roam beneath the scorching sun of the Line. The white man possesses the same organization on the cheerless mountains of Caucasus as in the loveliest valleys of the Rhine. And the black man is the same, whether on the arid wastes of his native Nigritia, or the exuberant fields of the American States. Local influence may affect its subject for a season or a life; but it has never wrought an hereditary change. The same sun in his round of ages could never have bleached the European, and blackened the African, or tinged the Asiatic with yellow, and the Indian with red. Uniformity without variableness is the offspring of nature; and when we find this following not in the train of extraneous causes, we must turn to race itself as the key to the mystery. Behold then the world divided not less into continents, than it is by families of men. Australia and South Africa, whither the roving Arab has not fought his way, present a species of the most distinct character—stamped, as it is, with the impress of its own degradation. The Aborigines of the New World bear every mark of a peculiar people. As the beings of a day, in their slender proportions and delicate hue, they exhibit the signs of their own evanescence. Asia teems with its countless myriads; and, though varying somewhat among themselves, yet all together bearing a sufficient resemblance to distinguish them from every race besides. Europe too appears proudly exhibiting its characteristic species. And what is yet more striking, under similar circumstances and the same climate, in which is found every variety of mankind, this continent alone affords the spectacle of an aboriginal white man.

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\* Malte Brun's "Univ. Geog." Boston Ed. of 8 vols., Coll. Lib. vol. 5, p. 15.

† Malte Brun, vol. 1, p. 547.

‡ Prichard's "Phys. Hist. of Mankind," 3d Ed., Lond. vol. 2, p. 289.

§ Prichard, vol. 2, p. 136.

|| Prichard, vol. 2, p. 156.

Such are the physical diversities of races. But there is a still more marked distinction appearing in their physical characters; between which and the former, there is an obvious but strange connection. One race seems, as it were, set aside by the hand of Providence, for a doom of the most dismal degradation. Another appears sadly fated to grope ever in mere conceptions of wild sports here, and hunting grounds hereafter. A third, amid all the elements of progress, is bound down under an immutable conservatism. While yet another seems equally destined, and rapidly speeding on, to the highest perfection of humanity. Those lands of the Negro, to which the dim light of Islam, or the rays of foreign culture have never penetrated, present the gloomiest picture of man. It is there that he has arisen, in no sense, above an instinctive existence. Without a letter or symbol of language, barren and blank in intellect, aroused from habitual stupor only by the clang of horrid dissonance, like the brute he lives, and seems like the brute to pass away. The American Indians are a people of unique character—having many noble traits, but wholly incapable of permanent civilization or improvement. They seem to have been created merely to be the tenants of an unoccupied territory, till in the fullness of time, it should become the home of a mightier race. That time has come; and now before the white man, they vanish like a breath of air; and soon will be numbered only by their bleaching bones on our plains. Wide over the continent of the orient dwells another race, midway in the ascent of civilization. It is here, that man, with every incentive of a bountiful nature, and of rich discoveries, as it were with the thread of his own destiny in his hands, has plodded on for untold ages in the same profitless round. Nations here have sprung up in a day, have swept, like the storm-king, over all the East, and again as speedily have disappeared. Here unceasingly, since the Earth has been tenanted by man, has been witnessed the spectacle of myriads jostling against myriads—of Empires clashing with Empires—yet Asia is Asia still—a vast sea of humanity that stagnates over half the world. From these sad contemplations we turn to Europe—the birth-place of progress—the home of refinement. Select from the chart of Earth that spot, the blackest with mountains, the most jagged with stormy seas, and every way the most unpromising of any the sun beholds; and you have marked the land of civilization's nativity. In this bleak corner, sprung up those fair favorites of nature, who have ever gloried in advancement as the state alone congenial to them, and who are nobly bearing onward all that is enlightened in humanity.

Who now will say, what, other than native character, produced these astonishing differences? What, but the impress of the Creator's hand at their origin, made the white man civilized, the dark man half civilized, the red man savage, and the black man brutish? It is no answer to say that education or state of society might gradually have wrought the diversity; for the question again reverts back upon those very influences; and we ask, what occasioned their existence, or what brought them to affect separately each species as a whole, distinguishing it from every other?



Again, who will show the external causes which have made the European, from the very infancy of his being, the lord and arbiter of Earth? Behold the monuments of the Macedonian, reared on the Indus and on the Nile. Behold Asia and Africa cowering before the resistless Cæsars. The host of Persia cross into Europe for conquest, but scatter in fright and dismay when the bold Greek comes out to battle. The Saracens make the sweeping circuit of the "midland sea," and plant the crescent of Islam in the heart of Europe; but speedily again recoil before the chivalrous Franks. The Spaniards' rude cannon is heard on the plains of the Aztecs, and forthwith the conquest, of the "White Gods" is extended wide as their terrible fame. While the dark races have ever bowed a willing neck to the most abject despotisms, and while every revolution throughout the East has but reproduced this same sad feature; the European has unceasingly fostered the principles of freedom, and every governmental change, from the earliest times to the present, has served but to make more republican his civil institutions. This same democratic element we find in the municipal structures of the Southern republics, as also in the laws of the ancient Briton and German; and beyond this race, the world presents no other such spectacle. Men, in early stages of society, have wrought out for themselves two distinct forms of natural religion; and these, if any thing can, must indicate original character. We find then, the most prevalent to be, a symbolical idolatry—a gross materialism, which formed the cumbrous machinery of the worship of brutes, of "stocks and stones," or of the celestial orbs. Such are Fetichism, Shamanism, Boodhism, and the varied forms of Pantheism and Sabeism. The other is a personified mythology—a beautiful idealism; in which alone is recognized the existence of an extra-mundane God. This religion, whether figured under its Saturn or Zeus, its Odin or Veli-bog, is the only and peculiar creation of the white man.\* Over all the East, the South, and the West, polygamy and sensuality have reigned with unbridled license. How different—how chaste and pure comparatively, has been society in Europe, from the very infancy of its nations! Here too, on the soil of this small continent, mind has cast off its shackles, and widened its realm, till now the very elements of nature and the attributes of soul are subservient to its uses and pleasure. By the beautiful art of stamping thought, the dead live on in all their former greatness. By simply poisoning the magnet, the trackless ocean at once lost its terrors, and New Worlds loomed up beyond it. The lawless vapor of the sky is bolted in, and made to bear man's burdens. The sun stoops to paint his image, and the lightning does his errands. The soul, too, opens to the light of day its own dark caverns; and mind explores the mystery of mind. But beyond his native home, wherever the white man has appeared to assert his supremacy of intellect, the spectacle is still the same. Long ages back, he mysteriously came to the wilds of this Western Continent, and started into magic being a beautiful but frail civilization: and long did the red man worship his "white and bearded god."† The fair sons of

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\* Prichard, vol. 3, p. 12.

† Prescott, "Conq. of Mex." vol. 1, p. 60; Bradford, "Am. Antiq." p. 301.

Circassia have formed for centuries the ruling castes of Egypt and either Turkey.\* And many a once humble merchant on the Thames and Zuider Zee, is now basking in oriental state.

Such is European superiority. And we say again, let him who can assign for it a foreign cause. It is vain to point to any tendencies in the natural world; for these cannot produce genius; nor often have they favored its development. Equally vain is it to refer the cause to a concurrence of circumstances; the chances against which, even if any could be conjectured sufficient to the effect, would be beyond computation. Again must we revert to native character. And, as we behold a Newton born to greatness, so must we regard this race as created to its supremacy. At intervals down through the generations of men, the Creator has seen fit to send forth some giant mind, whose capacities should astonish, or whose might awe, the wondering pigmies beneath it. So likewise, to vary the monotony of ages, has He ushered into being a powerful race—a master-piece of His mysterious workmanship—whose Titan arm should wield the destinies of a benighted world. Why He has wrought in His Creation so incomprehensibly, it may not be for us to inquire. The Lord God made it so—and it is good.

It is an opinion quite common, in regard to the origin of races, that it is referable to a period immediately following the Deluge, and to those descendants of Noah who receive divine blessings or curses. This, however, is founded, we think, on no direct authority of Holy Writ; which, in that connection, specifies only what may be explained more plausibly by events comparatively local and immediate. Thus, the malediction on the son of Ham was fulfilled in the subjection and enslavement of the Canaanites to Israel; and the blessing of Shem in the prosperity of the latter. Surely the assertions that 'Japheth shall be enlarged, and shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant,' are very far from having received their verification in any past or existing order of things, if these patriarchs were the authors of races. Again, that the scriptural account of the Deluge does not necessarily imply its literal universality, we have very clear evidence, as well as high authority.† And that it was not in fact universal, is now generally maintained by scientific men, and conceded by most divines. For, to the geologist, the physical appearance of the Earth presents no indications of a flood prevailing over all lands at one and the same time; but, on the contrary, every presumption against it. The natural historian affirms that the dissemination of animals from one common center is not only impossible, but contradicted by innumerable facts. The theologian perceives the necessity of such an unparalleled combination of miracles, in the collection, storage and sustenance for nearly a year, of over an hundred thousand zoological species, in an Ark of but an acre's area, that he also is compelled to assign a comparatively limited extent to the Noachian

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\* Blackwood Mag. for 1849, vol. 28, p. 134.

† John P. Smith's "Relation of Scrip. and Geol.," London, 1839, p. 304.

Deluge\*. Nor can this tendency of modern science to modify and explain, by the intervention of natural causes, the phenomena of Bible history, with the exception of avowed miracles, be regarded as in the least heretical. So far from it, it must give us the noblest conceptions of a Deity, to reflect that the wondrous machinery of the universe, moved and regulated solely by a few grand laws, works out of itself His own eternal purposes. There is then no necessity, arising either from the Mosaic records, or the universality of the Flood, for accounting Noah as the second progenitor of all the human family.

In the days of Abram, the tenth in descent from the patriarch of the Deluge, Egypt was a populous country, the seat of a flourishing empire. On the other side, Assyria "of the Chaldees" was on its march of refinement and magnificence; and on every hand, we read of "kings of nations," and "captains of hosts," coming out to battle on those ancient plains. Before the time of Moses, in the tomb of Osiris far up the Nile, the Egyptian was painted with all the peculiarities of the Copt at the present day, and with him were represented the white and blue-eyed stranger from the North, and the sable son of the South.† Long back in time, in the cave of Elephanta, of which not even the ancient books or traditions of the Brahmins have preserved an account, were placed the sculptured images of the Indian, the perfect statues of the modern Hindoo, and of the crisp-haired African.‡ Thus, to the earliest date of history, must we refer the existence of permanent nations, as also the existence, in them and around them, of permanent races. And no one will gravely say, that either through or from Egypt, there went out a tribe which was so soon found to be the ill-formed Negro, from India another branch which immediately stood forth as the fair Caucasian, and from China another which appeared as the red race, while the original families remained of the same dark hue and peculiar organization.

If now we turn to the researches which have been made in relation to the antiquity of the old Empires of Asia, we will find that all antiquarians, without giving the least credence to the pretensions of those nations to a prodigious age, but judging from their literature connected with accidental astronomical observations, have dated back their origin to a period coeval with, and in most cases long anterior to the scriptural era of the Deluge. They are united, so far as I have been able to find, in fixing the dawn of reliable history, in Egypt,§ in either India,|| and in China,¶ between the first century after and the fifth before that epoch. And beyond these comparatively authentic periods, traditions

\* John Pye Smith, p. 159.

† Creppo's "Researches of Champollion," p. 264.

‡ Asiatic Researches, vol. 4, p. 431 and 433.

§ Prichard, vol. 2, p. 199. Creppo's Cham., p. 82.

|| Prichard, vol. 4, p. 105 and 106; also p. 107, note, and vol. 2, p. 195 and 196. Heeren "On Anc. Nat. of Asia," vol. 3, p. 291 and 304.

¶ Prichard, vol. 4, p. 474—477.

and dark mythologies, tell us of wonderful demi-gods, of dynasties of the sun and moon, of silver and golden ages, reaching back in time to the day when the fiat of the Omnipotent spoke man into being. When now we consider that in those remote ages, many centuries must have been requisite for nations to have wandered so far from each other, over vast tracts of country equally inviting with those they eventually chose, and with no necessity whatever impelling them on; and that many more must have been required, for them to have established in those seats, two thousand leagues apart, splendid and well adjusted monarchies, and to have attained no inconsiderable advance in science and literature, it verily seems counter to all probabilities, if not possibilities, to ascribe their origin to that lone Ark which rested but forty-two centuries since on the summit of Mount Ararat.

Thus have we traced the characteristics of races back through all historic time, and in all probability beyond the age, when righteous Noah was selected to be the head of a favored line. It remains for us to consider if even farther, we may not peer into the dark night of antediluvian ages.

All history, sacred and profane, as well as tradition running far back of this, establishes the fact, that from time immemorial there has reigned from the Nile to the Hoang Ho, over one fourth of the earth's circumference, the same peculiar culture—stamped with so striking a unity as to be remarked by every antiquary from Herodotus to the present time. Throughout the realms of China, India, Assyria, and Egypt, they have found, ever prevailing, the same dogmas in philosophy and religion, the same institutions and traditionary superstitions, the same knowledge in the sciences, and advance in the arts.\* Not only were years and cycles similarly apportioned in many of those nations, but even weeks were divided alike, and days named after the planets, ranged in precisely the same arbitrary order.† Such coincidences have compelled all to assign to ancient civilization a common origin. Is then this origin indigenous or foreign?

That there has been no intercourse between these nations, since the earliest records of history, we have abundant evidence. And that there was none previously is shown by the fact, that while the languages of the Old Empires had nothing whatever in common, and the literature in those languages was wholly distinct, the elements of their civilization were almost identical.‡ Yet, however, many of their sacred books, as the Vedam of the Brahmins and the Zendavesta of the Magi, were written in foreign and similar tongues, but understood only by the priests. Again this ancient civilization itself bears the marks of a foreign origin. It is such a strange composition of refinement and barbarism—of exalted ideas mingled with the lowest conceptions of sense—such a peculiar combination of the most refined truths of

\* Prichard, vol. 2, p. 193.

† Tytler's Univ. Hist., Harper's Fam. Lib. ed., vol. 5, p. 67.

‡ Prichard, vol. 4, p. 480 and 556. Greppo's Cham. p. 207. Malte Brun, vol. 1, p. 567.

religion and philosophy, with a mass of childish superstitions and ridiculous notions, as to be accounted for on no other supposition. The Chinese have at the present day, implements of science, of the use and application of which they are totally ignorant. They have been acquainted with the art of printing for thousands of years; yet even now it is but a laborious system of wood-engraving. For ages they have used the magnetic needle but to gaze at in toys; and have compounded gunpowder but to blaze in fire-works. The Indians had many beautiful specimens of sculpture; but valued them only for filling the dark and loathsome caves connected with their superstitions. The Chaldees were conversant with many sublime truths in Astronomy, which they brought into use only in reading destinies in the horoscope. The Egyptians applied a superior knowledge in architecture, but to rear huge pyramids and obelisks to cumber the earth. In short, over all this vast region, from the Pacific to the Great Desert, we find the vestiges of a progress far beyond the genius of the people—the elements of a civilization, which, from their present inferiority, from the history of the past, and more than all from that eternal immobility which has stamped its identity on the annals of four thousand years, we must infer, they never were capable by themselves of acquiring. It seems as if, in remote ages, the fragments of some noble and perfect machinery had been carelessly scattered over Southern Asia, which a wondering race had preserved as toys, or as relics.

The existence of permanent hereditary castes in all the Empires of the East, from the first faint glimmerings of their history, would seem to indicate a peculiar foreign agency—since every such institution in modern nations, of which an origin has been recorded, is known to have sprung from the advent of foreigners, superior either in authority or in native powers. That such was the case in at least one of the ancient nations, we have the clearest evidence in the distinctive character of the sacred caste of the Hindoos, which is acknowledged to be of foreign extraction.\*

But further, all the traditions of the East refer the origin of its literary and religious castes to the distant North. Thither the Magi, and the Zendish priests of Western Asia point as to the home of their heroes and their gods.† From thence, in remote antiquity, came down the Brahmins of India, diffusing throughout the South a foreign culture.‡ The Chaldaeans are said to have been strangers in Assyria, whose native land was far among the Highlands of Upper Asia.§ The priests of Lao-tseu, from whose system the great Confucius drew the elements of his practical philosophy, trace back the wanderings of their sect to the same regions of the North.|| That the same early teachers found their way to the Nile as to the Ganges, is shown from the fact that, of all nations, no two have ever had more dissimilar languages, or a more identical cultivation, than Egypt and India.¶ Hence, we con-

\* Heeren's *Asia*, vol. 3, p. 279 and 280.

† Prichard, vol. 4, p. 12 and 49.

‡ *Ib.* vol. 4, p. 244.

§ *Ib.* vol. 4, 563.

|| *Ib.* vol. 4, p. 485.

¶ *Ib.* vol. 2, p. 217.

clude, that the ancient civilization of the East was there introduced by foreigners, who were so few as to be unable to change the native tongues of the lands they civilized; as also that it emanated all from these same lofty table lands of the bold Tartar, from which Asia has recruited its dynasties from time immemorial.

To this tendency of tradition to assign to oriental advancement, dating back with much certainty to diluvian ages, a still more ancient original in the regions toward the Arctic, the accounts of travelers who have penetrated thither, add much corroborative evidence. They tell us, that over the vast snow-fields of Siberia, and the bleak uplands of Tartary, where now roam a few scattered savages, gleanings their bare sustenance from a sterile nature, are to be found the vestiges of an ancient people, which once was numerous, refined, and powerful. Here have been discovered, in countless numbers, ancient mines, quarries, and tumuli, of which the barbarous tribes, which now behold them with a careless look or a vacant stare, have preserved not the slightest account or tradition.\* In the Ural and Altay Mountains, are mines so long since abandoned that nature has even already progressed far in the tedious process of filling them again with the original metals. Quarries, also, are found, deeply excavated, and in them the implements of the workmen; but the constructions, for which these doubtless afforded materials, exposed to the elements, have, with but few exceptions, crumbled to dust. Of the mounds which are scattered up and down on the banks of the Irtysh and Yenisei, many contain ornaments of gold and copper, beautifully embossed, and of exquisite workmanship; but others present only the rude relics of a people who had lived out their day, before art was known, or mines were wrought. Would we now follow up the stream of time to the era when this polished people, from unknown causes, deserted their primeval seats, and still on to the far more remote period of their origin? We pass from age back to age—from the fall to the rise of mighty empires and religions—we trace back the tribes chosen of God to the patriarchal family of the Deluge, and yet we have not probably arrived even to the decline of this ancient race. But a nation springs not, Minerva-like, into refinement in a day. And we have yet to allow for the slow progress of man into the arts and inventions of comparatively civilized life. Who, then, on that scroll of time which counts its cycles of ages back to those, when the giant creatures of a tropical clime roamed over exuberant plains where are now the wastes of Siberia, will venture to mark any but a darkly distant period, for the origin of this long since extinct nation.

Again, in Europe, we find the same peculiar phenomena—its traditions and early history pointing ever northward—while there, profusely spread, are found the vestiges of ancient and unknown races.† Those

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\* Prichard, vol. 4. p. 281; also vol. 5, p. xvii. Mallet Bran, vol. 2, p. 394. Tytler's Hist. vol. 5, p. 73.

† Prichard, vol. 3, p. 294, also p. xvii—xxii.

strange mounds, called "giant's tombs," which have long been the wonder of the Northmen, have opened for antiquaries a field of most interesting research. By the differences, not only in their structure, but in the relics they contain, there has been made a chronological division of them into three distinct classes. In the most recent, are found various implements of iron; which metal is known to have been in use among the tribes of the North, long before the Christian era. Other tumuli, different from these, present only relics of gold, bronze, and copper; which, before the age of iron, were long the materials on which was exercised the ingenuity of a polished race. But in a third series of barrows, by far the most numerous, appear only ornaments of amber and weapons of stone. Not a trace is here found of any remains, that would indicate the knowledge of metals among the tribes which deposited them. Both the numerousness of the rude relics of this class, and the wide extent over which they are spread, bear evidence, that the people who wrought them were for long ages the sole inhabitants of Northern and Western Europe. What, then, must be the extreme antiquity of the original race, which there began to work its slow and toilsome way into the advanced state, which it occupied, even at a very distant epoch from the earliest date of its history or tradition?

Thus have we attempted to thread a few of the windings in the labyrinth of the past; and have shown, we think, that from such researches, may be deduced the strongest probabilities in favor of several distinct centers of distribution, and consequently, of the original diversity of races, in the human family. Nor can such a supposition be justly construed as at variance with revelation. That the history of creation in Genesis, so beautifully and appropriately written thus, for the imaginative Jews, is allegorical, science is daily proving more and more conclusively, and the learned are now agreed in the belief, that the true beginning of things is but darkly figured forth in the work of those six days. Then why select from the very midst of an otherwise continuous allegory, a part only on which to impose a rigidly literal construction? And Moses himself, so far from recording anything inconsistent with the supposition that there were cotemporaries with Adam, has related many circumstances which can be explained on no other whatever. The fear of Cain, as he went out from his father's home, lest those who found him might slay him—his marrying, and founding a city, in the land of Nod, while yet he was the only child of the primeval pair—the circumstance of "giants in the Earth in those days," ere it was possible for the human organization thus to have changed—the marriage of the "sons of God" with the "daughters of men," which made the renovation of the chosen people necessary—all imply the existence of races coeval with the Adamic creation.

This hypothesis, moreover, explains much that has been mysterious both in nature and in history. It alone accounts for those distinguishing marks in organism which so plainly divide the world of man; and also for those distinct traits of character which are deeply impressed

on each several kind. It tells how the American Indian, sequestered from all the world besides, became the only and ancient tenant of this Western Continent; and how the European, environed by thronging myriads, of a constitution and capacity totally different, grew up alone and distinct, to his high preëminence. It explains why the Negro, in his benighted home, has ever contested sway with the wild roamers of the forest; and never yet has asserted his right of 'dominion over the brute'—and why the dark race of the Orient has groveled on, in its childhood of ages, as if man had no goal of destiny in his career through time. It adds the lacking links to that chain of gradation, which is at once the beauty and wonder of terrestrial creation. And it perfects the range of that beautiful economy of living existences—that whatever variations nature calls for the Creator provides.

But beyond the analogies drawn from inferior orders of beings, there is another and a higher analogy, which seems to force upon us this theory. No one doubts that the providences, as well as the revelation, of the Omnipotent, proclaim man to be an originally distinct and superior order of animal creation. No one now supposes, that he, to whom all nature is made subservient, whose manor is the Earth, whose realm of thought the Universe, is but a favored Chimpanzee, and undistinguished from it, by the creative hand of the Deity. But there is a particular race of men, in which have always centered His most marked providences. Yet we are told that this is but a chance variation from the rest—as if, while in one case providential agency was applied in aid of creative power, in another and for the attainment of the same grand result, He could combine it only with accident. On the bounds of Europe were erected those mighty barriers of mountains and seas, which have ever kept within their own allotted homes, the hordes of Tartary, and the nomads of the South; while that favored land rested in quiet, until the dawn of its glorious day. During more than twenty centuries, Jehovah instructed and watched over His chosen tribes. But when, by His agency, the civilization of the East had been borne to the classic shores of Europe, and all things were adapted according to His eternal purpose, He compelled even reluctant Israel to deliver over to the favored race the trust of His sacred religion. And, again, when the time had come that the nations of Southern Europe must be renovated, or Christianity and man's advancement become extinct, He stirred up the countless tribes of the North; whose incursions, beyond the Alps, gave the grand impetus to modern progress. Surely the hand of God has marked the course of the white man. There is a glorious destiny, to which He is guiding him, and for which He created him. Providence, then, as well as reason and research, indicates an original diversity of races.



## EDITORS' TABLE.

"Scribit, eternumque scribet."

VIRGIL.

"Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade."

COWPER.

"As for me  
I wish I had a good stout ram to ride;  
For we are still far from the appointed place."

GOETHE.

**BELoved READERS:**—The following song, which we beg leave to introduce to your notice, as we make our customary congee, is hereby respectfully dedicated, by the author, to the honored and benevolent subscribers to our College Maga. He hopes—and is not alone in the hope—that it will stir up in them new feelings of sympathy for us, who are compelled by day and night to till our barren brains for thought, in the vain hope of obtaining therefrom a monthly harvest. Surely if ever the servile drudge in a Russian or an English mine—if ever the goaded, lacerated slave on a southern plantation—if ever the patient, plodding ox in the dusty highway—if ever a sickly operative, bowed down by long hours of ceaseless toil—if ever a pallid student wasted by midnight vigils—if ever, in fine, any mortal man anywhere, crushed by hopeless and endless labor, deserved your sweet compassion, surely we ought not to be without your warmest sympathies. But let our author plead for us:—

## THE PLEA OF THE WEARIED EDITORS.

With souls depressed and worn,  
With bodies ready to sink,  
Five wearied men in a quaint old room  
Were busily using their ink—  
Write! write! write!  
Poor, weary, worn-out men;  
And oft with many a hollow moan,  
They sang this Song of the Pen.

"Work! work! work!  
Before the morning bell;  
And work! work! work!  
After the midnight knell.  
Alas! we are but slaves—  
Slaves on a Christian soil,  
Bound to a hopeless, hopeless task,  
A never-ending toil!

Write! write! write!  
Till our brains begin to swim;  
Write! write! write!  
Till our eyes are bleared and dim!  
Pen, and paper, and ink,  
Ink, and paper, and pen,  
Till our very hearts are steel'd by hate,  
And we curse our fellow men.

Oh! ye whose hearts are warm—  
Whose soul, and eye, and brow,  
Are bright with the light of youthful years,  
Have pity on us now!

Write! write! write!  
Till the sun in the east emerge,  
Writing at once, through the live-long night,  
An Essay and a Dirge!

But why should we shudder at Death—  
We are not afraid of him;  
It would not startle us to see  
His form so dark and grim!  
We are, ourselves, so very wild,  
So colorless and wan,  
That our reckless spirits have no fear  
Of devil or of man!

Work! work! work!  
No calm for the troubled breast;  
We toil forever like the sea  
Whose surges never rest.  
And what are our wages? A paltry smile—  
A curse—a life of pain—  
And honor, the vilest, vilest cheat  
That ever crazed a brain!

Work! work! work!  
From early morn till night!  
Work! work! work!  
By the flickering candle light!  
Pen, and paper, and ink,  
Ink, and paper, and pen;  
Till our brains are turned by the payless work  
We do for thankless men.

Write! write! write!  
In the cold December storm!  
And write! write! write!  
In the summer mild and warm,  
When through our lattice creeps  
The wooing, welcome air,  
And our hearts are swelled by its kindly touch  
With a feeling resembling prayer.

Oh, for an hour of rest,  
Of rest from our weary toil,  
To roam among the flowers sweet  
That blossom on the soil!  
Oh, for a single day—  
A moment of relief,  
To cool our wild and aching brains,  
And calm our frantic grief.

Oh, but for one short hour  
Of sweet relief from all  
That binds us down to our endless toil,  
As with an iron thrall!  
Alas! our prayer is vain;  
Our labor must be done;  
We turn to our weary task again,  
For the sleepy bell tolls ONE!"

With souls depressed and worn,  
With bodies ready to sink,  
Five weary men, in a quaint old room,  
Are busily using their ink—  
Write! write! write!

Poor weary, worn-out men :  
 And oft with many a hollow moan—  
 Ah, would that ye might hear that tone,  
 Between a murmur and a groan !  
 They sing their Song of the Pen.

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Seriously, dear reader, we must be allowed to put in one more, our final plea. It is well known that our Magazine has not for many years sustained itself by mere subscription. Since its first establishment—now nearly fourteen years—it has never been a benefit, and often a burden, pecuniarily, to those who have served as Editors. During the present year our subscription list has risen somewhat above the usual average, but still not enough—in case every person on our books were to meet his individual responsibility—to equal the current expenses of the year. A large number of these subscribers, however, have not paid as yet their annual subscriptions; and what we now ask is, that every receiver of our Magazine will, by paying us at once for what he has received, enable us to meet the heavy obligations which are now resting upon us. The Magazine has never been worth to us a farthing—nay, it has been rather a cause of no small labor, vexation, and difficulty. Yet we have borne all cheerfully, feeling the responsibility of our position, and striving as well as we knew how to do our duty; and no generous man would therefore wish to have us, after a year of arduous labor, as freely given as it has been freely received, involved in pecuniary liabilities which others are in duty bound to meet. We trust that nothing farther need be said on this to us unpleasant topic.

Our foreign subscribers can send by mail to our address; and as we are in a few weeks to transfer the Magazine into the hands of the newly elected corps of Editors, we trust that they will see the necessity of sending as soon as possible.

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We are favored this month with an unusual number of exchanges. Want of space prevents us from taking any particular notice of them, and also from gracing our plain table with an occasional selected flower. We must be content with merely naming them, trusting that at some future time we may be able to give one and all a more extensive greeting. We have been favored with the fifth and sixth numbers of the present volume of the "Nassau Literary Magazine;" and also with the first and second numbers of the first volume of a new monthly, "The Collegian," published by our brethren of Dickinson College. We welcome you with all our hearts, brother Editors, bidding you meanwhile God-speed, and a long, long life. We have also before us another number of the "University Magazine," as rich and promising as any of its predecessors; and also the last number of the present volume of the Amherst "Indicator," containing the valedictory of its first corps of Editors—quite pathetic—quite. It brought tears to our eyes as we thought of the time, so soon to come, when we —. And last, but not least, we have another number of the "New England Offering," fresh from old Lowell. We almost fancied we heard the whirr of busy machinery as we sat down to peruse it. We think of paying a visit to those Lowell factories—it will come nicely in the line of our studies in "Political Economy"—article on "Manufacturing."

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We trust that our readers will pardon the lateness of this number. Circumstances beyond our control prevented its publication at the close of last term. We will strive to be more punctual in future. *Those puns* are unavoidably reserved for the next number. They will then appear, positively—"no postponement on account of the weather." Our punning editor has suddenly left town, on business, it is said, of immense importance. Any information respecting him, will be thankfully received by his bereaved associates.

VOL. XIV.

No. VI.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES  
Cantabunt SOGOLES, unanimique PATRES."

MAY, 1849.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XIV.

MAY, 1849.

No. 6.

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REFORM IN SOCIETY.

QUESTIONS pertaining to man's temporal well-being, meet us at every step in the journey of life, and by their ever present importance almost rival those which concern his eternal interests, in their claims upon our earnest attention and sober consideration. Nor does this appear strange when we consider that human reason is our sole guide in the solution of the former, while the doubts and difficulties of the latter, may be all dispelled by the life-giving radiance of inspiration. Our confidence in the possibility of a faultless adjustment of social relations, may well be weakened, when we consider the evils and impediments which society has encountered in its progress. Yet there is in this case a mean between extravagant expectation and blank indifference—for the social fabric has weathered its various vicissitudes, well enough to inspire confidence in its general stability, and encourage hope of its future improvement. But it has evils incorporated in its very framework, which at times threaten the downfall of the entire structure. It is the part of wisdom, therefore, to enquire into these evils, and if possible to provide for them a remedy, even though the agitation of the subject may strike alarm into timid and change-dreading minds.

The unequal distribution of property, between the laborer and capitalist, and the tendency towards a disproportionate increase between the number of laborers and the amount of capital, are two fundamental evils in the present constitution of society.

Without attempting to dispute the known advantages, in the various relations of life, arising from an accumulation of capital, or to advocate any of the leveling theories of the day, it will be profitable to trace briefly the results to which society seems tending under the operation of these evils.

And first, in prominence, is the fact that social inequality is becoming greater—that although money is constantly shifting hands, the current sets strongest in one direction; and hence that while the rich



are growing richer, the poor are sinking still deeper in poverty and degradation. It must be evident that any plan by which the demand for labor is diminished, whatever advantages it may confer upon the capitalist, is at the same time disastrous in its consequences to the laborer. A single invention in machinery may throw out of employment thousands who are forced to enter upon some other branch of labor, already overstocked. The constant development of physical science, and its great success in producing economical contrivances, lead us to believe that labor in the mechanic arts will suffer a still greater depreciation. Nor in this department of human activity alone are we to expect a diminution in the demand for manual employment. Landholders, by resorting to improved methods of cultivation, will deprive of their occupation numbers who have hitherto depended upon them for support; and in various branches of industry the operatives must lay aside their long-used implements of labor, as each new invention substitutes the agencies of nature for the immediate service of human hands. Whatever new avenues to employment may be laid open by the operation of other causes, it is believed that they will not be found adequate to compensate for those which improvements in machinery will almost effectually close. And if we take also into consideration the fact, that population increases more rapidly among the poor—that there is a constant multiplication of new hands to share in the limited supply of labor, and of new mouths to be furnished with the means of subsistence, we are forced to the conclusion that wages must be still farther diminished, and of course the poor must be deprived of nearly all their necessities, and compelled to drag out their lives on the brink of starvation. Nor on the other hand, is it any the less capable of demonstration, that under such a state of things, wealth must inevitably be collected in the hands of a few. It is an universal apothegm, founded on a common phenomenon of human nature, that the possession of wealth induces desire of its increase. It is easy then to see that under the sway of this principle, how, when the poor man is forced to surrender the little he possesses to satisfy his passing wants, his moneyed neighbor will be benefitted at his expense, and thus widen the difference between the two great classes of society—the rich and the poor.

It is true that in our own country, under our more liberal institutions, where there is abundant demand for labor, these evils do not appear to be apprehended. But in the most prosperous countries of the old world, these speculations have become historic facts. A glance at the present condition of England, may be useful in showing us what must result everywhere under the operation of similar causes. Society in that country is a prey to many complicated disorders. The principle of competition is there allowed unbounded range and influence. All—of every rank in life—of every business and profession—seem actuated by one ruling motive,—the desire of growing richer. The manufacturer strives for the best disposal of his wares, the capitalist for the highest interest of his money, and both work against the laborer to reduce his wages; while the laborer in his turn battles in unequal conflict against the miseries which science and capital heap upon him.

This complication of jostling interests, presents indeed a wonderful scene of activity and enterprise—has raised the nation to an unexampled height of prosperity and wealth. But this system of competition in its ultimate effects strengthens monopoly. The result has been the concentration of capital in the hands of a few, depriving more than half of the population of any share in property, and cutting off the laboring classes with the bare crumbs of subsistence. Time would fail, to portray in its true light the destitution of the great mass of the people, shut out from the enjoyment of social and moral privileges—condemned from their birth to a miserable slavery of mind and body—working on in gloomy despair, with no relief in the future, save death itself. When no longer able to avoid starvation by the utmost exertions, many throw themselves on society for support by the commission of crime. Where labor is a drug, and crime is at a premium, the ordinary course of social life must be seriously perverted, and no permanent amelioration can be expected from any save radical measures. This is not a sweeping conclusion, nor can it be called an ultra doctrine. Property was never intended to become accumulated for the destruction of the many, even if, when thus accumulated, it can be rendered the more productive; its inviolable sanctity sinks into insignificance when compared with the value of human life. Humanity and religion raise their voice above the voice of proscription and require the repeal of unequal laws and the reconstruction of social institutions. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—the great end and aim of society—have all been invaded, and a thorough readjustment is loudly demanded. Viewed in this light our subject rises upon us in importance, and forces us to inquire with serious intention and calm judgment, what can be done to remedy the disorders of our social constitution.

Many good and wise men, who clearly perceive the condition of our present social state—the appalling load of misery, under which communities are reeling, shrink from the idea of reform. They maintain, and not without much truth, that man's inhumanity to man, his selfishness and depravity, is the cause of the vice and oppression which prevail in the world, and which bear down with an Atlæan weight upon three quarters of the human race. 'Reforms, therefore, which seek to change only the external relations of human existence, in anticipation of permanent amelioration, are but mockeries, and to effect them, would be but to place a new patch upon an old garment, or to whiten over a loathsome sepulchre, full of dead men's bones. For so long as the heart is deceitful, above all things a prolific nest of evil purposes, so long will the world be full of suffering and tyranny and irreligion, in the same old shapes, or new ones seven-fold worse than the former. Those who advocate reform and a readjustment of society, distract attention from the one thing needful, confound the real issues, and lead us to imagine that a social reconstruction will usher in the good time coming.' These views accord with our own so far as they go, and afford us the basis of the conviction that so much evil is not without its remedy; and if such remedy there be, as wise men we should seek after if haply we may find it. Now moral and physical evil are so



connected, that the former is often the consequence of the latter. How far, in the providence of God, pain may be employed as a means of moral discipline, we know not,—yet it may be said, in general, take away sin and you will diminish suffering; and so, too, alleviate suffering and you will weaken the dominion of sin. Thus, moral improvement will generally keep pace with intellectual and social progress. It is contrary to the ordinary workings of nature, that a man should become wise or virtuous, with starvation continually staring him in the face. But surround him with outward comforts, give him time and material for thought, breathe into him the life of knowledge, then will the claims of duty and the intrinsic beauty of moral excellence exert their full and legitimate influence upon him, and render him a fit temple for the habitation of the divine faculties of the soul.

We often hear it asserted that the Creator of all things designed this world as a storehouse of misery, and ordained physical evil as a necessary condition of human existence. From this unauthorized assumption, it is argued, that every attempt to eradicate evil is a struggling against divine power, and must prove of no avail. Such an argument might well become the fatalist. It is in effect saying, that because a man must die, there is no use of trying to live. True it is, that the mixture of good and evil is an essential condition of our being here upon earth. We cannot indeed annihilate evil, but then it is our great duty to work out the triumph of good over it. Hence, although improvement must ever fall short of perfection, it is not shut up to any assignable limit. It is, moreover, a sufficient refutation of this argument to say, that although the social condition of the race has, within the historical period, undergone many fluctuations, still, on the whole, there has been a progress, and however numerous the present evils, they are fewer than ever before. Wealth is increasing—the arts of life are approaching nearer perfection—wars are less frequent, and less bloody—unequal laws are disappearing before enlightened legislation, and liberty is mounting the throne of oppression. Man is not the chained slave of circumstances; earnest action, persevering effort, may raise him “superior to his accidents.”

There are many erroneous notions and absurd prejudices existing, with regard to the designs of those who contemplate a social amelioration. They have been branded as infidels by those who imagine that the Bible is a catalogue of positive ordinances and institutions, and that anything found therein, must have its counterpart, under any circumstances, and in any age. But the scriptures themselves show a progress. Ideas not occurring at first, afterward come in plain sight before us, and doctrines whose germs are found in the older books, attain their perfect development in the later writers. Religion is not a definite system of rules and conceptions; it is a principle of life, which may, nay must, be manifested under various forms in different stages of human progress. It is, however, a sufficient answer to such objectors, and one well suited to their strain of argumentation, to point to the description of the primitive church as given by the inspired apostle. It will there be seen, that Communism is not always the offspring of

infidelity—that good Christians may be Socialists, and that St. Peter himself, the ecclesiastical progenitor of so many conservative prelates, was a member of an association.

Others, again, insist upon a preordained inequality between different portions of the human race, and will not lift a finger in effort to remove the incubus of ignorance and degradation which rests upon their fellow-men. How much more noble is the course of the truly benevolent and philanthropic man, who toils in spite of all discouragements, to ameliorate the condition of his fellows! His means may be ill advised—his zeal hot—but his hope is glorious. True, his object cannot be accomplished in a day; what ages of partial laws and injustice and degradation have effected, it may take ages to remedy; but still he lives and works in hope of the time when vice and misery shall be the exception, not the rule, and the earth, if not a paradise, shall be at least something better than a Pandemonium. And why may he not hope? Every change and revolution, however fearful in its immediate consequences, has contributed something to roll on the tide of moral and physical progression.

“Through the ages of the world an increasing purpose runs;  
And the thoughts of men are widened, in the process of the Sun.”

In entering upon the consideration of some plans, which may ameliorate the present condition of social life, and give a better tendency to the increase of wealth and of physical advantages, we are conscious of approaching forbidden—we might have said hallowed ground. But the whole course of remark has tended to strip the subject of any usurped claim to sanctity. It is not intended in this essay to lay down any fixed and definite plan of reform; such a course would be presumptuous. It is enough to have pointed out some of the more glaring faults, to have met the most common objections to any change, and to have presented in a brighter light, the efforts of those who are engaged in the cause of humanity. Still our task would be incomplete, did we not offer a few thoughts, which have been suggested in the progress of the present examination.

It must be obvious that inequality, the mother of tyranny, is the frequent source of many of the evils which affect the human race. At its very outset, favored by the natural feelings of the heart, unchecked by any positive institutions, it seems to gain ground with every onward movement of society. Did the passion for the acquisition of wealth cease with the attainment of a competency, we could not justly complain. But when this cannot satisfy man's craving desires, and an excess is as eagerly sought, then, however honest the means by which it may be gained, any farther acquisition is but a robbery of the rights of others.

How, let it now be asked, can the present evil be remedied? or, as this is rather the point, how can the poor be made richer? We cannot avoid the response, by making the rich poorer. We would deprecate any arrangement that would divide property equally among all; it could not, from the nature of things, endure. It would not avail here

to enter into a full discussion of the theory of Communism ; its design is evidently good, and it possesses many advantages in equalizing property, and rendering man something better than a mere drudge. But it may be questioned whether relief from anxiety and stimulus to action is of itself positive gain. He is deprived of a true luxury, who knows not the pleasurable excitement of necessary exertion. Moreover, man's selfish nature would not allow him to employ that degree of effort, for the good of the community, which would be called forth by his own immediate interests. Individual responsibility shared with hundreds of others, is deprived of its animating influence, and furnishes little inducement to labor. Man will become lazy and indifferent unless some direct and pressing motive constantly stimulates him to action. Hence, the success of any plan for a community of goods, involves a modification of human nature ; and society would not be able to endure such a change, until good enough to do without it. The best distribution, therefore, is that which is made by each one's honest efforts. It need not here be shown that such a plan will call forth the greatest amount of exertion, and will supply an indication of the ability and character of the individual. It will inspire him with the noblest aims and lay before him the highest incentives to action. We cannot, therefore, agree with those who advocate the subversion of the institution of property ; but it requires essential modification that it may be more equally enjoyed. Can such an alteration be effected ? In all cases, a work of necessity is a work of difficulty, and what ought to be done, is not always what can be done. We shall endeavor to fortify, by some principles, whatever position we may lay down, so that, if the conclusion drawn appear destructive, the fault may not rest with us. An examination of the various theories of the right of property, from the most highly conservative, down to the most radical, which pronounces 'property nothing else than theft,' would be foreign to our purpose. Common justice concedes that, when one has expended time and labor in any useful direction, the result of such effort is his own. If his exertions have been laid out upon the cultivation of the soil, he has the rightful claim to the land, provided he has improved it beyond any ordinary value. But when extensive land-holders, taking advantage of the misfortunes of others to increase their possessions, add nothing to the fertility of the soil, but only consume its produce and reduce the tenantry to poverty, natural justice cries out against such a practice as a violation of common rights, if not of common law. If, by the operation of legislative enactment, such a result has been brought about, it surely must be within the province of the same authority to remedy the wrong it has caused. But this is only a particular instance ; we have proceeded upon the ground that the evil prevailed generally, and we are to show that the same principle may be applied, with the same justice, to society at large. The greatest danger to be apprehended from the accumulation of wealth, is the power of transmitting it in the same family through many generations. It would hardly be just, that a man should share his hard-earned gains, with one whose life, perhaps, has been worthless ; it is no more than right that he should enjoy what he

has fairly acquired. But it can be questioned whether he can enjoy, or in any way direct its management, after his death. That inheritance is no natural right, can be shown from the fact that it has been subject to municipal law among all nations, and that the manner of its distribution differs among them all. We do not intend to dispute that expediency gives an appearance of justice to the right of inheritance, and that it is required for many and important objects. Unless the general welfare demanded it, we would not propose its abrogation. Taking it then in this extreme view, it is thought that some laws could be enacted which would prevent the descent of property in such large masses, and of course diffuse it more equally among a greater number. We are aware that this is a measure, which would meet with little favor from all those who are content with things as they are ; but stern necessity must overcome the prejudices and cherished associations which cling to the customs and institutions of our fathers.

The right to live is paramount to all others, and whatever is destructive of human life, must be itself destroyed. "If the ox is wont to push with his horn, and goreth a man or woman, then shall the ox be stoned."

But reform is not to be effected solely by legislation upon capital. Without labor, capital is useless ; constituting the great source of national and individual prosperity ; forming the great duty, and rightly considered the highest enjoyment of our lives ; labor has not received that attention which its importance demands. As it is a debt due from every citizen to society, so it is incumbent on society to protect it, and afford it all encouragement ; while idleness should be treated as a constant cause of immorality and crime. It was doubtless the intention of Providence, that labor should be attractive in itself, and that it should be stimulated by prospects of reward. It is impious to imagine that the Deity has endowed us with minds and capacities fitted for action, has provided us with all the materials in nature for the exercise of industry, and yet has denied us any plan by which organization can be effected, so that its operation can be for the good of all. If you can brighten the prospects of the laborer, give him to hope that he may attain a standing in society, assure him that no legal impossibilities exist to prevent his becoming something more than a slave, provide, if necessary, some organized plan of industry, and you nerve his arm for greater efforts, you strengthen his heart with noble purposes, and awaken in him an indomitable energy. Such feelings he can never experience, if he believes that a favored few are to be the recipients of heaven's blessings ; that his doom is irrevocably fixed from the moment of his birth. No : man was never made to be a mere machine, working out another's will, knowing no mind of his own ; if so, then all his mental powers, his sense of the beautiful in the outward and inward world, and his sublime destiny, are all in vain.

But the social system has an inner life which demands consideration equally with its outward frame. For it is a mistaken, although a common notion, that states and corporations have no moral responsibilities. That communities and governments have no soul—that they are desti-

tute of independent vitality—that they are mere economizing machines, convenient for levying armies and building navies, and in short, stand in the same relation to men as horses and steam-engines—are ideas which cannot fail to exert the most destructive influence upon the moral growth and even upon the physical progress of society. If governments are administered on principles of the lowest selfishness, how can they contribute to the moral elevation of the governed? If statesmen make the possession of land or power or money the sole object of their deliberations, how can we hope that the people will not catch the tone of their legislators and regard material interest as the great interest of life? Little need be expected of a state when this doctrine of political indifference takes root and thrives, for it will utterly preclude that enlightened and vigorous application of governmental measures which alone can remedy our social evils. Even on the lowest possible grounds, the material interests of man are so closely interwoven with the interests of his intellectual and moral nature that it is impossible to legislate for the former without exerting some influence over the latter. Nothing, therefore, can be more absurd than to make laws for man as a mere consumer of pork and corn, without any reference to his higher wants. Mere mechanism can never put life into an automaton; and mechanical statesmanship can never animate or rouse into harmonious action the social system. When this truth is fully recognized, then and then only will political corporations begin to possess real vitality—to have that inner life, so necessary to the happiness of the individual—and the individual that moral elevation so indispensable to the stability and perfection of the community.

When education shall have exerted her rightful influence in informing, instructing, and developing the mighty faculties of the human mind, and in raising it above brute and mechanical force; when Religion shall have accomplished her mission on earth, in regenerating the heart, subduing the soul, and fitting it for its high and immortal destiny; then ‘Justice will return to earth again,’ Right shall achieve its victory over Might, and the sublime legislation of the Gospel, embracing all in its peaceful sway, will present the solution of a once difficult problem; a perfect Society.

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#### MYSTERY.

It is fabled that there once was an age—a golden age—when men held familiar intercourse with the gods. Admitted thus to the intimacy of the celestials, they shared their enjoyments and their knowledge. But, alas! mortals have long since fallen from such goodly companionship, and are left to plod their way alone. To follow out the myth, man has ever since been uneasy and dissatisfied; craving after happiness; aspiring to knowledge—in short, left with all his former capaci-

ties and desires in full play—and tormented by his inability to reach the fountain from which these may be filled and gratified.

He is not, however, left altogether without a witness to the native nobility of his nature. He is endowed richly above all other orders of beings which share with him his heritage of earth. These endowments enable him to seek and to find knowledge, and enjoyment following in its train. He has Intuition, which unfolds to him by the light of its own inspiration many and important truths. He has Reason, which claims no less a province than the universe. He has Senses which imprint upon his mind the myriad forms and modifications of the outer world. He has also Revelation, on which to depend for matters beyond the ken of his own unaided powers.

But let us see whether his position is altogether secure even with all these aids and attributes.

Intuition is god-like ; but as it now stands in the discussions of metaphysicians, its jurisdiction is by no means clearly defined, and we are fain to admit, though sorry to believe, that it is no more infallible than instinct.

Without wishing to impeach Revelation—nay, even deeming it exalted by the consideration—we claim that it is *reasonable* ; it is also commended to our reason by unmistakable attestations of Divine authority, or we might well distrust it. The Senses, then, and Reason, are left as our instructors in truth, or at least, as the censors of almost everything which wears its outward seeming. But are these always, and in all circumstances, reliable ? The failings of the Senses are too much a matter of notoriety—too much marked and felt by all, to need more than a passing remark. They are indeed avenues of beauty and harmony and enjoyment—the only known connection between mind within and the world without—and apart from them we can only conceive of man as a mere isolation—a hopeless prisoner in a dreary cell, or a condemned captive chained to a heavy, lifeless clod. But he is also often deceived, disappointed and tortured, by senses delicate or impaired, or imposed upon by real appearances, or by his own involuntary vagaries. But despairing of these, even in their perfection, as thoroughly reliable—and aware that there are numberless subjects of which they can take no cognizance whatever—we turn to reason and depend on this for security. Yet what is it ? A thing, it is true, of might and scope and eternity—but who is not conscious that its power is not infallible—its scope is after all limited—and its eternity is a *mystery* ? Even where we most trust it, it sometimes deceives—where its teachings seem most clear, it may mislead. The keenness of perfect senses, and the grasp of the most potent reason may then be eluded.

Life, from its dawn to its sunset, is haunted by mystery, which hints of things unknown, untried, above and beyond us—hidden in preceding and fast-following darkness. The hundred eyes of an Argus are blind to perceive, the hundred arms of a Briareus are incompetent to retain, its flickering and ever-retreating form. Truth revealed and made evident, comes down upon the mind through science, nature, and the senses, like sunlight on the earth through the clear atmosphere.

But the media and mirrors of truth are too often discolored, clouded, or dimmed; and the light in vain essays to penetrate—or it shines through, but is warped and distorted by its contact with these base alloys of earth.

Mystery is the semblance of truth; or truth not yet fully unfolded, realized, and appreciated. Like the fabled statue of Memnon it stands mute and motionless, awaiting the day-dawn—when this appears, it discourses music sweet. It is the semblance of truth—for it is no unreal or unusual thing for the mind to be imposed upon by grave deception, wearing this guise, and coming in such form as to command belief, while it defies explanation; or it is truth undeveloped—for the thousand enigmas of life, which puzzle reason, give way, in part, before the progress of mind; and many which lie hidden beyond the reach of mortal penetration, we hope to comprehend in another and a higher state of being.

It is the prerogative of Psychology and Philosophy to elucidate many of these—our aspirations rise no higher than to establish our definition by reference to universal facts, and universal consciousness.

Look then at the mind, of which we mortals are so proud—which we profess to locate and analyze, and bring under distinct classes of feelings, actions and attributes; writing whole volumes of argument to reveal it to itself. What do we know of its dawn, its essence, its union with matter, and its destiny? We *can* speak of its *attributes* and *acts*—*itself*, more impalpable than the shadow of a shade, evades our grasp. If this is true of mind in general, it is equally so of the whole round of feelings—the whole inner constitution of man. Yet in this province of thought, what giant wind-mills have metaphysicians eagerly built up, which others have, in turn, as valiantly essayed to demolish! The dreamer by night or by day, often sees a fairy palace on the clouds. There, with seemingly foundation, with perfect symmetry of form and grace of proportion, with pillar and capital and dome, it stands; a thing of light and beauty, consummate and peerless! The ideal perfection of art has put on the form of reality; paradise is now no longer a mere speculation. But alas, the dream is past, and the palace has vanished leaving not a trace behind. The *reality* all remains, but the fairy palace was only a castle in the air. There remains the dim moon-light and the cloud. So our theories of mind, intangible and mysterious as it is and must ever be, develop themselves full often into mere moonshine or cloudy obscurity.

Imagination, ethereal and godlike, has left with us many marvelous and mighty creations. With equal facility it roams through all time, all space, all thought; it creates and adorns and peoples worlds of its own. It plants itself upon the outskirts of creation, and surveys “the realms of chaos and dark night” beyond. It lives and speaks in painting and sculpture, in music and poetry. Its creations find their way into the religious creeds of the barbarian, and cluster thick around all unhallowed forms of worship. It thus appears before us, a something in our nature almost beyond us, and not altogether under our control; as an

attribute which allies man closely to a superior world. Who for us, will search and find out its home, and account for its wonders ?

Mark out for us now the path of genius threading its way to heights where giddy reason falters and stops, bewildered and almost blinded. We may trace it if it has left behind the successive marks of its progress ; but how it should have discovered those steps we cannot know. It stands raised high above the common conceptions of men ; its path, like the lightning's, may for a moment be seen ; but we know it mainly by its works. It overturns and tears in pieces ; again it builds up and beautifies, not by minute and long protracted operations, as of the coral insect, but rather like an impulse of creative power, launching a world into existence in a single day. Often it seems a peculiar development of power in one direction and impotency in every other—of giant mind allied to idiocy ; often its light flashes forth brightly and then disappears ; or yet again it is perpetually resplendent. If aught in man seems superhuman it is this, beyond rule and art—sometimes a thing of madness even ; yet original, native and undying in its nature and its works, which stand like monuments Cyclopean of another race.

I have said Imagination wanders through all time ; but what mind can grasp, what imagination fathom *eternity* ? It is a never-beginning, never-ending mystery, in whose mazes he who seeks to wander will find himself lost, without a landmark to guide him beyond the measure of time.

But when our wanderer wearies of eternity, let him explore space, and bring within the compass of his conceptions this other endless, boundless, trackless infinity. Rove as we may from the bounds of mortal sight—abstract as we will our narrow ideas to enclose the boundless—we shall continually find ourselves involved in the absurdity of ascribing to it centre, direction, and extent. Perhaps the assertion is not too hazardous, that the human mind is incapable of gaining any adequate notion of that which is without beginning or end.

In this connection it may not be irreverent to speak of the Deity and his attributes. "Who can by searching find him out ?" He is and ever must be a mystery. Can the finite measure the infinite ? Can an imperfect creature of a day comprehend perfection eternal ? Then were God no longer God, and man would have at last found the virtues of the tree of knowledge.

Our Religion is mysterious from its very nature. It establishes the idea and the claims of a power superior and independent.

What is Life ? We perceive it, feel it, are constantly in the midst of it. But that latent spark which glows within the humblest manifestation of organized existence is one of the secrets of great nature, which the closest analysis, and the profoundest research have failed to discover. Whence does this vital energy arise ; how is it sustained ; and when it draws near its final exit, who will withdraw the black drapery of death, and show us its departure and destiny ? The mystery of life is buried in the tomb, but even from out that dark and silent abode, a voice whispers of a mysterious resurrection. The vital current runs its labyrinthine round ; the breath comes and goes, and



finally goes not to return ; yet these are only outward, visible marks of life and death. The realities are, as they ever were, beyond our ken.

Many phenomena in the mental and material world are mysterious—some by their very nature and necessarily, others by the confounding of fact and idea. Unusual appearances, remarkable coincidences, pretended sciences, indeed all call in the aid of imperfect senses, fallible reason, and wild imagination. In the language of another. "The eye of modern philosophy may wink at the wisdom of occult sciences ; and sorcerers and magicians, necromancers and Rosicrucians, cabalists and conjurers, astrologers and soothsayers ; Philomaths, Druids, wizards, witches and warlocks, and sybils and gypsies may, be, in its estimation, a mere legion of cyphers. Yet faith hath been long and firmly lavished on the art of divination by the learned and mighty men in all ages." Men need not believe in witches, black white and gray—need not become disciples of Faust and Friar Bacon ; but they will look for, and believe in, the supernatural—will love and hold to the marvellous. And why not ? They find themselves under the control of circumstances and influences, independent of themselves, which they can neither foresee, avoid, nor avert. There are apparitions of mental and material phenomena, which command the testimony of sound reason and unimpaired senses, even against the will of their possessors,—which cannot be an unmeaning phantasy to delude and bewilder.

"There are things, related simply, soberly, and with great show of evidence, which the ingenuous mind cannot dismiss with either a smile or a sneer, which the man of science can neither explain nor explain away—which the philosopher can no more deduce from his ideas than he can assimilate them with his system."

Who will then speak lightly of the "mysteries of Hecate and the night." Who dare the encounter with "Gorgons, Hydras and Chimeras dire," in the shape of Somnambulism, Mesmerism, and Swedenborgianism, to go no farther ? Beware. The three Sybilline tables might have been nine, had not the prudence and incredulity of the Emperor sent six to the flames. The surviving three were esteemed priceless.

But if we turn from occult to real science, mystery is still with us. Firmly and steadily has science held on its way, making the mysteries of the past the principles of the present—evolving order from confusion, simplicity from intricacy, light from darkness. But take any one of these sciences and follow it to its ultimate bearings, even if all before is clear, and you will come to a point where research is vain ; you arrive at an element which no analysis can simplify ; an agent whose power you can estimate and wield but can perceive by no sense ; an attribute or a power, apparent in its workings, but in its essence impalpable—admitting of no solution but the direct fiat of Almighty power. What then is science ? In its dawn and its perfection, a mystery.

We have but entered on the arcana of nature. But in view of these, how, where do we stand in respect to universal truth and universal knowledge ? On what is the pride of human reason grounded ? Where

is the boasted empire of mind? It is founded on the unknown; this realm, if it is one of light, has more of darkness and obscurity; and over how small a portion even of this extends this vaunted sway!

Confess then, giant man, that you are a very pigmy; your strength is impotence, your wisdom is folly, when judged by a standard exalted to the realities of things. I have before touched upon the love of mystery. Perhaps we are not well aware how strong a hold this has on the mind. From the known and the common, we are ever eagerly extending our desires and hopes to the unknown and the strange.

The excess of this makes the visionary and the fanatic—it fills life with doubt, distrust, fear, and imaginary terrors—it keeps men “all their lifetime subject to bondage.”

But in its proper measure, it makes him dissatisfied with present attainments—aspiring to closer communion with truth—ever on the alert—grasping at the ideal—in love with imagination; “while in the world, above it.” It turns the mind from the fickleness and weakness of credulity, as well as the dogged immobility of scepticism, to the greatest of all mysteries, and at the same time the key to all beneath it—an Almighty power. ?

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#### THE EXILE OF CICERO.

The mournful episode in the life of the Roman orator, to which we shall confine our attention, must properly date its origin at the profanation of the mysteries of the Bona Dea by the young nobleman, Clodius. When this smooth-faced and audacious villain was brought to trial, he attempted to save himself by proving an alibi; but was confronted by the unimpeachable testimony of Cicero. But in that degenerate age, bribery was amply sufficient to rectify the failures of impudence and falsehood, and Clodius escaped; while Cicero, shocked at the scenes he had beheld, and stung by some sarcastic allusions of Clodius, attacked the latter in the Senate with his own vehement denunciations. It is true, he had condescended to chastise one unworthy of his serious notice—but alas! he had condescended to strike the snake, which, recoiling from the blow, at first withdrew, and then rapidly wreathed, in covert pursuit, its cold and noiseless folds, till its envenomed fangs were sunk in its unsuspecting victim. Clodius departed as quaestor into Sicily, deceitfully dropping, before he sailed, his design of standing for the ædileship on his return. But when he returned, there was no word about the ædileship—he must be a tribune of the Roman people. Revenge is sweet, and the haughty patrician formally disowns his birth and its prerogatives, and descends to the populace on his errand of malice. On the last day of his tribuneship, after a few artful preliminary measures, he proposed a bill interdicting from fire and water any one who should be found to have put a Roman citizen to death *untried*. This was a forced revival of the Sempronian, which was itself a revival of the Porcian, law. Cicero knew

at once that he was the object of the bill, ostensibly for the part he had taken in punishing Cethegus and the other accomplices of Cataline. He received the blow like one distracted. He, who for years had swayed the Roman councils with his divine oratory—who had filled every office of the Republic as soon as his age would allow, and in them all had been so clear that, like Duncan's, "his virtues might plead like angels trumpet-tongued" in his behalf—who had been hailed with universal acclamation the SAVIOR OF HIS COUNTRY—was now reduced to the plight of a criminal, and that, too, for his conduct in that crowning act of his life. The savior had become the unpitied outcast—hisses and insults had suddenly succeeded congratulations and solemn thanks. Utterly helpless himself, he must apply to his powerful friends; Cæsar, he has offended by rejecting his good offices—but Pompey, obligated by the effective service of his eloquence and his friendship, has given him the strongest assurances of assistance in case of danger. To Pompey he flies—but the promised friend proved as cold and unfeeling as his statue which was afterwards stained by the blood of his rival. As it becomes the criminal, Cicero now puts on robes of mourning and is accompanied through the streets by a weeping retinue of friends from the most honorable families in Rome.

Here we cannot but question a complaint of all biographers, even the most partial to Cicero. He should not, say they, have assumed the character of a criminal till proved such; he should have boldly met his enemies, demanded specific charges, and defended his own conduct. Thus, certainly, and with complete success did Epaminondas, when on his return from the campaign against Sparta, he was accused of staying beyond his legal time. But Cicero was not Epaminondas. He had nothing of that flashing eye, that dauntless soul, that unflinching self-confidence, inborn, but nourished amid gigantic enterprises, which characterized the Theban. Before senators and judges his eloquence had accomplished wonders, but when he attempted to deal in action with Cæsar and Pompey, he was but a child to those consummate masters of men. But both of these chiefs of the triumvirate, with an eye to their respective interests, were now bent upon his humiliation.

Again, this was no *time* to rely on argument; when his enemy was as powerful as he was unscrupulous—when the laws were daily outraged—when every judge had his price, and every senator beheld the sword of a gladiator before him. Justice and faith and wisdom had long since fled, and it was no time for him to tarry who had embodied these most signally in his private and public life. He, therefore, determined upon an immediate withdrawal. But the heart of the patriot was still mindful of its duties. Taking a statue of Minerva, which he had long kept in his house with peculiar devotion, he carried it to the Capitol and dedicated it with the inscription, "*To Minerva the protectress of Rome.*" At midnight, he left the degenerate and unthankful city, and pursued his way finally to Macedonia.

Clodius soon enacted a law forbidding his return—he destroyed his beautiful villas at Tusculum and Formiæ—demolished his splendid house on the Palatine and consecrated the ground to the goddess of

Liberty, whom with characteristic piety, he represented in a statue of a Tanagræan harlot.

But, meanwhile, how fared Cicero, with his mind so searching and healthful that in everything he could find materials for pleasing and ennobling speculation—with his rich and varied stores of knowledge—with his boasted philosophy which he had culled from every system—with his consciousness of innocence in his own heart and of undying remembrance among men? Did he affect the Epicurean and yield to oblivious pleasures, or did he meet the events of his exile with Stoic indifference, or did he assume the manly garb of that Eclectic with its judiciously interwoven texture of firmness and feeling? His letters at this period contain the melancholy answer—his letters, filled with the most childish complaints, the most unfounded suspicions of his best friends, the most pitiable, almost contemptible, groanings of wounded vanity.

But, at length, affairs began to assume a different and more pleasing face. Clodius began to reap general odium and detestation; Cæsar and Pompey thought Cicero had sufficiently learned his own weakness, and were, besides, beginning to be troubled with Clodius; the Senate was clamorous for his return, declaring that, until that event, it would transact no business whatever; and more than all, the citizens throughout the whole of Italy, who had been saved from ruin by his vigilance, and continually blessed by the impartial discharge of all his official duties, and whose transcendent eloquence still rung in their ears, wholly gave themselves up to the work of procuring his return. And, notwithstanding the mobs and affrays which Clodius excited, he was recalled by the almost unanimous votes of the comitia centuriata. And now the illustrious fugitive again sets foot in Italy—but the wheel of fortune has made a half-revolution. Every city is emulous to do him the greatest honors, deputies come from every quarter laden with congratulations and gifts, the people crowd the way eager to testify their sympathy, their joy, and their resolutions to guard his welfare in the future. Everything bespeaks a triumph—but the glorious, bloodless triumph of excellence and desert—that spontaneous tribute to exalted worth and patriotic deeds, which man, however sunken and degraded, can never entirely withhold.

On three points, this brief history dispenses a clear and conclusive light.

In the first place, we cannot avoid observing the complete degeneracy of the Roman republic. The supremacy of law, for which Rome had ever been justly celebrated, was now utterly unknown. That most critical period in the state's existence, the time of Cataline's conspiracy, had been wholly forgotten, and the services of a life devoted to the country were remembered only to be despised. And though twenty thousand young men of the knights and the nobility are said to have put on mourning for Cicero, yet Clodius and his band of assassins held undisputed sway over the most sacred rights of citizens, over the hitherto unquestioned laws, and over the holiest institutions of religion. We may now fully justify the striking phraseology of Miche-

let, who, when speaking of the only ties which then bound the citizens together, says : " Liberty was not thought of ; it had long perished : but *property* was in danger ! "

Again, in the conduct of Cicero during his exile, we get at the true nature of the man. His childish vacillation, and his more than childish complaints and repinings, excite our unqualified censure and contempt, unless we look at the original structure of his mind. He was an orator ; all the delicate sensibilities of human nature were strong in him to the utmost tension. He had not the coarse egotism of a Cromwell or a Napoleon to sustain him in reverses. He who had so feelingly portrayed the miseries of misfortune in others, might surely be overwhelmed with them, when they came upon his own person so thick and undeserved. It was not his vanity only that could be wounded ; see him wandering on the brink of despair at the death of his beloved daughter, and be generous to the mind that dwelt in the exercise of the affections, in the offices of love. If, with his mental endowments and his knowledge, he was feeble and unworthy in action, compare him with Lord Bacon. The only difference you shall find, will be between the *weakness* of the former and the *meanness* of the latter.

But the efforts which all the citizens of Italy made for his recall, and the hearty demonstrations which graced his triumphal return, furnish decisive testimony to the purity and ability of his public career. No intriguing leader, no temporising politician, no merely eloquent speaker could have so touched the heart of the whole Italian people. It was the recollection of the mild and active magistrate, the incorruptible judge, the vigilant and accomplished statesman, the orator pleading in glorious power for the injured and the oppressed, that rushed into their souls and nerved them to action in his behalf. And well it might be so ; for he was the grandest actor in the closing scene of the Roman Republic ; and has come down to our age as, perhaps the most enlightened, pure, and amiable man of the whole heathen world.

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#### THE TRANSIENT NATURE OF GOVERNMENTS.

LIFE, from the first moment of our existence to the last effort of departing reason, is an experience of change. As with individuals, so with nations. The history of *their* life is but a record of changes—changes in manners, customs, forms, and laws—a record in short of experiments in the science of government. Trial and failure, often repeated, are necessary to secure even an advance toward that perfection whither all things seem constantly tending. Progress is, evidently, a law of our nature, and hence change affects all the works of man. The government that yesterday seemed destined to immortality, to which millions, perchance, yielded a cheerful and ready obedience, to-day has tottered and fallen and lies before us a splendid ruin.

In perfect accordance with this fact, there has always been in the

minds of the people of all governments a prevalent notion that the particular one under which they lived, was of a transient nature. There has existed in their minds a sort of ideal perfection, to which their thoughts were directed, and for the attainment of which, they made greater or less effort.

There was a time, for instance, when the English government seemed to rest on a sure and permanent base, secure alike against internal commotion and external violence—a time when it seemed to have almost reached the pinnacle of perfection, soon to be the model government of the world.

But it was not immortal. Leprous spots, sure tokens of disease, deep-rooted in her political system, soon manifested themselves, and of existing forms it was soon said—“*Ilium fuit.*”

So has it been with France and Austria. Just at the moment when they thought themselves secure in their power, a principle of disorganization appeared—a young France and a young Austria, so to speak, sprang full-panoplied from the Jupiter of their strength, ready to demolish and destroy the antiquated and artificial forms under which the people had so long groaned, and eager to uproot the social and political prejudices fatal to what was *then* considered human rights.

But to be more particular. In this age of wonderful revolutions, when every form of government in the old world appears to be changing—passing either into oblivion, or melting into new systems; when spiritual and temporal power are, at last, divorced and infallibility disowned—we, Americans, widely separated from them all, are wont to regard ourselves with pride and self-gratulation.

There are not wanting those among us, who attribute these tempestuous times to the direct and powerful influence of our institutions; and boasts are not only frequent, but expressed in unqualified terms, of the permanence of our government and of the *universal applicability* of our republican institutions. They imagine that, because the frame of government has worked admirably in our state of society for more than half a century, therefore it is adapted to all states of society.

The subject, then, naturally resolves itself into this question—*Is it possible that any one form of government should so endure?* I think not—*First*, from the *condition and character* of the *human mind*—it is progressive, and therefore changing.

We may argue this from its *nature*, and from the probabilities of the case. The mind is a “simple, indivisible, spiritual being,” endowed with faculties of perception, thought and reason, and possessed of an almost infinite variety of other attributes, or faculties, implanted in it for the wisest and most beneficial purposes.

The action of these faculties produces, as all know, a corresponding effect upon our bodily organs giving rise to the varied language of the features and the lips. Moreover, we are so constituted that these external signs, these representatives of the inward emotions, have a reflex influence and enkindle within us the feelings which gave them birth.

Not only so, but we find these principles differently modified in dif-

ferent persons and associated in every variety of combination, thus producing peculiarities of temperament and disposition, and varieties of moral and intellectual character.

These faculties are not bestowed upon us in their full strength and vigor. Man, in consequence of his being made to live in a body, lives in intimate union with nature. He feels and responds to every change in the atmosphere that surrounds him. As nature advances in her own organization, so does he advance in his : and this advance in his bodily organization is reproduced in his moral and intellectual phenomena.

Progress is the law of the rational universe—and it is not probable that the soul, the offspring of the Deity, should be the passive recipient of the blessings of his hand. That, surely, were unworthy of Omnipotence.

Earth, air, and sky—all the universe of God, so far as we have any knowledge, is full of life, activity and progress, and it is not probable that man, with the faculties and capacities to investigate and enjoy, should be debarred the nameless pleasures and delicious joys of activity and progress, and of reaching forward to the ideal perfection which God has implanted in his soul. Had the Creator placed man at once on the pinnacle of perfection, he would not, surely, have mocked us with hopes and desires, and restless longings after the invisible and unattained.

We find it, however, to be true, in fact, that the mind is ever on the wing in pursuit of new acquirements—new objects—higher degrees of pleasure. If gratified for the moment, it soon becomes sated, and seeks for more exquisite enjoyment.

However high he may attain in any department of knowledge, man sees heights yet above him, which his spirit pants to scale, and if he reaches these, others, higher still, meet his gaze and arouse his latent energies.

The fact, then, that the soul *feels itself* capable of making perpetual progress, is an unanswerable proof that its nature is progressive—and the possession of its various faculties and capacities is, on any other ground, inexplicable and absurd.

Such being its nature, the thoughts, the knowledge of one generation must inevitably lead to new knowledge and different thoughts in the next. And this has always been the case.

We can see it in the meaning of terms—terms used in mental and moral philosophy—terms in science and the arts—terms in politics and religion. We can see it in the assent to truths in all the departments of literature and science—and in the habits of public thought which have been undergoing a perpetual modification in relation to every subject that concerns human hearts and human actions.

Numerous instances in proof of each of these points will readily suggest themselves to every one, and hence we are fully justified in concluding there will be similar changes and variations while the world stands.

And we hazard nothing in saying that, make a government as perfect as you please—perfect in all its parts and relations—guided by

perfect wisdom—upheld by perfect laws, and these laws perfectly executed—still, so long as human nature remains the same—and the mind retains its present characteristics, there would be the same uneasiness—the same desire for change. For, the more perfect the government, the greater would be the reflex influence, and thus, its very perfection would tend to a higher development of mind, which, by its own laws, as we have seen, seeks ever after progress, and gains strength corresponding to the progression.

Having shown that it is not possible for any form of government to be universally applicable, from the changing condition and progressive character of the human mind; I proceed in the next place to adduce a farther proof from the fact that, *Government is the product of the public mind*—or, in other words, a manifestation of its views of rights, crimes, and relations.

The fact that the whole world is in some state of political organization, results, not from an organizing instinct, but from an effort of reason.

The desire of society is one of the fundamental principles of our nature, and is, in some respects, the same with the instinct of animals.

The similarity, however, holds good only so far, as that man may be said, in common with certain animals, to be gregarious—that is, he is never found, except in some rare cases, in any other state than in society of some form or other.

This results not, however, as it does in animals, from a “certain power, or disposition of mind by which, independent of all instruction, or experience, they are unerringly directed to do spontaneously whatever is necessary for the preservation of the individual, or the continuation of their kind.” Their natural tendencies cannot be expanded into ideas as they are in a rational nature. They herd together by an irresistible impulse of their being, without thought, or motive. They have no ends to gain, no objects of pursuit, which each might not as well undertake alone, or at most in pairs. They seek for no higher good than the present gratification of their appetite and bodily desires.

Hence, we assume that there is, among animals, no such thing as organization in any ordinary sense of the term. Organization implies the exercise of thought, reason, judgment.

Man has a motive, an end to gain by organization. He has, indeed, appetites and wants, in common with animals, which must be satisfied in order to secure life and health; and he, with them, derives pleasure from the gratification of these desires—but here the similarity stops.

Man is so constituted that pleasures flow into his soul from a thousand external sources, and with the knowledge of the existence of these pleasures, arises the desire to gratify. In other words, he has *artificial*, as well as *natural* wants.

In the pursuit, then, of these enjoyments, of whatever nature they may be, he is unavoidably brought in contact with others who have similar desires, and, perchance, in reference to the very same objects. In this way he is made to feel that there are rights which must be acknowledged and respected, that there are crimes to be denounced and punished, that there are relations to be formed and cherished, and that there are duties to be understood and discharged.



Thus, each individual being necessarily led to the same conclusions, the public mind is produced; and the written or acknowledged manifesto of these views of right, crimes, and relations, is the government *pro tempore*.

Hence it follows, as a third argument in support of my proposition, that *governments must vary, as the phases of the mind vary*.

Government is to a *great extent*, at least, if not *wholly*, dependent on the popular will, with all its varied and changing objects and motives, and hence it has been called *its creation*. For, whenever this is fully expressed, it not only determines the particular form, and the limit of power, but it also decides whether, or not, it will have any government at all.

But let us look a little deeper—examine the argument in detail. Now government must vary as the phases of the mind vary, from the fact that, as a means to an end, it necessarily adjusts itself always to that end.

Means I use, in the connection in its ordinary sense, “the medium through which something is done.” Now government stands midway between the state and the great end for which the state exists; and here we might turn aside, and consider the difference between the state and the government.

But it will be sufficient for our present purpose to remark, that society, as has been already intimated, is a necessary result of the constitution of man. It is his natural state, and as God is the author of his constitution, he is the author of society.

Society, then, is not the result of human agreement; man is a member of society without his consent; he is subject to its fundamental law, the law of justice, and all the workings of his moral nature assure him that, whether he will it or not, he is inevitably bound by that law.

The state, then, is founded on the idea of justice, and it exists for the realization of justice between man and man. Government is the organ by which the state usually acts—so that its existence is needful for the attainment of the ends for which the state exists, and the state is bound by a regard for its safety, to adopt the form of government best adapted to compass its ends.

Hence, it is obvious that government must vary as the circumstances of the state vary, making one form binding at one time, and a different one at another.

But government can only thus adapt itself by springing fresh from the mind again, on each essential change in the mind's development.

Had we time, it would be an interesting task to trace definitely the connexion of the different forms of government with the development of the mind in successive periods. We must, however, take a more general view.

From the patriarchal rule of families sprung Despotism, on the one hand, adjusting itself, at once, to the ignorance and superstition of the majority of the nations; and on the other, Democracy adapting itself to the passion for popular freedom which was early manifested throughout all Greece.

It was, at first, little else but a passion, giving rise to violent outbreaks, contentions between different tribes, internal commotions, and bloodshed.

But every struggle for mastery, every popular tumult, every revolution, every law enacted and repealed, every advance in the sciences, or the arts, were so many steps towards the goal of a perfect state.

And, judging from the elements which then exist, mainly in a chaotic state indeed, but developed somewhat clearly in the constitutions of Athens and Sparta—who can tell but that Greece would have ultimately attained to the proud eminence America now occupies, had not the spirit of freedom, which burned so brightly while it lasted, been quenched in blood by Roman power.

This, then, opens to our view another phase. For centuries, Society, in Italy, had been seeking to carry out its great ends by means of a Government, entirely dissimilar in all its developments. The mind seemed to have run into an opposite extreme from the one just mentioned, and instead of freedom and popular constitution, we behold it sanctioning the enactment of the several laws, and enforced by the most rigid penalties.

From the elements of Roman character, arose a Government in some respects, the most terrible that ever held sway over mankind. *Power*, the power of law, was the truncheon which the Roman placed in the hands of his Government; law, which, in its execution, could quench a Brutus' tears, and triumph sternly over sympathy and natural affection; law, which stalked abroad, a thing of life, throughout the whole domain of Roman rule, frowning the nations into reverence and servile submission. Rome was the land of *law*—and this was her highest glory and her proudest boast.

But this could not, or did not, save her from destruction. For when at the acme of her greatness, the elements from which she sprung, and from which she derived her strength, began to commingle with other, and foreign elements—civil discord wasted her matchless energy—luxury relaxed her grasp of iron strength, and when the barbarian came she fell, to rise no more.

Behold another phase—the chaotic state into which every thing was thrown at the fall of the Empire.

It will be seen, by reference to history, that the various and almost numberless forms of Government which sprung into being from that time till the partial fashion under the Feudal system, and thence on to the birth-day of English freedom, were but the indices—the premature developments of the restless and ever changing public mind. The world without was a perfect type of the world within.

Government in the hands of the State, was vainly endeavoring to mingle into one consistent whole, the Christian principle and the two great elements of which I have spoken—the Democratic and Legal element. I say vainly, because the mind was not free to act. Though, at times, sufficiently developed, it was, nevertheless, shackled and bound down by deep rooted customs and a tyrannical Government.

This was true even as late as Charles I. and Cromwell. Under in-

fluences so unpropitious, it was impossible to unite these elements, or mature a perfect system.

The keen, far-reaching mind of the Puritan fathers saw and felt all this. A glance at their position showed them that they needed a larger, freer field for the full development of their principles, and, directed by the God of nations, they sought it in the new world.

Here, then, is another and a different phase. From the Puritan element, a national Government arose, combining the three great principles partially evolved by the struggles of so many centuries—uniting the extremes of each, and comprehending, it is believed, the elements of a perfect Government.

But sufficient has been said to make it obvious that Government must vary with the varying phases of the mind—and we have no reason to expect that our present form, model as it is, of the ideal perfection, will be essentially different, in this respect, from all other Governments.

No man can say that, because we have these elements fortunately mingled here for the first time, or at least in the best manner, therefore we have the just proportions to insure permanence and ultimate perfection. Far otherwise; it is a question of serious import, among our wisest and best statesmen, whether we have not far too large a share of the monarchical element even now—and there are those who think they clearly see a deep under-current setting slowly, yet surely toward monarchy.

Nor are these mere fancies. Usurpation, or, at least, a stretch of power, which, in the early times of our Government, would have met either a decided rebuke, or a direct impeachment; have been knowingly winked at in our day—and this, together with the violent struggles for party domination, and the growing influence of executive patronage, is manifestly tending to centralize and consolidate the power in the executive head.

But, granting that we stand before the world, the embodiment of that perfection so long expected and so often struggled for, yet it does not prove that our form is *universally* applicable.

France, in her recent organization, copied as near as she could, with safety—but it is doubtful whether she is a republic only in name.

Her Government stands, as it were, upon a mine which may be sprung at any moment, and scatter it to the winds. It is not less true of the other nations who have revolutionized. They find that there is too much ignorance—too strong prejudices in favor of established forms—too great a love of titles and too great regard for arbitrary distinctions in society. They feel that the foundations for such a Government as ours must be laid deep in the *national heart*.

Look at another consideration. Our present advancement, even under the most favorable circumstances, has been *slowly* attained, and what must it be, then, with those tyrant and priest-ridden nations, with whom the system is new, and who have every thing, both within themselves and around them, to contend against?

No! American Republicanism must ever remain, in all its essential

and characteristic features, American! You cannot transplant it to any other soil—you cannot engraft on any other stock.

Nations may bear the Ark of our freedom into their midst, and the Dagon of despotism may fall and be broken before it; but it will be useless in their hands, as they now are, for the priest and the Urim and Thummim are with us, and if this Government endures, these too must vary with that mind under the strong influence of moral and intellectual culture and refinement.

We conclude, then, that it is the duty of wise statesmanship to check and repress radicalism, (which is the making a hobby of a short lived principle,) to look out for, and give a right direction to, the next phase as it springs out of this—and to adopt and advance it when it comes—assured that there is a resistless tendency in affairs towards the full emancipation of the human mind and the perfection of human Government.

As an elegant writer has expressed it. "It possesses all the characteristics of a divine decree—it is universal—it is durable—it constantly eludes all human interference—and all events as well as all men contribute to its progress."

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### "NE-POW-RA."

#### AN INDIAN LEGEND.

"When an Indian maiden dies, her friends take a young bird which has just begun to try its powers of song, and loading it with kisses and caresses, set it free over the grave, in the belief that it will neither fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has reached the 'spirit land,' and borne its message of affection to the loved and lost."

NE-POW-RA wept! The bold, dark eye  
That quailed not when the storm flew by,  
That saw, unmoved, the warring clouds  
Together link'd by chains of fire,  
And flashed when'er their phantom crowds  
Grew dark and wild with maniac ire,  
Was dimm'd with tears! The fearless heart  
That danced with joy in battle's hour  
To see the smoke of conflict part  
Before the cannon's crashing show'r,  
That heard the groan—the curse—the cry—  
And cared for naught save victory  
Now throbb'd with anguish! Drooping low  
The war-plume veiled his furrowed brow  
Torn by the combat's leaden rain,  
And soiled by many a crimson stain.  
Clasp'd in his belt, the blunted knife  
That oft o'er scenes of warrior strife

Had glared the meteor of the hour,  
Like blazing light from beacon tower,  
Now hung a bruised and broken blade,  
Red as the wreck its sweep had made !  
His hatchet thrown—his bow unstrung,  
His quiver in the thicket flung,  
He stands amid the forest's gloom  
A chieftain by his daughter's tomb !

But yesterday the maiden's eye  
Shone like the regal diamond's gleam,  
And seemed more fit to gem the sky  
Than gladden mortals with its beam.  
Her step was like the zephyr's tread—  
Her raven braids like Pirate plumes—  
But ah ! death's dart is swiftly sped,  
And blasts the flow'et ere it blooms !

The foemen came ! The clang of war,  
The rattling wheels of cannon car,  
The sabre's sweep—the arrow's flight,  
The tramp of steeds o'er vale and height,  
Brought terror to the maiden's heart,  
And fury to the chieftain's eye :  
Made children from their slumbers start,  
And summoned men to bleed and die !  
Where deepest flowed the streams of blood,  
Where loudest rang the notes of war,  
*Ne-pow-ra*, like a monarch stood—  
His plume the Red-man's guiding star !  
Tall, as the leaf-crown'd forest oak,  
Bold, as the steel-clad knights of yore,  
Swift, as the lightning's fiery stroke,  
Stern, as Gibraltar's rock-bound shore,  
He moved with heart too proud to yield,  
An unchained Tiger o'er the field !

But darker yet his dark brow grew,  
And deadlier yet his weapons flew  
When, mid the battle's din, he heard  
Like plaintive wail of dying bird  
*Ca-non-dah's* prayer—his daughter's cry,  
As on the turf she sank to die !

The conflict's roar had marred her rest !  
Despair and terror filled her breast  
As o'er the warriors battling nigh  
Her trembling glance ran hurriedly.  
She saw full many an eaglet plume  
Go down amid the forest's gloom—

Go down amid the clouds of war  
As from its turret falls a star !  
She saw her father's arm upraised,  
His dripping weapons cleave the air  
While veteran soldiers shrank amazed  
Before that dark eye's fiendish glare !  
She saw the Indian war-braves fall  
Like wild tornadoes on the foe :  
With shout and yell, that would appal  
The bravest heart, strike blow for blow,  
And hurl the pale invaders back,  
Like rocks that bar a torrent's track !

*Too long* she gazed ! deep in her heart  
Death drove his leaden messenger !  
Convulsively her white lips part  
And life's last ray has dawned on her !  
Her long dark tresses garland now  
A roseless cheek—a clay-cold brow,  
And dimly veil a pulseless breast,  
Whose soul has fled to realms of rest.

The conflict ceased ! Ne-pow-ra stood  
Where late had rolled the battle's flood,  
A victor in the contest wild,  
A victor—but without a child !  
Beneath a tent-like cypress tree  
The murdered maiden calmly slept,  
And oft the star-bands paused to see  
The chief that in its shadow wept.  
He missed the glance—the lute-like voice  
That charmed his stoic pride away :  
The smile that bade his heart rejoice :  
The rainbow love that arched his way.  
He knew that in the “ spirit-land,”  
Where waves of gold wash silver sand,  
His lost one warbled seraph strains,  
And led the chanting angel trains,  
Spirit guarded—free from care  
And light of heart as summer air.

And while amid the worlds above  
His eye traced out that “ spirit land,”  
They brought a bird, a fluttering dove,  
And placed it in his eager hand.  
And oh ! it was a fairy thing !  
That innocent and trembling bird :  
With pleading eye, and glossy wing,  
And plumes by every zephyr stirred.

The chieftain gazed into its eyes,  
 And pressed it to his throbbing heart,  
 And pointing to the star-lit skies  
 He bade the captive bird depart.

"Away"! he said, "to yonder sky!  
 And thither bear a father's sigh,  
 And tell my child—my murdered child—  
 On earth so gentle and so mild,  
 That he who spurned the battle storm,  
 Wept o'er a daughter's lifeless form,  
 And felt within his inmost heart  
 How hard a thing it is to part  
 The links of *Love*—the golden chain  
 Whose *clanking* is a music-strain.  
 And tell her too, my gentle bird,  
 That ere the forest boughs have heard  
 The stormy tones of winter's breath,  
 Or felt the ice-cold grasp of Death,  
 The vine and meek-eyed flower shall bloom  
 And fade upon her wild-wood tomb.  
 Now wing thee to the "spirit-land"  
 Up! through the gauze-like clouds above!  
 Thou hast a chieftain's last command,  
 A father's words of grief and love!"

He spoke and set the trembler free,  
 And smiled as in the summer sky  
 It shook its airy plumes with glee,  
 And circled to the orbs on high.  
 His eagle-vision traced its flight  
 O'er tree—and hill—and mountain height,  
 Aye! to the *clouds*—that floated by  
 The stately war-ships of the sky!  
 Their fleecy sails shut out from view  
 The fearless bird, that darted through  
 Their filmy network—hurrying on  
 As if its flight were *just* begun!  
 And then *Ne-pow-ra's* glance of fire,  
 Grew wilder still and *blazed* with ire,  
 And with uplifted knife, he swore  
 To drench in blood his native shore!

"Now, Tiger, guard thy gory den!  
 The baying hound is on thy track!  
 Die! for a cloud of warrior men  
 Shall hurl the belt of ruin back!  
 Look to your children, white man! Death,  
 In the rippling stream—the flowrets' breath

Shall hide with lance of venom armed  
And slay them all when least alarmed !  
I'll hunt them down, thy cursed race !  
And cease not from the maddening chase  
Till all have met a miscreant's doom :  
Disgraceful death—a tearless tomb !”

Too well that fiendish vow was kept,  
Old men were murdered while they slept :  
The lisping child—the blooming maid—  
The hunter in the forest shade,  
All bled beneath an unseen blow  
For vengeance aimed the Indian's bow.  
And oft amid the dark-browed throng  
Whose painted plumes and battle song  
Woke youth and age to scenes of strife,  
The prize revenge—the hazard life—  
Moved one whose brow was black as night,  
The demon of the desperate fight,  
Whose glance was like the lightning's glare,  
Whose path with mangled limbs was piled,  
Who answered to the suppliant's prayer,  
“ Revenge ! Revenge ! Ye slew my child !”

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#### KING CHARLES THE SECOND.

ALL men are more or less fond of gossiping about the classes of society above their own. Hence is it that Stokes, the baker, takes the Home Journal and reads to Mrs. S., as he sips his last cup of coffee, the details of the grand fancy ball given by Mrs. Mott on —— day of that week, reaching the height of his envy and the bottom of his cup simultaneously. Hence is it that Tompkins, the briefless lawyer, spends his ill-spared pennies for an account of Webster's great plea in the Gerard College case. Hence is it that the sexton tells his assistant, over their game of double dummy for sixpenny points, of the immense fortunes that have been lost and won at the gaming table, and if bookish, speaks of the example of Mr. Fox, the great English orator. Hence is it that Cornelius Matthews beheld with interest the triumphal progress of Dickens in America, sighing meanwhile as he thought of Copy-right and Puffer Hopkins. Hence is it that in England the Morning Post teems with marriages in high life for the benefit of the marriagable in low life, and that the Court paper chronicles the movements of the Royal Babies to be read with avidity by the nobles and gentry throughout the Kingdom. Hence too is the interest we feel in the secret history of courts—that we care more for what



trampires in the bed-chamber of Napoleon than in the Deputy chamber of France, and that George II. surrounded by his vassals at a Coronation banquet is less attractive than the same monarch with Sir Robert Walpole over his mutton and turnips. And hence do I hope to derive the interest of a sketch of the life of the merry monarch, Charles II.

Of few princes of any age have we more authentic and minute accounts than of Charles, and of none can the history be more interesting and romantic. By the death of his brother on the day of his birth, declared Prince of Wales—at 12 years of age, he is a captain of a troop of horse, and in the third year following generalissimo of all his father's forces in England. Driven by sedition and rebellion from home, we find him exposed to poverty and suffering abroad—challenged in open council to mortal combat—insulted in person, which he could not resent, and in his followers which he was unable to avoid—until it seems as though his condition were desperate, and as though the sceptre had departed from Judah.

But again his hopes revive. Scotland and Ireland both open their arms to receive him, and committees from both nations invite the royal exile to be once more king. As he doubts and stands wavering between the two, a messenger from Ireland brings news of the defeat of Ormonde and the triumph of the English Commonwealth. In despair, France becomes his asylum, and receives him with frigid politeness, scanty promises, and still scantier performance, until this uncrowned king, wearied of exile, and sick of anticipation, accepts the renewed offer of his Scottish subjects, and embarks for his new kingdom.

And now a new act of "this eventful history" begins; the scene, the Frith of Comarty and the Scottish court. The actors, Charles and the Presbyterian prelates. Met by the deputies away from land, he signs the Covenant as a condition of his being suffered to come on shore. Pious sermons and lectures of a length to which not even our own experience can suggest a parallel, and of a dullness, which to us would seem incomprehensible, assailed his ear, and made fearful attacks on his equanimity. Restricted from all the pleasures suited to his age and rank, and like Bulwer's hero (who in giving up his profligate acquaintances felt obliged to cut his own father and mother) compelled to censure the policy of one parent and abjure the religion of the other; driven from the army, whose affection he was winning by his gay urbanity, lest he should corrupt their morals; tormented by the clergy who had marked him for their prey; deprived of all English companions save the Duke of Buckingham; surrounded by objects of ridicule, and forced to repress a smile under penalty of enduring a sermon, King Charles of Scotland seems a miserable pageant and mere shadow of a King.

At length, however, the time for action arrives—the battle of Worcester is fought, and the unfortunate monarch is again a wanderer, and with a price set upon his head. And here it is that the interest of this exciting history begins to deepen. Charles, pursued, becomes a peasant, and in a costume worthy of Petruchio, in a greasy old grey steeple-

crowned hat, a green coat threadbare, a leathern doublet stained and soiled, green yarn stockings the worse for wear, a coarse shirt patched and dirty, with his fine hair cropped and his small hands colored, with a crab-tree cudgel, and without gloves, travels over the country by by-paths and under hedges, discovered by many, yet betrayed by none. After suffering many hardships and much anxiety, exposed to the peltings of the storm in the wood at Spring Coppice, when "the heavens," says an old writer, "wept at these calamities," and again to the inquiries of a more merciless foe, at one time hidden in an oak tree, at another, in a barn, the king reaches the coast and embarks for France, to be driven thence to Cologne and Bruges. Ten years of pauper pomp in a strange land, of wild misrules, of care drowned in wine, and anxieties dispelled by the soft voice of woman, fill up the interval, until recalled by the unanimous acclamation of the people and Parliament, Charles at the age of thirty, returns to England and the throne.

His reception was most triumphant. It was his birthday. Throngs of delighted subjects met him at every step. London was wild with delight. The roar of cannon and the martial music may have reminded him of Edgehill and Worcester, and the contrast have added a new keenness to his pleasure. The streets strewn with flowers, and the houses hung with tapestry, the bells ringing forth their noisy welcome, the fountains running wine, the various crafts in their rich three-piled velvets, the nobles in their cloth of silver and gold, the ladies crowding the balconies, and welcoming with flowers and smiles the lover of their sex, all united to form a brilliant spectacle, that well deserved the quiet satire of the king, that it must have been his own fault that he had been so long away, since all seemed so eager to welcome him home. As a comical afterpiece to this gorgeous pageant, Charles characteristically spent the night in a private house at Lambeth, in the arms of Mrs. Palmer, afterwards Dutchess of Cleveland.

Would we could here linger over the brilliant scenes of the court of the restored monarch, the wits who live in Count Grammont and Pepys, and the beauties whose charms still enchant us in the portrait of Lely! would we could pause to listen to the merry laugh of "old Rowley," as the courtiers somewhat irreverently styled the King while he applauded or returned the *bon mots* of Rochester and Shaftesbury! Would we could long gaze on the features of Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarine, and Miss Stewart, but the prompter's bell is ringing and the curtain falls.

## WILLIAM PENN.

THE light in which this distinguished man must be viewed by every reader of Macaulay's history, is another proof of the old adage, that, "every one will receive his dues." Previously, having been considered a pattern of every virtue by those of opposite creeds, and venerated, nay, even adored by those of his own sect, he now stands revealed to the world, if the historian be correct, liable to be led astray from the path of rectitude by the enticements of a vain world.

Yet, notwithstanding *all* that may in justice be alleged against him, how much is there in his character and life that is truly worthy of admiration and imitation! Where is the man of that period possessing an equally pure and exalted mind and one in whom there was less that is reprehensible? We can point to no one. Even the hitherto virtuous Algernon Sidney did not escape the contamination of a corrupt court, but, sad to think, fell a prey to the bribes of a foreign king. It is indeed to be regretted that one so upright as Penn should yield to the allurements of deceit. Still we must keep in mind that for purity of heart and correctness of purpose the court of James the Second could boast of no superior, nay, much more, not of an equal.

It is a real pleasure to go back to the early life of the conscientious Quaker, and contemplate his character before his pure spirit had been tainted by intercourse with wicked, designing men.

While yet a mere boy his mind was strongly impressed with a sense of religious duty. Amid the "classic shades" of Oxford he became a convert to those principles, for which he fought and struggled a whole life. Notwithstanding the angry threats of his instructors, he firmly maintained the views he had adopted.

Even a cruel expulsion from College and the unyielding opposition of his father, had no other effect than to make him a more ardent supporter of his doctrines. An exile from the home of his youth, he devoted his time to spreading the belief of his order. He was ever ready to support or defend his views, either in colloquial disputations or by means of his pen, though the doors of a prison were extended wide to receive him. Alike persecutions the most bitter and distinctions the most honorable which were held out to him, proved entirely unavailing to change his manner of life. Whether immured in the dungeons of Newgate, or traveling amid the sunny vales of France, or treating with the barbarous hordes of North America, the pure doctrines of benevolence which he professed were ever his consolation, his support, and his guide.

The colony which Penn planted upon this continent, will be an everlasting monument to his genius and benevolence. His soul was oppressed with grief at the persecutions which were visited upon the unoffending Quakers as well as other "dissenters." Fortunately, a refuge was found for them amid the savages and wild beasts of America. His heart expanded with holy ardor, as in imagination he saw a com-

munity established, where "the inner light" of conscience should be the sole guide—where the practical effects of his theory might be shown forth to the world in all their perfection. There, amid the beautiful scenery which skirts the Delaware, or upon the banks of the "broad Susquehanna," where the Alleghanies raise their forest clad tops, could the simple Quaker enjoy in unalloyed repose that freedom of opinion which was denied him at home. There could he escape from the hated pomp and vanity of courts and pursue his peaceful pleasures undisturbed by the bustle of war and the fury of contending nations.

For a claim which he held against the crown, Penn received in exchange the wild but fertile province which now bears his name. Engaging with his whole soul in the noble enterprise, he involved his paternal estate to a large amount in order to fit out an expedition.

And now, how was he to treat with the Indians? Should he, like many of the first settlers of the colonies, take forcible possession? No! The cruelty of war was an abomination to his peace-loving spirit. The olive-branch was the weapon with which he gained a more glorious conquest than the whole armament of the British navy could have procured for him. To the Indians assembled at Shakamaxon, his words were: "I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ;—the friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain, for that the rains might rust or the falling tree might break;—we are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts—we are all one flesh and one blood." Thus beautifully did he express to the simple natives the feeling which he entertained for them, a feeling of pure disinterested love. And thus did the humble Quaker, with a host of red men on one side and a few of his own followers on the other as witnesses, cement a peace which remained unbroken for a long series of years.

What we wish, however, more particularly to speak of in this connection, is the constitution which he gave to the emigrants, a constitution which does ample credit to his judgment and his knowledge of human nature. Freedom was his watchword—freedom, both in religious as well as in political opinions; but it must be tempered by a respect for law and justice. His views of the science of government, wonderfully correct for the time, may be learned from the following, his own words. "It is," said he, "the great end of government to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power; for liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery." Again, he says, "I desired to show men as free and as happy as they can be,"—sentiments which few of his cotemporaries entertained, and involving principles which are slowly but surely working their way into the English constitution. The success which Penn's holy experiment met with, is fully known to history. It seems almost to have realized the poetic fancies of Wordsworth and Coleridge, who at a later period contemplated a settlement on the banks of the Susquehanna. "Beautiful," said Frederic of Prussia, when in after years he examined the constitution of Penn-

sylvania, "if it can endure." It did endure, and continues to this day. That basis upon which the commonwealth of Pennsylvania now rests, was established nearly two centuries since by the philanthropic Penn.

The benevolence of this exalted man was not all expended in his attempts to found a colony as a refuge for the oppressed. After his return to England he did much to alleviate the bitterness of the persecutions which were raging against all who were not of the established church. Not only many Quakers, but also numerous members of the Romish communion, were at his intercession released from a long confinement in prison. His sentiments as expressed before a committee of the House of Commons were: "We would have none to suffer from dissent on any hand." Noble, liberal-minded man! He deserves to be ranked with the Fenselons and Howards of earth. Not only would he sacrifice a life of ease which he might have led, for the benefit of those of a similar belief, but risk everything he possessed in an attempt to relieve the hated Romanists from the evils which beset them. When all England was groaning under the cruelties inflicted by unrelenting "Churchmen"—when, from every village in the land, was ascending to the throne of God the cry of the houseless and the prayer of the destitute—Penn's voice was raised to calm the contending passions of opposing factions, and to demand liberty of conscience for every man. It was his hand that unlocked the prison doors,—it was his benevolent heart that supplied the wants of the perishing.

But the man whom two continents delighted to honor, whose name bade fair to go down to posterity untarnished by a single blot, is again brought before the court of the world, in order that a new decision may be passed upon his merits. His character appears, to say the least, in a very dubious light, and if Mr. Macaulay has not erred very far from the truth, some of his deeds cannot be reconciled with the commonest laws of morality. We cannot, however, see sufficient cause for all the historian alleges against him. He seems to have found Penn wrong in one particular, and straightway employs all his powers of discrimination to discover other causes of accusation. He skillfully prepares the way by some prefatory remarks upon the exalted character of the Quaker, and upon the opposition he must meet with in condemning one who is held in such general estimation.

His first charge is with a want of strong sense; but how does this appear? Was there a want of sense displayed in the manner in which he conducted his numerous trials before the English courts, or in his replies to the accusations which were brought against him? Does he manifest a want of sense in his admirable treatises upon the obligations of man, to God and to one another? He was a religious man, and to one of Mr. Macaulay's habits of mind, his earnest discussions of theological doctrines appear as the result of a weak understanding. In the establishment, moreover, of a form of government which excited the admiration of the whole world, is involved the characteristics of a great mind. His claims to a strong constructive intellect are fully authorized by the immediate success of its undertakings, and by that seal of durability which time has impressed upon his works.

The historian again charges him with too much of enthusiasm in his attempt to establish the great principle of liberty of conscience, for which the distinguished philanthropist underwent so many persecutions. In this charge, Mr. Macaulay seems to forget that enthusiasm is necessary to the accomplishment of any great object. In truth, no reform can be effected without a degree of enthusiasm being thrown into it commensurate with the magnitude of the work. Any individual who attempts to effect a change in the opinions of men, must manifest a sufficiency of interest in his undertaking to convince others of his earnestness. He must be active; he must be energetic; and if the exigency of the case demands it, he must, even, as did Penn, suffer persecution before relinquishing his opinions.

The magnitude of the principle and its important results to the well-being of mankind, if once established, were fully appreciated by the simple Quaker. It was the soul of his life. It was that for which he was willing to sacrifice everything held most dear, his possessions, his liberty, or his life, even. Yet the zeal which he manifested was always tempered by a regard to justice, and by a natural modesty which was one of his distinguishing characteristics.

He is also accused of a want of integrity, a charge which we fear is but too well substantiated. The historian remarks, that he was engaged "in some transactions, condemned, not merely by the rigid code of the sect to which he belonged, but by the general sense of all honest men." He acquits him, however, of all pecuniary motives, and Penn himself distinctly denies having received money for services rendered to others while in the favor of the King. He does not seem, however, to attribute to Penn any radical defect of principle, but remarks, that he "was cajoled into bearing a part in some unjustifiable transactions, by the arts of designing men."

In reading the opinions of the historian thus boldly expressed, one cannot easily avoid the thought, that his known animosity to the house of Stuart may have led him to embrace in his dislike all its adherents. Yet, after allowing somewhat for the strong prejudices of an Englishman, still Macaulay had doubtless some reasons for his sentiments, and let them have, we say, their just weight in judging of the merits of the man.

In conclusion, let us turn to a contemplation of the good he has done, the amount of which it rarely falls to the lot of one man to accomplish. His benevolence, listening to every appeal from indigence and obscurity, and inspiring his purposes with a self-subsisting vigor; his inimitable tact in conciliating the hostile nations and in acquiring a territory for colonization; his triumphing over those obstacles which ever attend the formation of a new government,—all of which history seems to have redeemed from the dominion of fable, are now presented before us in the living reality of the constitution of Pennsylvania. Well may it reverence him whose works are still active within it, perpetuating *their own* fame by increasing *its* prosperity.

## WILLIS' RURAL LETTERS.

"His prose winds along with a blithe, gurgling error,  
 And reflects all of Heaven it can see in its mirror.  
 'Tis a narrowish strip, but it is not an artifice,—  
 'Tis the true out-of-doors with its genuine hearty phiz;  
 It is Nature herself, and there's something in that,  
 Since most brains reflect but the crown of a hat."

FABLE FOR CRITICS.

WE commence this article with a degree of moral and physical courage that would be positively creditable, were we not drawn to the work by the liveliest emotions of gratitude and benevolence, as we hope to make our readers understand. As to the courage, is there not an indispensable demand for it, when the thermometer is uneasy on its bed of 98° in the shade, and threatening much loftier feats? when fellow-students, in the thinnest possible guise, reclining under trees, or, perchance, on floors, "sigh and look unutterable things"? when that little bird opposite my window doles out now and then a feeble, *straight* tune, without "the variations"? when these old elms stand silent and motionless as though every drooping leaf were a sleepy eye-lid? One does not know but his quill (I use one) may suddenly have its point curled into a singed knot, as when it is thrust into a candle flame; or it is not impossible that his inkstand may all at once be found to contain nothing but a black, dry deposit on the bottom. He is liable, in fact, to the fear of witnessing the consummation which Holmes has recorded with his wonted scientific accuracy:—

"At last two Farenheits blew up  
 And killed two children small,  
 And one barometer shot dead  
 A tutor with its ball!"

This is a time, indeed, when we have an ardent love for our *country*. Could we exchange Wayland's for *highlands*, and the "mount of knowledge" for Mount Holyoke, for instance, we would cheerfully submit to a "rustication," provided an examination was dispensed with.

Then would we alienate ourselves by day from man and all his works, Yes, "lovingly not loathingly," early every morning (incredible though it seem to personal acquaintances) we would withdraw from his society, and closing our ears to domestic sounds, and shutting eyes as we passed every *white* dwelling at least, we would seek

"The sunless side  
 Of a romantic mountain, fast crowned,"—

and there, sitting "coolly calm" in the tranquil gloom of the lofty, closely-matted boughs, or by running stream, we would make the untold attempt to "ponder and grow wise."

But this cannot, cannot be. We are galley-slaves to lecture-rooms—

we are Switzers sweltering in Indian fortresses—we are (we wish we could find a worse figure) Polar bears in a tropical menagerie. “What then? what rests?” We must make uncle Toby our exemplar, who gloried, with no less gusto than security, in the grand battles of continental Europe in his own sequestered garden. Here then, in this beautiful volume, on which we rest our left elbow, and whose title we have placed above, we have found for some days *our* country pleasures—sweet immunities from city annoyances—delightful retreats from college drudgeries. Sleep was, certainly, a fine invention, but O, the plenitude of wisdom and mercy that endowed us with *fancies!* those viewless little couriers that, taking us from all the troubles which infest our material presence, lead us instantly forth to visit every green and heart-refreshing nook of earth and heaven!

We have no intention to *review* the book—made up, as it is, of odd thoughts of odd moments of leisure, during several years, and published at different times, though now first collected together. We can only *review* *at* it: if we are allowed to use so dignified a word in any manner. The nature of the thing forbids anything else. There is actually nothing to connect any three pages in the work. To say nothing of a *highway* of argument or narrative, there is not so much as the least continued trace of *foot-prints*, however slight or rambling. It is rather, as the critic above remarks,

“The true *out-of-doors* with its genuine hearty phiz.”

We can only, then, turn your attention to some of the different features of this “hearty phiz”;—here, a streamlet flashing joyously “right in the face of heaven,” there, a frowning cliff, yet frowning like the brow of the genial-hearted Phocion—now, a delicate flower “that stirreth with the daylight,” and now, the monarch of the woods—here, the pleasant trifler walking among trees with the pleasantries of “The Town” on his lips—there, the capricious but keen-eyed philosopher “under a bridge.”

We will not deny that we were biased in our author's favor long before we saw much of the contents of this volume. But we do not offer this as an apology—we boast of it, and claim to ourselves more credit than if, returning from the South Sea Islands and three times as old as we are, we had set down to examine the book, without ever having heard such a name as N. P. WILLIS. We fully adopt his own words. “If we love the man, whether we eat a potato of his raising, or read a verse of his inditing, there is in it a sweetness that has descended from his heart—by quill or hoe-handle.” We *do* love the man. We love him because he is an old Yalensian. Here he first gave utterance to his free thoughts in verse and gathered the “first fruits” of his abundant fame. It is true, he tells us after his first day in France,—“I went to bed with a new-born contempt, mingled with resentment, in my mind, towards my venerable *alma mater*.” The cause of it was, he had found himself utterly unable to converse with a live Frenchman. Now we understand all that. It was at the beginning of the summer term in his Junior year, that our author discovered he was under the



necessity of taking an *optional*. "Greek," said he "is too abominable for this hot weather—Mathematics, still worse—Hebrew, pshaw! then it lies between Latin and the easiest of the Modern languages. Of course, Latin's the thing—but here, I actually have the name of knowing something about that already; besides, I don't exactly like the sound of it when there is such an ample choice—so here's for French—but I must be careful of my health!" The result equalled his intentions. Still, we have no doubt, he has an affection strong and steady for his old seat, where probably the most happy and important of his years were spent. At least, we as students, feel a proud esteem for him, which is all that is to our purpose here.

We love him as our countryman—as a man who has contributed very effectively towards "licking into shape" that ill-starred, ill-favored, ill-appreciated bantling, American Literature. How much *he* has done and how much others—what rank *he* holds as a prose writer, when compared with Irving, Hawthorne, Poe, and whosoever you please, we do not think of determining, nor of inquiring. It is enough to say, that while he is inferior in some important respects, in others as important, he is beyond all rivalry. There are times when we prefer him to every American writer of prose or verse. But just so there are times when we choose Irving—when we choose Emerson—when we choose Horace Greeley. Anything more like a set comparison we leave to the critical acumen of our readers, if they wish to have the matter settled. But do not, we beseech you, resolutely frame your standard and then bring him "up to the rack." If, peering with inquisitive eye round his valuable qualities, you detect the absence of others that might well have been there, had *Nature* only seen fit, don't blame *him* too severely. We can hardly think the Edinburgh reviewer showed a monopoly of good sense, who, after sprinkling some delicate laudations upon "Pencilings by the Way," took the author to task in a page or two of "Cockney Wisdom," for failing to give a just idea of all the grades of society, of the commercial state of the kingdom, and of the involved and stupendous reciprocal influences of government and people! Let the parrot, with brainless volubility, take liberties with "the majesty of the human voice"—but suffer the swan and the night-ingale to "free their minds" in their own way. Now, here is this volume—we cannot say much for the wit now and then attempted in it; nothing at all for the breadth and reach of logical powers anywhere; very little for that simple elegance and accurate proportioning which we require in *models* of writing—yet there is not a single page, as we know by careful perusal, that does not contain positive beauties of thought and expression. Some of these are merely curious and pleasing, but there are others which we believe no young man of taste can dwell upon but with "admiring" despair." And after all, is there anything in the book we would like to have stricken out? Not a sentence. There is nothing gross or vicious in any manner from beginning to end.

We are glad we have been led at last to mention the work before us, for it is time, if ever, to pay it the individual respects we intended. The most, and we may add, the best, of these letters were written

while Mr. Willis was living as a "thought-free farmer" at Glenmary, on the Susquehanna. With a due mixture of healthful care and leisure, and free, to a great extent, from the conventionality of the *beau monde*, whose value he had had ample opportunity to estimate, the author might be expected to evince a decided partiality for these unprompted sketchings. This he does beautifully and justly in his dedicatory letter to his daughter.

"If you have ever seen a field of broom-corn—the most careless branching and free-swaying of all the products of a summer—and can fancy the contrast, in its destiny, between sweeping the pure air with the wind's handling, and sweeping what it more usefully may, when tied up for handling as brooms, you can understand the difference I feel, between using my thoughts at my pleasure, as in country life, and using them for subsistence as in my present profession. How much, and what quality, of an author, I might have been *from choice*, the tone of these Letters, I mean to say, very nearly express."

The first quality which strikes us in our author, and one which we never cease to admire, is a delicacy and vividness of touch that presents you "in a twinkling" with a miniature picture, perfect in its beauty and distinctness. There are no masterly groupings, no grand individualities, but what you do see, shows the elective eye and the glowing pencil of genius. No matter what the object may be, never so trivial or common, there it is, and there it will be, ever dwelling in the chambers of the mind, and as easy to be summoned into view as it is to recall at noonday the image of a star. This is a peculiar attraction in such a book. You do not carelessly read *about* the country and the author's employment of time,—you *see* the stone bridge and its vista of trees, you *hear* the low twittering from the swallows nest, and you *feel* the cooling breeze that comes along by the running stream. Are you not with the author when he thus opens one of his letters?

"I have been sitting here with my feet upon the autumn leaves, portfolio on knee, for an hour. The shadow of the bridge cuts a line across my breast, leaving my thinking machinery in shadow, while the former portion of me mellows in the sun; the air is as still as if we had suddenly ceased to hear the growing of the grain, and the brook runs leaf shod over the pebbles, like a child frightened by the silence into a whisper."

Whatever a careful observation and a scientific taste may do towards enabling us to understand Nature, 'tis "the poet's eye" only that can seize the lineaments that glow and please in description. It is this that gives the charm to Gray's letters and Goldsmith's narratives. We do not know of a more beautiful specimen than the following description of a river which "comes in with its valley at right angles to the vale and stream of the Susquehanna."

"The angle is a round mountain, some four or five hundred feet in height, which kneels fairly down at the meeting of the two streams, while another round mountain, of an easy acclivity, lifts gracefully from the opposite bank, as if rising from the same act of homage to Nature. Below the town and above it, the mountains, for the first

time, give in to the exact shape of the river's short and capricious course; and the plain on which the town stands is enclosed between two amphitheatres of lofty hills, shaped with the regularity and even edge of a coliseum, and resembling the two halves of a leaf lined vase, struck apart by a twisted wand of silver."

But now and then he rises into a nobler strain. The operations of the husbandmen seem to him like "working immediately with the diviner faculty." *He* claims part of the honor. *He* has transplanted the tree into richer soil, *he* has drawn the pretty songster to its boughs; and shall he not be pardoned, then, if he finds it difficult, as he says, not to take to himself "the whole glory of tree, song and plumage?" Full of the thought, he thus sings *crescendo* in musical prose.

"Is it the same tree, flowering unseen in the woods, or transplanted into a circle of human love and care, making a part of woman's home, and thought of and admired whenever she comes out of her cottage, with a blessing on the perfume and verdure? Is it the same bird, wasting his song in the thicket, or singing to me with my whole mind afloat on his music, and my eyes fastened to his glittering breast? So it is the same block of marble, unmoved in the coves of Pentellicus, or brought forth and wrought under the sculptor's chisel. Yet the sculptor is allowed to *create*. Sing on my bright oriole! Spread to the light and breeze your desiring finger, my flowering tree! Like the player upon the organ, I take your glory to myself; though, like the hallelujah that burns under his fingers, your beauty and music worship God."

Of his vein for moralizing, we can only transcribe the following specimen, in which, in a mood partly satirical and partly melancholy, he finely comments upon *greatness*, while sitting "still in a forest, lone and silent."

"Truly, this is a world in which there is small recognition of greatness. As it is in the forest, so it is in the town. The very gods would have their toes trod upon, if they walked without their wings. Yet let us take honor to ourselves above vegetables. The pine beneath me has been a giant, with his top in the clouds, but lies now unvalued on the earth. *We* recognize greatness *when it is dead*. We are prodigal of love and honor when it is unavailing. We are, in something, above wood and stubble."

Of course, a man who had mingled so largely and with so much interest among mankind, and had tried, as he himself says, "life in every shape which, if left untried, might fret imagination," could not confine his whole attention to scenes about him, however engrossing and however dear. And, especially, "and old stager in periodical literature" could not but revert at times to his past employments and to those topics which the press keeps alive in the public mind. Here, his remarks, in the main, are serious, thorough, and often fortified with personal experience. Many of our number, we have no doubt, would derive great advantage from their perusal—certainly those, if such there be, who have a sneaking desire to become authors. But our limits will allow us to quote only a sentence or two on *conducting a magazine*, which we assure you contain very weighty, and to us touching truths.

"No one who has not tried this vocation can have any idea of the difficulty of procuring the light, yet condensed—the fragmented, yet finished—the good-tempered and gentlemanly, yet high seasoned and dashing papers necessary to a periodical.

"A man who can write them, can, in our country, put himself to a more profitable use—and does."

Not always, dear Mr. Willis, not always. Else might that brilliant morning of your life have ushered in a day far more resplendent—else the genius that has been frittered away on Graham, Godey & Co., might have been concentrated in some luminous volume that would have reflected glory upon your country—else might your memory have gone down the stream of time in the same hallowed bark with Irving's and Prescott's.

For odd comparisons, Dickens himself must yield to our author, since even in these, the poet is often as conspicuous as the humorist. Who can help pitying and laughing over the unfortunate man, when in a hot night, at a hotel constructed by a "blood-thirsty architect," he is thrust into a fearfully narrow and confined bed-room with "a candle-stick like an *ignited poodle-dog*, to assist in the process of suffocation!" After finding fault with the excessively wide streets of Utica, he adds: "I would not say anything so ungracious if it were not to suggest a remedy—a shady mall up and down the middle! What a beautiful town it would be—*like an old-fashioned shirt-bosom, with a frill of clans!* So when he overlooks Cherry Valley, he sees far below him, "fields of the apparent bigness of *fenced-in thumb-nails*, and red houses, like cayenne pepper, sprinkled over them." "The village of Summit," he thinks, "with its one street, and the lake, must look, to a bird in the air, like a *button and button-hole*."

As to the new-coined and often extravagant terms for which he has been much censured and as frequently admired, we have them in abundance from "the *holier-than-thou-ativeness*" of the Boston people, to the place that is "*too bathing-tub-y*" and the "*clammy-bannistered and beniggered hotel* in Philadelphia"! But we are glad to find that the letters from Germany are almost wholly free from these ornaments, which in general, are much more creditable to his ingenuity than his letters.

It was our intentions to make far fuller quotations illustrative of the higher qualities, and some of the defects, which are found in the book. Especially, did we wish to make a foray upon that letter to "the inspired sophomore"—which, nevertheless, we urge all, who have not done so, to read for its practical wisdom. But "no more." So here we take leave of this volume which has given us substantial pleasure and comfort during these hot days. We can heartily say of it, as the critic of another book of the same author:

"No volume I know, to read under a tree,  
More truly delicious—

With the shadows of leaves flowing ever your book,  
Like ripple-shades netting the bed of a brook;  
With June coming softly your shoulder to look over,  
Breezes waiting to turn every leaf of your book over,  
And Nature to criticize still as you read—  
The page that bears that is a rare one indeed."

## A FAREWELL.

DEDICATED TO THE E. C. G.

I.

COMRADES! we're parting,  
Never repine;  
Tear-drops are starting,  
Drown them in wine.

II.

Fill high, my brothers,  
Here, hand in hand,  
True-hearted lovers,  
Together we stand.

III.

Haste, then, let us give  
Our pledge to the vine,  
That so long as we live  
We'll cherish its wine.

IV.

Ambition is rotten,  
And Fame's but a toy,  
A name's soon forgotten,  
And Fortune is coy.

V.

The morrow will never be,  
The Present is thine,  
Oh then let it ever be  
Crowned with wine.

VI.

Round it doth cluster  
Bright fancies bold,  
Like the ruby's deep lustre  
Shining in gold.

VII.

Love hath no madness,  
Nor friendship decline,  
Parting no sadness,  
When hallow'd with wine.

VIII.

Death hath no horrors,  
With Ivy we'll twine  
This last of Life's sorrows,  
And pledge him in wine.

## MODERN RESEARCHES IN ETRURIA.

A SPIRIT of haughty exclusiveness was characteristic of all ancient nations; and their civilization was indebted to this prevailing principle for its peculiar features and development. Especially was this true of the classic states of Italy and Greece. Their national pride was of a character so intense, that it could not brook the idea of inferiority in either warlike or domestic arts; institutions of foreign origin they regarded with aversion, and often with profound contempt. The Greek, and most of all, the polished Athenian, justly proud of Grecian freedom and its unequalled offspring, that creative genius, which made itself the exponent of intellectual beauty and the undisputed teacher of all posterity, unjustly stamped every thing that could not claim Hellenic birth with the disdainful epithet, *barbarian*. Rome, with far less reason, was scarcely less haughty; and while Greece regarded all the world with contempt, Rome admired only herself and Greece.

This feeling of antiquity has descended to our own times. In the study of classical literature, we have unconsciously imbibed its spirit, and cherish prejudices which swayed Grecian and Roman hearts two thousand years ago. The classical student has rarely ventured beyond the consecrated limits of classical history. The vague notion of our childhood, that in Grecian and Roman annals might be found both the cradle and the grave of all ancient glory, has exercised a commanding influence upon the opinions and studies of maturer years. We have become incredulous of the existence of highly civilized empires, whose power and glory rose, declined, and perished, long before Grecian art or Roman arms began their conquering career; or if sometimes a ray of the splendor of pro-historic nations broke obscurely on our minds and awakened doubts and misgivings of the fidelity of classical historians, that word *barbarian*, with all its attending prejudices, came to chill our momentary curiosity, and confirm our ancient faith.

Such habits of faltering doubt or implicit confidence once universal and even now not altogether unknown, in investigating ancient history, prevailed until Niebuhr introduced a new order of criticism. That great man, uniting to an extraordinary proficiency in classical antiquities and literature, an almost infallible sagacity exposed the errors and falsifications of classical writers, and substituted for the pleasing romances that had so long usurped the place of history, realities, perplexing indeed, but still necessary, if we would re-create with certainty the ancient world, its majestic and civilized empires, such as they existed anterior to Grecian and to Roman times. The application to ancient history of the rules of evidence, employed with so much success to illustrate modern events, has at least had the good effect of making us acquainted with our own ignorance. Modern scholars, following in Niebuhr's footsteps, dare to scrutinize mysteries before unquestioned, and are ashamed of that scanty information once called learning.

In picturing the ancient world, a conscientious criticism may not allow the finished outlines and vivid coloring belonging to the legends of Livy and Herodotus; but what is lost in beauty is more than compensated to history, by disentangling the truth from the mass of contradictions, beneath which it was buried almost beyond recovery. The multiplication of questions to be solved, far beyond our present ability to unravel them, ought not to discourage us as to the possibility of an ultimate solution. Investigations, already so fruitful, may still be relied on to clear up existing obscurities; the zeal of our scholars will never rest satisfied while there are probabilities to compose and conjectures to certify; until those shadowy times and people shall be scarcely less distinct and palpable than Athens or Rome.

This is no idle prediction; it is justified by the general progress of the nineteenth century. It is a period rich in discoveries beyond all former example; during the last fifty years the whole aspect of physical science has been changed. The once invisible glories of infinite space, and the mysterious history of an ante-mosaic world, have become matters of familiar knowledge. The relics of ancient life disin-

tered from the rocks that embalmed them, have disclosed the successive convulsions and creations which preceeded the advent of our race. The discoveries of the antiquary now rival in number and interest the discoveries of the geologist. The crumbling ruins of Assyria and Etruria, reposed in quiet obscurity beneath the *debris* of succeeding empires, till now, when the world is prepared to appreciate them, they are suddenly emburied, and, like a restored palimpsest, present to our wondering eyes the life, the state, the conquests, the religion of those lost nations, who flourished in the earliest dawn of antiquity—who were known to those whom we call the ancients, only through uncertain tradition. The resurrection of these monuments is among the proudest triumphs of our time. That is no idle curiosity which employs itself in studying the secrets for ages locked up in their mysterious sculptures and inscriptions. They furnish undoubted evidence of the antiquity of civilization and authentic means of tracing its origin and progress; they throw great light upon many of the most perplexing problems of ethnology, and perhaps may finally solve them with a precision beyond the power of ignorant bigotry to discredit or disprove.

To such gratifying results the researches now carried on in central Italy are constantly tending. A buried empire has been uncovered to the light of day; a nation far advanced in civilization, whose history had perished from the memory of men, has now reappeared to claim by her monuments the rank due to her power and magnificence. The early history of Italy remains to be written by the aid of these discoveries. The scholar can no longer be misled by the unjust silence and falsehood of Roman historians, or be dazzled by those fables which Virgil has made immortal. Rome was not founded in a barbarous age; her outlawed citizens did not originate those political institutions which laid the foundations of her future triumphs. Her arts of war, her civil officers and their insignia of authority, her political and social institutions, her religion with its rites of divination and complex ceremonies, and whatever else contributed to her power and dignity, save her insatiable thirst of conquest, were all borrowed from Etruria; from Etruria, the mistress and civilizer of Italy, the home of luxury, literature, and art, whose greatness was at its height when Rome was only a straw-built village of slaves and outlaws—whose conquests began ages before victorious Fortune enthroned herself upon the Capitol. The obligations of the Romans to Etruria do not end here; from thence came also their national dress and ornaments, their games and triumphal processions, the auspices which foretold, and the arms which gained their victories, the art which reared their temples and sculptured the statues which adorned them, their public roads and sewers, and even the fortifications which defended Rome down to the period of the empire.

Such facts may well surprise those who have formed their opinions of the primitive nations of Italy, from the unsafe and partial accounts of Roman historians. They were never willing to do justice to a rival power. Cruel, haughty, and perfidious themselves, they labored to transfer their character, and pretended to virtues too often known to

them only in name. They wished all the world to believe, that throughout their whole career, no nation had been found equal to them in the great attributes of empire. If they were ever generous, it was to a fallen foe, crushed in the iron grasp of their victorious legions ; not to a rival, their equal in all but fortune. Who believes that Punic faith would have passed into a proverb, had Carthage possessed a Livy ? The influence of the laws, which visited with severe punishments any censure on public characters, and the far stranger influence of national pride, made it impossible for an historian to write impartially at Rome. Roman reverses are concealed, and their victories exaggerated with more than Grecian mendacity. Events too famous to be suppressed, their annalists have misrepresented with studious care ; and often the unsuspecting reader is led to believe that Rome was signally victorious, when in fact most ignominiously defeated. He must be gifted with more than ordinary acuteness, who can gather from Livy's narrative of the war with Porsenna, what is now well known, that from the summit of Janiculum, the Etruscan king dictated to the humbled Romans an unconditional surrender, that he deprived them of the use of iron, took away their territory, and made their city a dependency of Etruria. When such facts are concealed, we may be pardoned if we hesitate to believe that the legends which relate to the heroism of Horatius, the fortitude of Mucius, the daring of Claudia, are anything more than legends, beautiful fictions invented to hide from after ages the hateful subjection of Rome's early days.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### EDITORS' TABLE.

It appears fated, kind Reader, that we are to be disappointed in the lengthy 'confab' we expected to have held with you, in this the last of our monthly interviews. So the fates decree, and it now remains for us merely to offer you a few apologies for some of our manifold offendings—give you a right good editorial shake of the hand—and then part company. We would apologise chiefly for the tardiness of our appearance before you—perhaps by our delay we have given a finer edge to your critical appetite—if so—fire away, gentlemen, we beg of you. Really, kind, considerate Reader, we would not think of offering you any particular apology for our unwonted slowness, could we be certain that each of you was the possessor of a respectable thermometer. Cast in your minds the picture of an unlucky editor wasting the midnight oil in any of these sultry nights—toiling and drudging under the load of his responsibility, and then waiting upon our learned Prof. in the morning to be tantalized with a description of some romantic, coral-founded, palm-shaded island in the southern seas ; imagine, if you will, the state of mind in which the said editor would be likely to review his productions of the preceding night—and you will excuse us. Seriously, Reader, we have done our best ; you will surely pardon us, when having done our duty before, in the last round we could not "*come to time*."



## EDITORS' FAREWELL.

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THE time when the interests of this Magazine must be committed to other hands has at length arrived. As we approach the close of our editorial labors, it is only necessary that we make the tender of our thanks and gratitude to our patrons, extend to our successors the hand of fellowship, and then pass on, bidding one and all adieu.

Whether the Magazine has gained or lost credit during our official connection with it, is a question we are not permitted to decide; we can only affirm, that whatever may have been its success, there has been on our part no lack of honest intention or earnest endeavor. If we may be permitted the expression of our opinion regarding the prospects of the Magazine, we would record our earnest conviction that Maga is firmly fixed in the esteem and best wishes of our college world, and that its interests are still warmly cherished by its legitimate patrons. Strange as it may seem, still the credit of the vessel has not been lost through the unskillfulness of its pilots.

To our successors we would say, that our brief connection with this Magazine has at least convinced us of the responsibility they have incurred in assuming the control of its destiny. That they may acquit themselves fairly, and that they may find, when in turn they give place to others, that these very duties and responsibilities have formed for them the brightest episode in their student-life, is our heartfelt wish.

To our friends, and to any who may have felt an interest in the success of Maga, we tender, in its behalf, our most hearty thanks. That those who come after us may meet with as warm and grateful encouragement, is our earnest prayer.

To one and all we bid Adieu, Farewell, and God-speed,

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|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----------------------------------------------|
| C. G. CAME,<br>J. CAMPBELL,<br>F. M. FINCH,<br>E. D. MORRIS,<br>C. B. WARING, | } | <i>Your Editors for<br/>the Class of '49.</i> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----------------------------------------------|

VOL. XIV.

No. VII.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES  
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

JUNE, 1849.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.

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## THE EDITORS TO THEIR READERS.

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WE know it is usual, upon assuming the Editorial chair, and its *dignitatem sine otio*, to discourse eloquently of the past glory of the periodical which has recently passed into new hands, and to give assurance that the neophyte Editors will not be forgetful of their own duties while they implore the sympathy and assistance of their patrons. We, however, dear Readers, must be excused from following this course.

The YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE requires no eulogy from us. It is not just entering the lists as a candidate for honors, now first to win the public commendation. Fourteen years of successful effort have earned for it an enviable reputation, and have made it known and respected wherever Yalensia's sons bear with them the remembrance of their happy and profitable college days. Of its glory in the past, of the reverence to which its antiquity entitles it, and of its present prospects, our friends cannot need to be reminded. With all these topics, you, dear Readers, are too familiar to call for a rehearsal of them from us.

Nor do we recognize the necessity which would demand a pledge from us for the faithful performance of our Editorial duties. When we accepted the station to which our respected classmates saw fit to summon us, by that action we place ourselves under obligations to do all in our power for the Magazine. Our acceptance was an ample pledge that our most strenuous efforts should be employed to render the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, during the time of our connection with it, a pleasant and profitable companion for a leisure hour; and that, so far as our labors should avail, its reputation and intrinsic value should be augmented. A repetition of this pledge, at this time, can-

not strengthen it, nor can it impress more deeply upon our minds the magnitude of the duties to which we have been called.

Upon others, also, who are desirous that a Magazine be maintained in this College, the responsibility devolves to assist in its support. Whatever we may be induced to do, when we shall assume the gown and cassock, *here*, in our salutation to our readers, we shall deliver no homily upon duty. At our first introduction, at least, we shall take it for granted that all—Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen, alike—know their responsibilities, and will honor them.

And, expressing so high an opinion of our readers' knowledge and integrity, we are,—

ELLIS H. ROBERTS,  
WILLIS S. COLTON,  
WILLIAM R. BLISS,  
OSWELL L. WOODFORD,  
EDWARD W. BENTLEY,  
*Editors for the Class of 1850.*

YALE COLLEGE, June, 1849.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. 7.

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## COLLEGE FALLACIES.

## I.

## THAT COLLEGE STUDENTS ARE LICENSED PERSONS.

THIS pseudo-maxim is particularly agreeable to the class of persons upon whom it confers an extension of privilege. In their view, it has all the authority of indisputable truth. Some of them, doubtless, consider it worthy of a place among the sagest maxims; even among—perhaps *above*—the proverbs of the Wise Man. At least, it is much more observed as a rule of conduct than the choicest apothegms of Solomon.

No sooner is the stripling admitted to the privileges and subjected to the labors of college, than he assumes haughty airs, and fancying that he himself occupies the highest of positions, regards all in other situations as, of course, his inferiors. Persons of practical sense, unable to perceive the magic power which semi-deifies him, incur his displeasure, and, if he happens to know as much Latin, he will pompously quote :

“Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.”

An intellectual atmosphere surrounds him. The *Genius Loci* bestows upon him privileges elsewhere unknown. It confers license of action; it nullifies the laws of etiquette; it makes of no account the proprieties of time and place; it emancipates from the sway of conscience; it sets him above and beyond the jurisdiction of the civil law.

No single person will at any one time give so extensive a verbal exposition of the popular maxim as we have already given; and many, doubtless, discard it as well in practice as in theory. But collegians generally act as if having a full sense of its truth; and different individuals on diverse occasions furnish practical exemplifications of quite as broad an understanding of its significance.



If you have seen the collegian in society, particularly in the society of ladies—if you have seen him on a steamboat or in a railroad car—if you have seen him at a concert or any public exhibition—if you have seen him at any political gathering—if you have seen him at midnight or at noonday: in fine, if you have closely observed the collegian, anywhere at any time, you can hardly have failed to notice his “I-turn-the-crank-of-the-universe air,” and to conclude that he is fully possessed with the idea that he is a licensed person.

Those who allow this maxim to have the authority of truth cannot have considered what avocations are licensed. The liquor-dealer is licensed to intoxicate men; the inn-keeper to accommodate travelers; the preacher to exhort and to marry; the circus to exhibit its performances. Thus persons are privileged to transcend the law in a single particular. The avocation of the collegian bears no remarkable resemblance or even analogy to any other licensed calling. All other privileged avocations are of some real or imaginary public utility; but the collegian in the matter in which exemption from restraint is claimed, (which are extrinsic to his studies,) not even assumes that the general interest is at stake. Still, the maxim confers upon him the privilege to transcend every law of conscience and of society.

Nor have those who allow the maxim to have the authority of truth, considered the grounds on which other persons are licensed. Not only the fairer sex but also the more stern, is wont to grant extensive privileges to handsome persons. And, on the principle “extremes meet,” greater freedom is always extended to deformed persons than to those who are symmetrically constructed. Anything unusual in personal appearance generally earns favor for its possessor. The redoubtable “General Tom Thumb” has enjoyed more freedom from restraint, in certain respects, than any other man of the age. Collegians, however, do not differ greatly in external appearance from other persons. Nor can they be divided into two classes,—the one consisting of those as beautiful as Paris, the other of those as ugly as Thersites. They can claim exemption from observance of law neither on the ground of beauty nor of ugliness.\*

But generally licenses are granted for value received. “Good Mother Church” is accustomed to charge roundly for her indulgences; and municipal and state authorities have something of the “itching palm.” A business man, before he would allow the truth of the maxim, would inquire whether a consideration had been rendered for the license claimed, or, whether a consideration is likely to be rendered. To the former inquiry, the answer universally would be in the negative. To the latter, an affirmative would frequently be returned; the avocation being mentioned as a collateral consideration. But if their avocation entitled collegians to extraordinary privileges, much more would professional men and *literati* generally, justly lay claim to the same freedom

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\* We deem it requisite to call the attention of the reader to the axiom: “*Exceptio regulam probat.*” It is evident that some men *can* lay claim to privileges on the latter ground!

from restraint. But since the maxim does not include these gentlemen, the avocation of the collegian entitles him to no peculiar privileges.

The consideration, then, is future. It is well the Future is a wealthy banker. Many and heavy drafts are made upon him—so many and so heavy, indeed, that the only matter of surprise is, that they are so often honored. Extraordinary privileges of the kind claimed, however, are accorded to no person, at any age; and every man during every portion of his life employs more rather than less than the privileges rightly belonging to him. The Future possesses no greater license than is requisite for itself. To borrow license from it is absurd.

Privileges should be granted to those who need them. The idea of favor received indicates inferiority. Give dainty viands to the effeminate; the strong man is better without them. The collegian *should be*, if he is not, this stout man who scorns to be the recipient of paltry favors. Indeed, he should need less rather than more privileges than others enjoy. The examples of antiquity should teach him true manliness. From these he should learn the stern excellences of the Roman, and the tender refinement of the Greek; and with both he should blend the more practical sense of the present.

To the Intellectual, the true student fills a beaker to the brim, and quaffs right heartily to this the fairest and the truest mistress. But if we are intellectual men, we are no less imperatively called upon to honor every dictate of conscience, every law of the land, than the most ignorant Caffre. Nor if both the intellectual and moral responsibilities which devolve upon us are honored, are we set free from our obligations as social beings. To perform a certain class of duties, does not make another class less obligatory. The complete man is not only intellectual, but he is also a moral and a social being.

The truth is, college students not only are not licensed persons, but they are those who least of all should desire to have extraordinary privileges accorded to them.

## II.

### THAT TALENTED MEN NEED NOT STUDY.

The adoption of this idea as an axiom, is pernicious in the extreme. It has given rise to as much falsehood as any single notion that ever gained currency. Those whose cast of mind does not allow them to acquire quickly, being ambitious of reputation as men of talent, toil in secret when they dare not toil openly. College tradition gives a case in point:—

“Once upon a time” a youth entered college, full of ambitious hopes and with the brightest prospects of success. He very much resembled the Alpine pedestrian of Longfellow:



"His brow was sad; his eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior!"

He soon adopted the maxim that study is unnecessary for a person of talent; and, of course, unnecessary for him. His days were spent among his fellows in listless idleness, or when found at his room he was almost invariably abed and asleep. He never was seen to study, unless perhaps to glance over his lesson just before he went in to recite; and yet his recitations were models—so accurate, so fluent, so beautiful. It was not long before he won a golden reputation as a man of talent. College for once was unanimous. A genius was verily among them. Imitators in great numbers arose, who all succeeded admirably in equaling his apparent neglect of study; but none could equal him in the recitation room.

The health of the reputed genius, however, in process of time began to fail. His ruddy complexion was changed to sallow, and his flashing eye lost its lustre. Yet he was not one who frequented places of dissipation; he was noted for keeping early hours. Others, who had constitutions much more frail, and who studied long and faithfully, showed no signs of weakness or disease. Still every one observed that the common favorite was fast failing. Consumption was attacking the citadel of life; an iron constitution was completely broken down, and the messengers of death were already revelling in the halls of his heart. Our friend (he was everybody's friend, and why not ours!) had always refused to receive a room-mate. Though the most sociable of men, he uniformly chose to occupy a room alone. Senior year arrived. He had reached the threshold of college, attended by well-nigh the proudest reputation as a scholar that ever so young a man had won. But a

"change  
Came o'er the spirit of his dream;"

for dream it was. By accident he was discovered at midnight studying under his bed! And thus he had passed almost through his course. It was his custom to darken his window at night; and to prevent discovery or even suspicion, he would crouch beneath his bed, and study, study, while others were enjoying their calm repose. To gain a character for not laboring, he labored much more severely than any of his fellows. His health was failing; and after all his toil, to his brilliant career was added a disgraceful close. No one could avoid despising him for his paltry trick, which had succeeded but too well even for himself. As his early course had been eminently bright, so its termination was one of palpable darkness. Unlike the falling star, his path downward was not illuminated: his brilliance in an instant was extinguished forever.

The life of this man in college was a continuous lie. And such, to

a greater or less degree, must be that of every person who adopts the maxim that talent is an all-sufficient substitute for study, and who yet succeeds in the various departments of intellectual effort.

But the maxim is equally pernicious to those who have too much magnanimity to live a lie. It leads such persons to squander time and invaluable opportunities. Frequently the most promising portion of our students are injured by it. Conscious of innate talent, they dislike the reputation of drudges. Very many, not actually indolent, thus imbibe a disrelish for labor. Quickness of conception enables some of them to rank respectably among their fellows. But those of strong, profound minds suffer irreparable injury. Their time is worse than wasted; habits of thought are acquired of the most prejudicial nature. Men cannot expect to possess every one the same characteristics. Great quickness of conception and great profundity of thought are not often found united in the same individual. And it is worse than folly for the profound person to ape the ready man. It is not the rapid traveler that gathers treasures from the earth; but he who stops, and delves, and drills.

“ Nature lives by toil ;

Beast, bird, air, fire, the heavens and rolling world,

All live by action. Hence, the joys of health ;

Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought ;

• Hence corn and wine and oil, and all in life delectable.”

But with the mind it is preëminently true, that it grows by action. The ball of snow which the urchin forms with his puny hands acquires by constant rolling such magnitude that the stout man cannot move it. The mind, too, by continual revolutions grows until the universe cannot limit its labors, until it becomes only less than Divinity.

The idea is full of stern grandeur, that the Almighty is the Greatest Laborer. Without cessation, He worketh. While mortals yield to weariness, He guideth and governeth all things. The most gifted of men are those who are least unlike—not to say alike—Him. They are then, other things being equal, those who are capable of the most consecutive and most effectual labor, in the highest departments of intellectual effort.

Hence, talent implies the ability and consequent obligation to do mental work. How palpable is the fallacy to employ it as an excuse for neglecting any kind of intellectual labor !

E. H. R.

## AN INTRODUCTION,

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF MISS \*\*\*\*, OF VIRGINIA.

## I.

SINCE a pure and treasured being, whose sweet face my fancy seeing,  
Thrills with pleasure, bids me write a Preface to her Album here;  
Though my verse may prove high treason to the Muse that *rhymes with reason*,  
Yet 'twill spring at any season on a theme to Memory dear;  
Spring unbidden, flow unchidden, gush perennial all the year.

## II.

In the Editorial column, staining first this unstained volume,  
In a mood half sad, half mirthful, "Open Sesame!" I cry:  
Wide the door swings: "Walk in, ladies; walk in, gentlemen, whose trade is  
Verse; and ye whose life the shade is; eate the ear and feast the eye:  
Gay or tearful, grave or cheerful, drain your wits and inkstands dry."

## III.

Who can guess this Album's pages? filled by those of various ages; •  
One with Youth's pulsations bounding; one in Manhood cool and strong;  
One with years and sorrows laden, to whose ears his long-lost maiden,  
'Mid the halls his childhood played in, trills no more the evening song:—  
Dark and dreary, worn and weary, drags his lingering life along.

## IV.

Sisters, cousins, aunts and brothers, followed by a host of others,  
Here will trace their autographic words of friendship, feigned or true;  
Lovers, by their loves made frantic; grave philosophers grown antic;  
Poets pensive, pale, romantic, weaving thoughts of moonlight hue;  
Some from passion, some from fashion, here will shed the inky dew.

## V.

What may be the special motive, that *I*, too, have hung my votive  
Tablet in this paper temple, of which you the goddess are?  
Not to crave in courtly Latin, or in English, soft as satin,  
Some small corner in your matin orisons, or evening prayer:  
Hope's wild fever with me never in such happiness may share.

## VI.

When thy star that now so gaily decks its sphere, shall gleam all palely  
O'er thy muffled footsteps, creeping far along Life's sounding shore,  
And thy backward Thought retraces all the old familiar graces  
Of the friends whose faded faces thou shalt see, ah! nevermore;  
Though still faintly float their saintly voices o'er the ocean's roar;

## VII.

Then may Memory's gentle finger on these lines in kindness linger,  
 Traced by one whose steps were lonely through this dank terrestrial fen ;  
 Whom nor Love, nor Power, nor Glory, nor the splendid classic story,  
 Conned in legends, grand and hoary, wakes to genuine joy again ;  
 Since no mother, sire, or brother, links him to this world of men.

## VIII.

May'st thou never know how lonely is his path, who wanders, only  
 Circled by the silent musings, which have lost their early spell ;—  
 Cease, my heart, thy doleful dreaming, and assume a happier seeming,  
 With the fervent prayer that beaming Joy round *her* may ever dwell !  
 Lovely maiden, blossom-laden, here I breathe a warm farewell.

ORPHANOS.

## PEDESTRIANIANA.

*"Puck.*—How now, Spirit ! whither wander you ?

*Fairy.*—Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough briar,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander everywhere."

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

READER ! were you ever "tired of brick and mortar ?" Did you ever get weary of the din of business, and the eternal hubbub of city life ? Have you ever sickened at the glare of dusty streets, stretching away under brown-coated elms and maples no longer green, till the aching eye was withdrawn in very pain from their loathsome monotony ? Have you at any time in your remembrance, especially your college remembrance, seated yourself in your big arm-chair, near an open window, on a hot summer's day, tossed your heels upon a table, looked out of said window with the hope of seeing something fresh, something verdant, and then turned away almost in desperation, certainly, with disgust, an actual nausea, as you saw nothing but long rows of white painted flaring houses standing in dreary perspective, limned against a glowing sky, and all glistening with a horrible brightness in a flood of fervid sunlight ? When, as the "dog-days" slowly circled by, and Sirius still wheeled up nightly on his burning path, ascendant and ascending star, you have become fatigued with weeks and months of that severe though wholesome toil which our Alma Mater imposes on her children, and with brain crazed and bewildered by the ceaseless hum and stir about you, have hurried off to the comparative silence of your own quiet room, have you not then, dear reader, been conscious of an intense desire to be away, *far* away from the "busy haunts" and

thoroughfares of men? And have you not at such a time felt an uncontrollable longing for the cool, delightful country? Some dim, old forest hard by a babbling stream, some pleasant valley, some secluded, untrodden meadow, *remoto gramine*;

“Where the tall pine, and hoar-leaved poplar make  
A deep, dark shadow o’er the breeze-stirred lake;”

some place, in short, where your spirit might commune with that invisible beauty, which it so earnestly craves, and for which it is surely fitted? I warrant thee, friend, thou hast known all this and more, and often whilst a dweller in the sultry town, hast been ready to cry out with another poet,

“Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade!”

But if not, then your experience is not mine, and furthermore allow me to express the belief, with all due courtesy and without the least intention of wounding your sensibilities, reader, that if you have not had such or similar feelings, you must be of sterner mould than other men—you must, I should say, be made of queer stuff, of some most unheard of material, altogether different in its nature from that of which mankind are in general composed. However this may be, I shall yet assume for the present, that you very heartily agree with me, that in respect of this matter, you are most decidedly of my opinion that the city is *sometimes* a great nuisance; that, in fine, in cockney phrase, “them’s” your “sentiments exactly;” and, of course, if this is the case, I may fairly claim from you any such further unanimity of understanding or coincidence of thought, as in the progress of this article, or essay, or sketch, or whatever else you may choose to call it, I may with equal reason presume to expect. With this tacit agreement we shall doubtless jog along very cosily and pleasantly together, making remarks funny or otherwise, cracking a joke, firing off a pun, or suggesting sundry profound and grave reflections on various important subjects, with any other ideas, fancies or whims that may chance to strike us; and at the close of our journey, part from each other with the utmost good will and mutual esteem.

I said “a journey,” and I mean by this, not a journey in a figurative sense, but a *bonâ-fide* one, a positive change of place, an actual exchanging of old Yale for some distant region, whose whereabouts are not yet supposed to be definitely ascertained. Nor is it of much consequence to know where we are going, provided we leave behind us the city’s crowd and uproar, and find ourselves alone among the hills and mountains with Nature in her wildness and solitude, certain, in such case, that we are where we should be, and leaving to others all conjecture as to our destination and solicitude as to our return. We shall not however, we trust, be lost in the course of our peregrinations, and if such were to be our fate, we still have the consolation of knowing that, after all, we shall be *somewhere*, which is far preferable to the

being *nowhere*. This last point, perhaps, needs some additional proof, and I shall therefore back it up with a syllogism, which if genuine, is, you will remember, entirely irrefragable :—

Every road leads *somewhere*.

There is a certain road.

Therefore, *That* road leads *somewhere*.

Q. E. D.

Of course, it only remains that we find this road and get fairly started upon it, and then the journey aforesaid must naturally and necessarily follow. "But," says the reader, "how are we to go, that is, what is to be our conveyance?" Conveyance! why, my dear sir, we are to make use of the means we already possess, those instruments with which Providence has long since furnished us, those locomotive articles vulgarly called *legs*, sir; in short, we are intending with manly independence to go as pedestrians; we purpose positively and absolutely to set out on a *walking tour* for parts unknown, promising however for your comfort, that they shall lie within the limits of Puritanism and accredited civilization. Don't be alarmed, reader; we assure you there is no occasion for it, not in the least; we are only about to take a "little exercise," and besides, we promise you every assistance, should you "break down"—a kind word, an encouraging smile or so;—and perhaps we may favor you with a ride on our shoulder, or astride our knapsack, should your case prove to be desperate. As for the *act* of walking, that is so simple, that you must be familiar with it already, and need therefore no instruction on that point. Though dependent on strictly philosophical principles, yet the *modus operandi* is plain to the comprehension of a child. For it consists merely, as another hath sagely remarked, in "successively placing one limb with the foot thereunto attached before the other, and continuing the process for an indefinite number of times, or for so long a period, as the inclination of the agent may allow him an extension of the performance." On the score of ignorance then, no reasonable excuse can be offered. We might also whisper in your ear various suggestions about the benefits of "rustication," "ruralizing," etc., but we forbear to offend the delicacy of our readers by any such allusion—we would not for the world insinuate that *they* were ever nearly or remotely endangered by any cause tending to such a result.

The occasion of this contemplated expedition you will probably next inquire after, which, as it is a proper question, we shall take the opportunity to answer. The fact then, is, that not "many moons" ago, at the close of a college term, wherein we had tasked our intellectual powers "pretty extensively" to meet the legal requirements of study, finding ourselves well worn and weary, running low in spirits and burdened with that insufferable languor, that intolerable *ennui*, which is always the legitimate offspring of the summer solstice and succeeding months, we felt that we were under the immediate necessity of bringing our wits into requisition to see what we should do. The idea suddenly popped upon us with astonishing force, that ours is a great country, a prodigiously great country, and that this greatness had not

hitherto, as respected ourself, been duly appreciated ; that, moreover, there were several "elephants" in different quarters of this same country, and two or three of them even in New England, which we had not yet seen, and which, we were assured, were most indubitably worth the trouble of visiting. As the exhibition of these animals was *free*, and as one of them in particular, a huge, antediluvian fellow, with an enormous head and body, and back high raised in air, was open to inspection on every side, could be examined gratuitously, and even permitted one to scale his rugged sides and slide down his venerable proboscis, with other and similar liberties, it was determined, after mature reflection, to set out instanter and call upon his majesty without further ceremony.

So, reader, on the morning of a bright and beautiful day, late in the summer of 184—, an attentive observer might have beheld issuing from the suburbs of one of the noblest cities that grace the banks of the far-famed Connecticut, a number of individuals, who, by their youthful appearance, their jovial deportment, the peculiar fashion of their garments, and the superior intelligence that distinguished their countenances, would easily have satisfied the most inattentive spectator that they were students, and Rumor, the jade, reported from Yale. Be not frightened, gentle reader, we are not proposing to write a novel, though that last paragraph is, we confess, a little James-ish, and should have been less aspiring in its tone and dimensions. The sun was projecting his rays obliquely down into the broad valley beneath us—light, fleecy clouds were floating up from the west, and winging their way over the sky, and a dense fog that had all night mantled the bosom of the river, was now rising in silvery masses, sailing off to the east, and vanishing behind the hills. Forth we marched, a jolly quintumvirate ; not *such* a quintumvirate, mind you, as has the editorial supervision of a certain Magazine we wot of—that is a far more dignified and august body—a jolly band, I say, with hearts merry and blithe as youth and vacation could make them, snuffing the fresh, pure air with unimaginable zest, jumping now and then a fence by way of keeping up our gymnastics, it being a new species of *fencing*, turning unobserved an occasional summerset on the grass, or enlivening our conversation at intervals with burst of sun-provoking laughter, that frightened the birds from their roosts, and made the very "welkin ring." We shall not enter into any minute detail of what we saw during the first few days after our departure from the goodly city, which has already been immortalized by a notice in this renowned history, since the parts then traversed are, we doubt not, quite familiar to the reader, and we shall hurry on to regions more remote and less generally known. Giving you then a seat on our gay and time-worn quill—

It once did help to bear a goose,  
And why, I pray, not *you* ?

—no intention of instituting, *dear* reader, any comparison here—oh, no ! not at all, by no means, certainly—there is no *ground* of analogy, we admit—but putting you there, we will transport you out of this pleasant little State, ycleped Connecticut, into another, famous for its excessive—

ly green mountains, its staunch whiggism and its pretty feminines, who, from ocular evidence and personal observation, we veritably believe and almost unqualifiedly assert, are second to none that may be mentioned, always excepting, of course, those of that State to which we have the honor to belong. There is no need, however, of imagining ourselves performing this trip through the air, particularly as the rail-car, being a land vehicle, and consequently a much safer one, is waiting for us at the depot, fuming and steaming with impatience at our long delay. Stepping in, therefore, and taking a seat, we are off, coasting along the banks of that same calm river, whose bright waters many miles below had at first reflected our passing forms; then again darting through a valley, or winding about the base of some steep and wooded hill. Leaving a new Erin on our left, which by the by, is already well stocked with choice specimens of the potato-loving race, Holyoke and the Nonotuck range on our right, and waving our hats to Amherst and its College in the distance, we dashed over a level tract or plain, and with a shrill whistle brought up all running in the old-fashioned town of Northampton. Of this place we have but a word to say, and that in the highest degree eulogistic. Reader, should you ever happen there in the "leafy month" of May, when the village is clothed in the luxuriant foliage of its more than magnificent elms, you will unquestionably assert with us that it is lovely, very lovely; yea, beautiful in the extreme. We have delightful recollections of that quiet spot, enough, if detailed in full, to fill a small octavo, but "time waits for no man," and in general the cars don't, so we can only exhort you to go in *propria persona* and see for yourself. Fail not, also, to heed our sanitary advice, and visit the Water-Cure, from the grounds about which may be obtained a view of one of the most exquisite landscapes in this or any other country. And here we would remark in passing, that there can be no greater folly committed by any lover of fine scenery, than to affect that silly passion for Italian, Grecian or Scottish marvels, and to abandon as if deserving of no attention all the glories of this unequaled land. We do feel an honest indignation at those pretenders and professed admirers of the beautiful, those would-be judges of nature, who, in their superficial and worthless admiration of foreign climes, see nothing in our ocean-lakes, our noble rivers, our prairies, our mountains, our numberless features of all conceivable forms of beauty, worthy the amateur's notice or the poet's eye. Away, then, with this false and hollow taste, and let us return to that better appreciation which respects things as they *are*, uninfluenced by the glitter of a shallow exterior, whose seat is in the heart, whose decisions are unerring, because based on a perception of that hidden beauty, which none save the genuine critic can understand. An hour's ride brought us to Greenfield, where, leaving the cars and grasping our canes with all the ardor of crusaders to the Holy Land, directing our course meanwhile due north, we marched on stout of heart, and with eager expectation, which was by no means lessened as we came in sight of a high range of hills reaching from east to west, and filling up the entire horizon in front. With glowing cheeks and limbs braced



by the vigorous exercise, we climbed the steep ascent, following the road which wound upward through thick copses of oak and mountain ash, and stopping occasionally to admire the wildness of the scenery, now characterized by surpassing beauty and grandeur. Far in the southwest lay a spur of the Green Mountains, standing in bold relief against the sky, with their forest-crowned tops brightly irradiated by the setting sun, while eastward, dense woods and innumerable hills and valleys, over which fell long belts of sunlight with patches of shade intervening, stretched off in wide, blue vistas till lost to the eye in the uncertain distance. But, sooth to say, reader, the place assigned us for these "Rambles" will not allow us to linger thus on our way, since there are yet many things to be seen and talked about, and we have scarce yet begun the excursion, whereon, at the beginning we so respectfully requested the favor of your company. Staying for the night with a hale, old farmer, whose extensive and well cultivated fields lying in a romantic little valley near the river, gave sure token of abundant plenty and prosperity, the next morning, before the day star had quite disappeared, we were again on our way, refreshed by such a night of rest as 'twixt prayer-bells and animalcular bed-fellows, we had not enjoyed for a twelve-month, rejuvenated, reinvigorated in every nerve and fibre of our whole body, and feeling very much as if we had indeed unawares been quaffing largely from the fabled but genuine Elixir of Life. And I am half inclined to believe we afterward did, for while zealously engaged in discussing a late breakfast under the shadow of a broad-leaved elm, one of our number shouted at the top of his voice, "A cider-press, fellows, there's a cider press! hurrah! let's have some of that delectable juice!" whereupon, leaving the said breakfast to take care of itself, we decamped with the utmost precipitation, and no appreciable time elapsed before, having paid the owner an equivalent for our intended assault, and having also provided ourselves with straws of suitable length and calibre, we assembled around the tub, into which the expressed liquid was temptingly oozing in numerous and fast-falling drops, and prepared to investigate to our entire satisfaction and to our own *taste*, the scientific principles pertaining to the art of "sucking," something about which we had read before, (vid. Olm. Phil. art. Pumps,) but never so practically understood. Previous to the commencement of operations, however, we passed a unanimous vote that *new* cider was not contemplated in the prohibitions of our Temperance Pledge, and that consequently in the present case we were at liberty to do as we chose. Behold us then, all ye lovers of *that* sparkling liquid, as with our slender and golden-colored wheat-en tubes deftly immersed in an ocean of bubbles, we sat there, knights of the Round-Tub, silently imbibing *long* draughts of the foaming and delicious beverage! Ye deities of ancient Greece! Hellenic Gods and Goddesses! drank ye ever *such* nectar as that? Sipped ye ever such a fluid, such a "ποτόν ὄν," even at the banquets of "loud thundering" Jove? Were ever celestial palates titillated by such a mellifluous substance as on that occasion was elevated to the lips of that quintumviral potatory, pedestrian party, whose achievements are in this immortal

production commemorated and commended to posterity? Whew! reader, that'll do! that last is unquestionably a poser—we forbear—we shall not so offend again.

At Bellows Falls are some natural curiosities deserving a visit from the traveler, for the great singularity of their appearance. The bed of the river is here of solid rock, a portion of which is left bare by the recess of the water, exhibiting deep holes of a circular form, worn in the rock by the attrition of stones confined in them and kept in motion by the river, to the depth of six or eight feet.

An adventure happened here, which, as it was quite “a scrape,” I will briefly allude to. Feeling somewhat fatigued with a long walk one morning, and seeing the river on our left, it was decided to refresh ourselves with a bath as speedily as possible. Descending, therefore, the steep bank, which here was very high and covered with trees, we soon found a large, flat rock, sheltered from the sun, and presenting, as swimmers term it, a “capital diving-off place.” Throwing off our garments, we were soon laving our panting bodies in the cool stream, not anticipating any interruption of our aquatic pastime, such as soon occurred. While the rest, but half-attired, were sitting on the bank, and we had not yet completed our own ablution, a loud explosion over our heads startled us from our dreamy state and made us fully aware of our situation. Instantly several stones came clattering through the bushes and one or two passed over us into the river. “They’re blasting rocks!” some one shouted, at which, seizing our carpet-bags, valises, etc., we dodged under a large bush and waited a second clap. Then wading along in the deep mud, which garnished the river’s sides, and by its softness and depth created no small alarm in us as to what would probably be our fate, or at least produced in us a *sinking* sensation as we stepped along over its yielding surface, we finally reached a spot secure from any further danger, with the firm conviction that railroads, gunpowder and rocks were a “great bore,” which phrase was especially applicable to the two latter, as the reader will perceive.

But our time and space will not permit us to relate our numberless “incidents of travel” by the way, and we must hurry on to the consummation of our journey, skipping, in consequence, many glowing and highly exciting descriptions of scenes and places which we had intended for the particular gratification of all who might glance at these pages. Yet a few remarks in relation to the peculiar *mode* of traveling which we adopted may not be inappropriate.

It must be obvious to every one, that the ordinary way of going by stages, steamboats, or rail-cars, the latter especially, is, in many respects, totally inadequate to the wants of the traveler, and wholly unfit for any thorough and satisfactory survey of the country through which he may chance to pass. Their superiority arises, in the main, from the increased facility of intercommunication they afford and the greater ease thereby attained in the transaction of business, and for these they are invaluable; but for objects other than these, except, perhaps, the transient pleasure occasioned by their speed, they are almost utter-

ly useless. Now *pleasure* is the chief design which every *real* traveler has in view. But that is not to be obtained in any good degree by a careless and superficial glance, as you shoot hurriedly by ;—it must be sought leisurely and deliberately, with a steady eye and a calm, unruffled mind, that a just conception of the thing may be seized and fastened in its full reality and perfection in the memory, or otherwise no permanent idea of the object will remain. So, too, a man should not content himself with the decisions of others, or depend upon the impressions which they have received ; he should rather go with an independent judgment of his own, fully alive in *himself* to all that is grand or beautiful or sublime ; and if it be practicable, he should be his own guide also, since a discovery that another has made, creates less pleasurable surprise, and is attended with far less of actual enjoyment than that which is due to the visitor's personal experience and observation.

To illustrate our meaning more fully, if one were to visit any natural curiosity or world-renowned wonder, for instance, Niagara, with the design of gaining the best possible appreciation of what he saw, an image that should live in his memory forever, let him not, with the soulless multitude hasten to provide himself with a guide, or meager guide-book, stroll along the beaten paths to visit some few of the most frequented and prominent points, and then leave, poor man, with, perhaps, an half-awakened perception of something great—a feeling that “there’s a prodigious lot of water there, to be sure,” and fancying the while that there was no more to be seen ; but let him go *by himself* into the woods that line the shore, away from the voice and presence of men, and listen in silence to the gushing of those everlasting waters, or hang musingly over the verge of a cliff, or place himself at the foot of the sheet, and gazing up at the vast green flood falling out of the sky, fill his mind and heart with thoughts of its Mighty Maker ;—do anything, in short, it may please him, only let him scorn all “helps,” all impertinent directions as to what his sensations *ought* to be, and feel, we repeat, and admire for himself alone.

And to apply now, what we have been saying, to the present case : if you would gain solid satisfaction, reader, from your travels in this or any other land, go not always with the giddy throng in the splendid steamer or velvet-cushioned car, nor follow obsequiously in the wake of the fashionable and heartless world ; but turn, my friend, if thou’rt sick of the “pomp and littleness” of man, turn aside into some untrodden path that may lead thee perchance through cool, dim forests, or by the side of murmuring streams, wherein disporteth the silver-bellied and wary trout, or over the mountain-top and the “breezy hill,” or yet along the shore of some wild and wood-engirded lake, where thou may’st linger at thine ease and refresh thy care-worn spirit at fountains unpolluted by mortal touch. Adopt, that is, *our plan*—fill thy carpet-bag with all necessary articles, fling it across thy shoulder, seize thy crooked cane in hand, and *go on foot*.

For the benefit of future pedestrians, we will state one day’s experience, which will answer for the rest. Our custom was to begin early, in the freshness of the morning, ere the dew was off the grass, and,

stopping presently for a comfortable breakfast, to "go it" briskly till the sun in his midday height waxed somewhat too warm for further progress, when we sought the impervious shade of a wood or grove, "keeled up" under the trees and took a "siesta," an afternoon nap; or if our tastes were more of an intellectual sort, Sheridan, Ben Jonson, or Shakspeare furnished us with all the entertainment we desired. Dinner was, of course, "next in order," at the aristocratic hour of three, P. M., followed by a bath in the river, if agreeable, after which we continued our walk far into the evening, gladdened and often enraptured with the glorious scenery which the moonlight developed in all the soft and witching loveliness of a dream. And then, when our supper had been devoured, and we had disappeared in the dark, *didn't* we sleep? Our private belief is that we did "considerable." And *once*, reader, once, when no hotel was ready to welcome us, we slept in a barn! Elevate not thy contemptuous nose at such an idea—let not a supercilious smile corrugate thy hitherto gentle countenance at such a thought—it was the soundest, sweetest rest we ever enjoyed. Though not composed of down, our bed was of the fragrant clover; though not canopied with curtains of silk, we could see the stars shining, as if the eyes of guardian angels, through crevices in the roof; though not startled from our couch by the alarm of a fire-bell, we were lulled to repose by the chirping of crickets, and awakened from it by an early-rising chanticleer; and to sum it all up, though not stretched in feverish slumber between the brick walls of a college, haunted by visions of professors with tutors behind them and half-committed lessons in the background, we yet slept in such a manner as, kind reader, may it often be your favoring fortune to do—such a sleep almost, as speaketh the Grecian of:

“Εὐδομες εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἀτέρμονα νήγχεστον ὕπνον.”

But to return from our long digression, let us, in nautical phrase; take an observation and see where we are. Well, here is Franconia, a place where the thermometer has no scruples in winter about taking a very *low stand*, whose atmosphere at such times is said to be refrigerative to a very remarkable *degree*, as it has been known to sink to —35° or —40°, which exceeds in frigidity, we believe, anything that has ever been experienced in other portions of New England, or, even, of the United States. Looking about, we find ourselves in the center of an immense basin or valley, stretching longitudinally toward the southwest, and confined on the north by a succession of low sloping hills, and walled up on the south by a continuous range of mountains, high and frowning, with broken or serrated summits resembling a huge, irregular saw. Bending our steps directly towards this ridge, a few hours of toilsome ascent brings us to the Franconia Notch, where, resting for a short time at the Notch House, a solitary building at the foot of La Fayette Mount and hemmed in by enormous cliffs, like giant sentinels, watching the gorge beneath, we retrace our way and turning to the right, come suddenly to the edge of a fairy little lake, surrounded by dense thickets and reflecting from its bright bosom the gray rocks and

perpendicular sides, that, rising many hundred feet above it, look down on the peacefulness of the waters below. We stood awed and speechless at the lonely sublimity of the scene. There was an air of greatness, of stern majesty, that seemed to pervade as with a presence the atmosphere, a stillness that was in truth that of Nature's repose. A winding and rugged road conducted us from this spot down the Notch, of which, as no adequate description can be given, we shall not attempt it ourselves. The mountains vary on either hand between one and two thousand feet in height, and are at times veiled by clouds that float about their summits, while the cliffs themselves appear to hang over the very head of the traveler in the narrow defile beneath. Presently, B——, one of our number, exclaimed, "There is the 'Old Man of the Mountain!'" We cast our eyes aloft, and there, with forehead and nose and lips even to the chin, perfectly defined, was a human face formed out of the solid granite on the projecting brow of the mountain, at the height of thirteen hundred feet in the air, and looking toward the east, as if facing the rising sun. The actual length of the face is about seventy feet. The work of nature, it has been there for ages, destined, probably, to be there as many centuries more. Three miles from the Notch is the *Flume*. Passing through tangled vines and underbrush, and climbing the sides of a deep glen, covered with aged forest trees, half an hour's walk, or rather scramble, brought us to the foot of a steep declivity, down which, between lofty walls of rock, leaped a large stream impetuously, forming a stupendous cascade, whose wild beauty a hundred fold compensates the visitor for all his trouble. The *Pool* is also near by, but we have not space to speak of it.

The next morning found us in full view of Mount Washington and the White Mountain range, standing off to the north, and rearing their proud crests above all competitors as if to pierce the sky. Still keeping to the road, we now entered an almost impenetrable swamp, extending for many miles around the mountains and well stocked with game. Bears, indeed, and deer, are quite numerous, of which we had very satisfactory evidence, for the hide of a veritable Bruin was shown us, some six feet in length, which had been taken a few days before, and J—— solemnly averred he saw some bear's tracks in the woods—but as these forests are, as before stated, perfectly *trackless*, we have never believed the story. A dinner at Fabyan's, and a night's rest at the Crawford House, near the Willey Notch, so named from the Willey calamity, which our readers will doubtless remember, prepared us for "The Ascent." This Notch, though more beautiful, is not in our opinion as imposing as that at Franconia. An amusing incident occurred here, illustrating the generally received saying that the sublime is removed but a step from the ridiculous. Directly facing the Willey Notch House is a lofty mountain, nearly two thousand feet in height, presenting a sufficiently grand and striking aspect to awaken emotions of thrilling awe and pleasure in any but the most stupid mind; in fact, the one on whose eastern side is carved that giant face before spoken of, and clothed to its top with hemlocks and stunted pines. One of those pompous ladies, distinguished for their conceit and corpulency,

who visit such places *because* others do and for no other reason, and are especially remarkable for the officiousness with which they comment on points of scenery, yet with as little conception of their true character as a pig might be supposed to possess of the grandeur of a thunder storm, stood at the window of the hotel, staring up at the mountain with a look of vulgar wonder, which was in itself irresistibly "rich" and altogether too ludicrous for our risibilities to endure. Presently, folding her fat red arms across her bosom, taking another squint at the noble object before her, and then, as if overcome by the sublimity of her feelings, suddenly turning toward us her freckled face, which closely resembled in color and *expression* a large ripe pumpkin, she exclaimed, in a highly pathetic tone, "Wa-a-ll now, *du* tell! if that ere mounten aint the beautifulest mounten that ever I seed in all my days! it looks oncommon, don't it?" *Didn't* we laugh, though!—no, we only *sneezed*, and that, in our extreme modesty, we did towards the fire.

Wrapping ourselves warmly in heavy overcoats and shawls, and protecting our hands with thick mittens, we hurried along up the narrow path, which, consisting of small logs laid transversely, afforded a sure footing and an easy ascent. We may remark in passing, that the Crawford path is in our judgment far superior to that of Fabyan; the distance, being about nine miles, is the same. A bright sun cheered us on as we commenced our arduous task. Two hours of toilsome climbing brought us to the summit of Mount Franklin, the first of the series constituting the White Mountain range. Here the view was exciting enough to awaken the most vivid pleasure and urge us without delay to reach a higher point. Descending into a deep ravine, we next reached Monroe Mount, fifteen hundred feet above the Notch. At this point the visitor will be much inclined to rest briefly and look about him, before he proceeds further. The view here also is excellent, but much obstructed, especially toward the south by the La Fayette range, while north and east the prospect is seemingly illimitable. Passing along the side of Mount Jefferson and treading on the verge of a precipice three thousand feet in altitude, we began with giddy steps to scale Mount Washington. The cold was now intense—a damp mist came up from below, rolling towards us in immense volumes that soon hid every thing but the mountain from sight, and augured ill for the issue of our bold attempt. After an hour's severe labor we stood upon the summit. Unexpectedly we emerged from the vapor, and found ourselves looking down on the clouds, which presented a spectacle such as, reader, we venture to assert, was never conceived of by you in your wildest, most extravagant dream. A literal ocean of clouds was all that was visible, reaching off in wide, deflecting masses, white as the purest snow, rising and falling, now swaying to the right or left in enormous undulations, now moving forward before the wind as one vast body, and all glittering with intensest splendor, as in quick succession they turned their broad bosoms to the sun.

These, however, soon dispersed and for a few moments we had a pretty fair view. Mounting a high rock that indicated the topmost point, we set down to contemplate at our leisure such a scene as had

never before met our vision. No villages, no cities, nothing of man was visible—there was no trace of *his* puny doings to be seen. If you ask, reader, what was the prominent feeling in our mind, it was, that we felt exceedingly small and worthless amid the vastness and solemnity of what we *felt* were the works of God. And furthermore, gentle friend, should you ever do an act unworthy of your better self—it is a mere supposition—should ever thoughts of pride or vanity arise within you, go instantly and alone, where you can see *only* yourself and mountains or hills about and beneath you, and a moment's comparison should, methinks, if you are a rational being, cure you effectually of the evil.

Interminable ranges stretched away in every direction—blue peaks rose in loneliness on every side, and between them the eye was lost in the distance, that seemed actually boundless. As we sat, forgetful of the cold, and absorbed in reverie, a faint twittering at our feet caused us to look around, and casting a glance toward a large hole in the rock, we espied a diminutive gray bird hopping about in the chilly air, and nestling close to us, as if seeking human sympathy and aid. We threw it a bit of bread, sprang from the rock, and rushed off down the mountain. A cold blast swept in our faces—the snow was falling fast and the path was almost concealed from sight. The snug parlor in the Crawford House soon received us, and thus was concluded “The Ascent.”

Of our subsequent rambles in Vermont—of the “beauties” and the “boys” of that State—of the pretty maiden who “treated” us to custard and apple pie, and to whom we said things almost as *soft* in return—of Lake Champlain—of our fishing excursion on Lake George—of all these and other matters we are forced to take a reluctant leave, and for the present to bid our readers—farewell.

W. S. C.

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### A RAIL ROAD TO SAN FRANCISCO.\*

THE idea of a complete international Rail Way, connecting the Eastern with the remote Western shore of the Republic, is an idea worthy of the day and of the people in which it has originated.

Various plans for a Road of this nature have, of late, appeared before the public. These have been made dependent, for their successful execution, either upon Funds to be created by sale of Public Lands, to be given to the Company by the United States; or upon a large amount of Capital to be subscribed by private individuals; or upon Moneys to be, from time to time, appropriated to the object by Congress.

None of these Plans have met with the entire approbation of the

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\* Proceedings of the Friends of a Rail Road to San Francisco, at their Public meeting, held at the U. S. Hotel, in Boston, April 19, 1849; approving the Plan proposed by Mr. P. P. F. Degrand, &c., &c. Second Edition. Dutton and Wentworth, Boston, 1849.

people, nor of their Legislators. To each, very valid objections have been offered ; and, though the body of the people regard with especial favor the idea of a grand international Rail Way, terminating at the coast of either sea, Mr. Whitney and Mr. Benton are, as yet, unable to convince the majority that their respective projects, for the accomplishment of this noble work, are practicable.

The Plan which contemplates the creation of the necessary Funds by the sale of Public Lands, appears to be radically defective ; inasmuch as no one will buy the lands until the Road is completed ; it being no object for a moneyed man to invest where his returns must depend upon the uncertainties of a work which is yet in the future. And if the Lands cannot, at present, be sold, the money to build the Road is not available.

The Plan which proposes to acquire a Capital Stock by private subscription is objectionable. The cost of the contemplated Road, including its appurtenances and equipments complete, cannot, it is estimated, fall short of *One Hundred Millions of Dollars* ; an amount equal to one fourth of all the specie in the United States ! To absorb this vast sum from the money market, at the present time, would be to bring back upon the country the disasters and distresses of 1837.

It is estimated that, since the Gold Excitement commenced, twenty millions have been taken from general circulation on California account. The effect of this large drain upon the resources of business was an increase of that depression and gloom, which, before the returns of California gold, hovered over every branch of trade and commerce throughout the country. From one to two per cent. a month was readily obtained, in Wall street and State street, for specie or good paper. Those who had at hand vast accumulations of wealth, reaped a rare harvest. But the moderately rich man, and the poor man, and the entire class of mechanics, and a large majority of the business community were sufferers.

If such be the results when twenty millions are taken out of circulation, what would be the consequences if five times that amount should be immediately locked up from the people ! And if this sum be taken, it must be taken immediately. For the impatient necessities of the nation, arising from the magnitude of its interests East and West, North and South, from the continual and exceeding increase of its population, and, more than all, from the acquisition of a valuable territory upon its remote Pacific frontier, demand that such a Road, if it is ever to be constructed, be brought into actual use in the least possible time.

The Plan which relies for success upon Moneys to be, from time to time, appropriated by Congress, is not without serious objections. Great bodies move slow, says the old proverb ; and nowhere is its truth better illustrated than in the progress of Legislative Assemblies. The "Law's delay" is a reality with us. The frequent transferral of our Executive and Legislative powers, from one political party to another, invariably renders the progress of every Public Work a matter of endless debate, squabble, and delay. Party interests are held



paramount to National interests. Thus speaks the fate of many projects for internal improvement which, from time to time, have been proposed in Congress. As, for example, the Bills providing for the reduction of Postage Rates; for encouragement and protection to Domestic Manufactures; for the improvement of Rivers and Harbors; for a peaceful Government in new territories; &c.

Thirty-three years ago, our system of Permanent Fortifications was devised by a master mind. The Executive, the Legislature, and the people approved it. By universal assent it was entrusted, for execution, to General Bernard; and for the work no man was better qualified. But where is the system now? Where has it been for years past? Where was it when a formidable war, from the other shore of the Atlantic, threatened us? Only in the threshold of its execution, stopped in its progress by Party squabbles and Congressional delays! The decayed derricks and the moss-grown granite, piled up at numerous points along our coasts, are still warning us to beware of entrusting works of Public Necessity to the caprices of Public Legislation.

A few weeks since, another and an entirely new Plan for a Rail Road to San Francisco was offered to the People.

At a meeting convened in Boston, by public notice, on the 19th of April last, Mr. Degrand, of that city, presented a Plan which proposes that a Company, to construct the Road, be chartered by Congress with a Capital Stock of 100 millions of dollars; that this Company, after having paid in 2 millions, shall have the right to borrow United States Six-per-cents to such an amount, not exceeding 98 millions, as may be necessary to complete the Road with a double track, and carry it into full operation; that Congress give to this Company a strip of the Public Lands, 10 miles wide, upon the North side of the Road, also the Land for its Bed and for its Station Houses, and the right to take from the Public Lands whatever materials may be necessary for the construction of the Road. These are the main features of this Plan.

It was, however, also proposed, by the same gentleman, that this Road be built solely by American labor and of American materials; that immediately after the surveys are completed, the Company proceed with its construction on as many different points along its entire route, as may be practicable; bringing into actual use its various portions, as soon as they are completed; that, while the Road is constructing, a Telegraphic Line be established, as far and as fast as expedient, for the uses of the Road, of the Government, and of the Public; that two separate gangs of men, relieving each other, prosecute the work day and night; and, at the most difficult points, three separate gangs be employed, in order that no interruption or delay may occur, either by meals, or by storms, or by night, and that all sorts of work, for the purposes of the Road, be going on at the same moment, throughout its entire route. By such means, it is thought that a Rail Road to San Francisco may be completed during the Presidential administration of Mr. Taylor.

This Plan has, thus far, met with universal approval. To those

who have examined it, it appears to be feasible. The fact that it originated in a city which is acknowledged as the metropolis of Rail Road enterprise, is an omen of its success. Capitalists are willing to take stock, and all that seems wanting to ensure its speedy execution is a single act of Congress : an act granting to the Company the right to borrow the Credit of the United States to the amount of Ninety Eight Millions. The passage of this single act, places the interests of the Road beyond the influence of any future freak of Legislation ; and this is the distinguishing feature of Mr. Degrand's Plan.

While we await, with concern, the discussion of this Plan at the next session of Congress, we will indulge in a few thoughts relative to the subject.

A Rail Road to San Francisco is an important work. It has a momentous bearing upon every National interest, and with its success is also linked the welfare of Communities which are not our own.

Let us follow out these thoughts.

This Road will have an influence upon the PECUNIARY relations of our Country. The length of a Rail Road from Boston to San Francisco will be 3000 miles. At an average speed of 25 miles per hour, including stops and traveling day and night, the Express Train will run through in 5 days. In the First-class Cars, at 2 cents per mile, (which is becoming the average rate of Rail Road Fares in this country,) the Fare will be \$60. In the Second-class Cars, at 1 cent per mile, the fare will be \$30. If, now, we estimate that 200,000 passengers will, annually, pass over this Road, going and returning, between Boston and California, (and it is a reasonable estimate,) the cost of their transportation, supposing that even one-fourth take a second-class passage, is fairly calculated as follows :

|                                                              |              |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Fare of 150,000 1st Class passengers, at \$60 each,          | \$9,000,000  |
| Time and Food of the same, for 5 days, at \$5 per day, each, | 3,750,000    |
| Fare of 50,000 2d Class passengers, at \$30 each,            | 1,500,000    |
| Time and Food of the same, for 5 days, at \$2 per day, each, | 500,000      |
| <hr/>                                                        |              |
| Total expense by the Rail Road Line,                         | \$14,750,000 |

This, it will be noticed, is the expense of those only who take passage at the remote Eastern terminus of the Road. Those who travel from points west of the Atlantic sea-board will, of course, be subjected to a less expense. As, for instance, the passenger from St. Louis, having before him a Road of only 1600 miles, will pay only about one half the Fare of the traveler from Boston.

But allowing that the estimate of \$14,750,000 will be the average expense of the whole, by the Rail Road Line, compare with this the expense of the same travelers by the Sea Route.

The transportation of 200,000 passengers between our Eastern Ports and San Francisco, by Sea, a portion going across the Isthmus, a portion through the Straits of Magellan, a portion around Cape Horn, and one-fourth of the whole taking a second-class passage, is fairly estimated as follows :

|                                                                 |              |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Passage of 150,000 1st Class passengers, at \$150 each,         | \$22,500,000 |
| Time of the same, for 100 days (average) at \$3½ per day, each, | 52,500,000   |
| Passage of 50,000 2d Class passengers, at \$50 each,            | 2,500,000    |
| Time of the same, for 100 days (average) at \$1 per day, each,  | 5,000,000    |
| Total expense by the Sea Route,                                 | \$82,500,000 |
| Deduct expense by the Rail Road Line,                           | 14,750,000   |
| Clear saving of expense,                                        | \$67,750,000 |

In this estimate, the cost of passage is placed below the average rate. Few First-class passengers have shipped at a less price than \$250, by Cape Horn, or the waters of Magellan; and by the Isthmus, the average expense has been nearly \$500. The cost of a marine outfit, which is expensive as well as necessary, and the cost of Insurances, are not considered in this estimate; nor is the extra risk of Life, nor the disappointments and delays always incident to long voyages by sea.

The Overland Route, as it now exists, is as dangerous, and, perhaps, as expensive as the Sea Route. It traverses an almost unknown waste, infested by savage tribes of Redmen. It defiles through intricate Mountain-passes and winds over snow-covered summits. It offers neither hospitality nor cheer to the weary traveler. Fatigue and sudden changes of temperature, not less than the prairie-wolf and the rifle of the Indian, thin the ranks of adventurers toiling across its waste, to the promised land. Many, who have ventured upon this Route, have come back, disheartened and diseased, leaving comrades dead by the wayside. A Californian, recently returned, states that he left 25,000 emigrants, encamped within a circuit of 200 miles upon the South Western frontier of Missouri, who are unable to proceed on account of sickness, and of the scarcity of guides, of food, and of water. Grass sufficient to maintain their cattle, would not grow upon the Route during twelve months to come!

If, then, we estimate that 200,000 persons will annually pass to and fro, between California and the Eastern States, the annual saving of expense to the People, by means of a complete international Rail Road, will be *Sixty-seven Million, Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars*; a sum which, in two years, will more than repay its entire cost!

In this connection there is another thought. As a general thing, a Rail Road always increases the value of the land through which it passes. The truth of this remark is forcibly illustrated in the State of Massachusetts, which, at this day, has 1500 miles of Rail Road, costing nearly fifty millions of dollars. For instance, the land bordering upon the "South Shore Rail Road," in that State, (which was opened January 1, 1849,) has increased in value, to an average of not less than \$50 an acre, for a strip of two miles in width, upon each side.

By this increase of the value of Property, on either side of a Rail Road, we can account for the facility with which a large amount of money has become tangible, and appropriated to the construction of Rail Roads in this country. It is less than twenty years since the first Rail Road was opened in the United States. And on the 1st of Janu-

ary, 1848, their iron web covered our Land to an extent of 6,154 miles, and at a cost of \$145,260,011. A fact which shows that a Rail Road is a creator of vast national wealth.

Now a Rail Road to San Francisco will pass through an immense extent of land, which is, at present, for all practical purposes, valueless. The United States is the proprietor of an idle farm, which returns nothing to the treasury. This farm stretches from the Mississippi, upon the one hand, to the Pacific shore upon the other; running through twenty degrees of latitude, and comprising an area differing not much from the sum of the areas of the Twenty-Nine States. Judging from the past history of Rail Road enterprise, it is reasonable to suppose that the existence of this great iron thoroughfare, penetrating through the heart of this idle farm, even unto the valleys of the Sacramento, will immediately render the Public Lands saleable; and will increase their value to such an extent that their revenue would soon repay the cost of the Road, and would furnish means for the construction of other Roads, diverging from this, the main artery, and threading, in every direction, the Great West; stopping short of no seaport on the Pacific Ocean.

There will be an influence from this work upon our CIVIL relations. The Republic now spans the entire breadth of the North American Continent. Its shores are washed by the waters of two Oceans. Its Southernmost limit looks upon the tropic of Cancer, and its Northern is near the farthest line of the temperate zone. Its geographical area nearly equals the area of the entire continent of Europe. With this vast increase of territory, have crowded in new relations and diverse interests. The mass of Republicanism has become unwieldy. What will prevent it from following natural laws, and falling to pieces by its own unwieldiness? It must be propped up by every conservative element. It must be bound by every band of unity. A thoroughly international feeling must be fostered, and a social as well as a political union be maintained. The people must be brought into easy contact and communion with each other. The woodsman upon the Aroostook boundary must know the goldman in California; the planter in Alabama, the trapper at St. Anthony's Falls; the merchant at Boston, the trader at Astoria; and each must have access to each other. To this end, thoroughfares of Intelligence and Intercommunication must be opened. These thoroughfares are Rail Ways and Telegraphic Lines, which always travel side by side. And these are the conservative elements, these the bands of unity which are to consolidate the numberless and diverse interests of the Republic.

An intelligent People is a law and order-loving Pople. Build Rail Roads, then, that knowledge may fly through the Land.

It is a question whether California could exist as a member of the Confederacy, under her present physical relation to the States on this side of the Rocky Mountains. She is now as far from Washington, as is Bombay from London. And even when the steamers from San Francisco to the Isthmus, and thence to New York, shall be in regular connection, California is forty days' distant, and that, in this day of

steam and electricity, is very remote. New York papers tell us what was going on in New Orleans, a few hours since. A disastrous fire was kindled in St. Louis, and on the next morning the people in the region of Passamaquoddy Bay knew of it. But the people in San Francisco do not hear of it until two months, or more, have passed; and yet the latter city is geographically nearer St. Louis than is the eastern corner of Maine.

The iron clamps of a Rail Road must bind California to us, ere she can exist as one of our Family. Then a passage of three days will bring the citizen of San Francisco to the Mississippi valley, of four days to the Capitol, of five days to Plymouth Rock; and he will realize that, though 3000 miles intervene between himself and us, he is as near to his Eastern fellow citizens, and is as familiar with their interests, as if his home were in their midst.

But, by far the most glorious influence of this work will be its MORAL influence. The moral influence of a Rail Road? Yes, there is such a thing, and few of the moral agencies of man are more potent.

The moment that this Rail Road is completed, it will become the great Passageway of the European mails and the European travelers to the Pacific isles and to Asia. Asia is a pagan land. Its nearest neighbors are either Pagans, or, what is but little better, "nominal Christians." Heretofore, Christianity has been able to assail it only from the West. During ninety-nine years, that have elapsed since Swartz landed at Tranquebar, the unequal contest has been carried on, and with indifferent success. But now the enemy is vulnerable from an opposite quarter. Steamers from San Francisco will, in a passage of twenty days, land the Christian Missionary, and the Christian Press, and all the influences of a Christian Civilization at the gates of Pekin. The darkest corners of benighted India will be brought within twenty-five days of New England. And upon either shore of that poor Land, and upon the numberless Islands of the intervening sea, the light of the Cross will begin to dawn.

There is more in the contemplation of such an event, than words can tell. And all this is linked with a Rail Road to San Francisco.

But this is not all. The untutored Redman, who now prowls over that wide territory through which this Road must pass, is to be made, by it, a better being. Christian Civilization cannot enter his domain and pass daily before his wigwam, without tinging him with its regenerating influences. American villages will arise upon his hunting grounds; the New England ploughshare will drive through his prairies; the church spire will ascend where his war songs were sung. The Indian will be no longer a savage. Thus will changes come upon the inefficient and superstitious Mexican. The cruel religion of the Aztecs will pass forever away. And all this, and more, is linked with a Rail Road to San Francisco.

One more thought. When this Road is built, the entire globe will be girdled by steam. Then you may take the cars at Boston, and after five days land at San Francisco. Thence an American steamer will convey you to Canton, touching, in her course, at the Sandwich

Islands. From Canton, English steamers are running to Bombay and Suez. Crossing the isthmus of Suez, steam will take you to Liverpool, and steaming thence, after an absence of less than 125 days, you will find yourself again at your New England home.

How soon, after the consummation of such an event, will the English language become the Dialect of the globe!

A Railroad to San Francisco, then, is an important Work; having a momentous bearing upon every interest of our own Nation, and upon the welfare of Nations which are not our own.

Circumstances seem to have made us responsible for its execution. It is a weighty responsibility; but from it we must not shrink. The vast importance of this Work we cannot estimate, until, with our own eyes, we shall see the glimmering of that Light which is yet to blaze upon the shores of India; until we shall see the gates of Japan and of those Islands of the sea long blockaded by Barbarism, swinging upon their rusty hinges; until we shall see all the rude differences of Custom and Opinion, which have, for ages, separated the Eastern and the Western nations, disappearing; and American Influences shall tinge the most distant summits of the globe.

W. R. B.

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### THE VICTORY.

STILL Night had thrown her mantle o'er the Earth,  
And wrapped within her dusky folds each trace  
Of human and divine invention,—vale  
And mountain, tower, roof, streamlet, ocean,—all  
That in the gladsome hours of sunlight swell  
The soul with joy or fond bewilderment;  
While through the dark, impenetrable gloom,  
Like smiles from those we love, in trial's hour,  
The stars of Heaven diffused their angel-eyed  
Effulgence—shadow of Eternal Good—  
The pall which hushed the voice and step of man.

But there was one within whose breast a storm  
Of Passion raged, and lall'd its wrath, and rose  
Anew, with crushing, fierce, relentless power.  
A soul-born spell was on him—season fit  
For stern reflection, thought, and inward strife,  
When bright, intangible, strange, formless, real,  
The Future glows, when Fame, Dishonor, Life  
With all its mystery and woe, when Duty's call,  
Like lightning's varied, fitful glare, bind close  
The Student's meditative fancy.

Thick

And fast the phantoms glide before the eyes,  
A mass of shadowy brightness, shadowy gleom.  
There stood the Past, though brief to him, the same

As ever is the Past to Youth and Age, and marked  
 With its appropriate impress. E'en then,  
 The dreamer shuddered at its fearful form :  
 E'en then, he saw within its grasp, the hopes  
 Of early years deferred forever—crushed  
 And blighted long ago, while boyhood's dreams,  
 Like dust lay scattered loosely in its path,  
 Or flitted with the passing breeze along  
 The hollow, nerveless, fleshless skeleton !

While bright and joyous like an angel-bride,  
 With retinue of Purity and Love,  
 Begirt with silv'ry cloud and crown'd with gold,  
 The FUTURE swept in airy beauty by,  
 And thus addressed in voice harmonious,  
 The tossed and troubled soul : " At what is lost,  
 Gaze not—but turn thy face toward me with hope,  
 And follow on ! The dauntless heart shall win !"

He sighed, and feared to hope,—and thus he checked  
 The inward risings of the soul toward Heaven  
 And Fame ; for Hope and Aspiration both  
 Might ever die, and swell the ruin of the Past !  
 The Tempter's voice fell sweeter far, and in  
 Despair and blind forgetfulness he sank !

Inwoven with the gaudy, glitt'ring name  
 Of Pleasure, rose a pestilential flame,  
 Which blights its cheated victim ; lurid fire,  
 Which dries the springs of peace, with baleful heat,  
 Enchants, deceives, consumes the soul to dust.  
 It kindled up a blaze within his heart,  
 As midnight conflagration lights the gloom,  
 And in the thrill of lust, he lost awhile  
 Hope, Purity, and Heaven—Future and Past.

But e'er the hot delusion blasted all  
 That yet was left of glory there, strong swept  
 A breath from Duty's altar-fire below,  
 And quenched the wasting curse. A lowly spark,  
 The spark of life—the smile of God—was there,  
 And e'er the morning sun had tinged the east  
 With gold, there burned within that breast a flame  
 Purer and brighter far, from that divine,  
 Lone spark originated.

More glorious  
 The VICTORY, which that young Student gained,  
 Than ever glitters in the Life of Vice,  
 Or, writ in blood, the page of History stains.

TRYPHIODORUS

## CALIFORNIA, HO!

How mysterious and unsearchable are the footsteps of Providence! Clouds, dark and impenetrable, often fall around and before us, and we may strain our eyes in vain to learn our real position and the tendency of our course; but when time has borne us through the gloom out into the clear sunlight and we cast a glance backward upon our track, from which those clouds are now swept away, the mystery is unveiled—the unerring guidance of Deity is distinctly traced. Every close inspector of his past life cannot fail to see, that, while in numberless instances those actions and events which seemed most to favor his plans have proved their greatest obstructions; on the other hand, occurrences foretoking naught but evil have resulted in signal advantage—that joy and beauty have beamed where he looked only for distaste and deformity—that success has greeted him where failure seemed inevitable. However man may pride himself on his strength of intellect and far-reaching sagacity, there is yet a secret but mighty power upon him whose control he cannot shake off.

“There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we may.”

The same wondrous Providence is over all, alike to guide the swallow’s flight and to control the movements of nations. How often has young Liberty, when thrown into difficulty and danger, contrary to expectation and almost against hope, by some surprising turn of events, come forth from her perils clothed in fresh beauty and vigor! How often has some tyrannical power, secure in the even flow of prosperity, and boasting in the flush of success, been overtaken by sudden disaster, its security turned to consternation, and its boasting to beggary, while at the same time the uninhabited waste has been made to “bud and blossom as the rose,” under the culture of “a nation born in a day.” Verily, the Lord reigneth, “He sitteth on his viewless throne,” and by a resistless energy disposeth the relations of men to suit the purposes of his will.

In the recent history of California, that world-renowned, wondrous spot of earth, is presented an impressive example of the Divine control over human affairs. But three or four swift years have passed us by since all that western region lay as silent and tranquil in the possession of a few scattered people, as the waters of the Pacific that slumber along its coast. The long mountain sides groaned under a heavy growth of magnificent pines and goodly cedars, among whose darkly shaded trunks the axe of the woodman had never resounded. There, the gruff black bear, fattening in undisturbed security, waddled lazily over the soft pine carpet spread yearly for his dainty feet, and squirrels red, black, and grey, chattered merrily to the many-voiced echoes. No sound of white man’s voice or footstep ever disturbed the



beauty and sublimity of the place ; but the eagle's scream, the caw of that indomitable and everywhere-present bird, the crow, as with outstretched wings he poised himself on the topmost branch of the pine, swaying to and fro in the storm-wind, or the wild beast's voice, were the only sounds familiar to those old woods. Down from these lonely retreats rushed numberless streamlets which, meeting in the valleys below, flowed onward in tranquil and majestic solitude to the ocean. Along their banks and stretching away on either side to the mountain bases lay extensive fields, sometimes amounting even to vast prairies, of remarkable beauty and fertility, but for the most part unvisited and uncultivated by man. The black and strong soil produced spontaneously a luxuriant growth of deep-colored herbage that was never disturbed, save by the hoof of the wild ox or the light tread of the elk as he sought at noonday to bathe in the placid stream or enjoy the cool, fresh shade of the trees upon its bank. In few and plain words, all the vast resources of that extensive region lay neglected and, of course, profitless to mankind. Its immense forests of heavy and beautiful timber stood waiting to be floated down the rivers to the noblest harbor in the world, and there moulded into the ministers of a thrifty commerce. Its broad fields of melting richness needed only the plough and the scattered seed to load them with heavy and most precious crops, to the joy of the cultivator and the sustenance of hungry humanity. There were, indeed, numerous tribes of savage redmen lurking in the narrow defiles and along the bases of the mountains, who, however, in their proud degradation disdained, of course, to cultivate the soil. True to their ferocious nature, they chose rather to spend the night in celebrating the war-dance around the council-fire, tossing on high their polished weapons that sent a gleam far back into the rayless forest, throwing themselves into the wildest attitudes and their painted faces into the most hideous contortions, with an occasional whoop that thrilled and penetrated the woods for miles, startling the very wild beast from his repose ! In suchlike scenes they found their savage pleasure during the long hours of night, while, wearied by the excitement of the dance and this tumult of the passions, the day was spent in listless, dreamy indolence or in plying the streams for fish and the woods for game. Verily, those noble woods, those deep streams and fertile fields were never designed for such inhabitants ! As I have before intimated, there was, beside, here and there a Mexican hamlet nestled amid the verdure ; but that sparse and oppressed population were little in advance of their Indian neighbors in agriculture and every species of thrifty industry. The shiftless, dilapidated appearance of the out-buildings and the delirious disorder prevailing among the various implements of husbandry and other appurtenances of almost every dwelling indicated the lethargic indolence of the proprietors. Religion held out no golden crown, to be won only by vigorous warfare under the banner of the Cross—distinction in the State was beyond their hope or wish—and what motive to action remained ? Plainly none, save the indulgence of the appetites and fleshly inclinations. The glorious beauty and richness Nature had spread so profusely around failed to arouse their intoxicated

souls. No signs or sounds of industry were anywhere distinguishable. Indeed, the whole face of that land on the livelong summer day, presented an aspect as silent and dreamy, yet as beautiful, as the silvery cloud that floated in the sky above it. Could but the spirit of activity and enterprise be breathed into those pulseless Mexicans, the magic scene of cities rising, commerce skimming the seas and rivers with her white wings, forests leveled, and fields waving with golden harvests, would be speedily presented. But the deathlike imbecility of their government, the paralyzing effects of a grinding religion forbade any such hope. Neither in regard to them nor their posterity was such an achievement ever to be expected. For though hordes of offspring were reared, according to the general principle that the number of children is inversely as the parent's respectability and enterprise, yet it was only to experience the miserable fortunes of their fathers, or to die prematurely of filth and idleness. There remained then to California no hope while in her present circumstances. The noble resources of her forests and fields must remain undeveloped, her deep streams roll onward still, without a burden on their bosom save the Indian canoe. The people must continue to enjoy their demon-haunted dream of indolence, strangers to the unalloyed sweetness of a virtuous and industrious life, as well as to the intense pleasure of intellectual cultivation, and, what is more painful still, without one pure beam from that immortality that shines through the tomb to the follower of Christ. A new race must be introduced, a new government and a new religion ere this Eden can be reclaimed to the blessing of man and the true and happy worship of God. But whither can the friend of humanity, who surveys this tempting region, look for the realization of his hopes? Torpidity is the very soul that pervades earth, air and sea—whence then is to come the life-giving leaven that will be sufficient to reanimate the whole lump? If the eye run over the entire American continent, north and south, it meets no brighter spot, none more hopeful in freedom, knowledge or religion than the very one to be reclaimed; none, I should say, save one. Far away to the eastward, spread over a vast country, is the sleepless, dauntless race of Anglo-Saxons. The low thunders of their incessant industry are heard even on these silent shores. Flashes of their intelligence and liberty and holy religion sometimes brighten on the horizon of this night of the mind and heart, but with only a transient glow that leaves the darkness profounder than before. Yet here all hopes must center. Though no signs of release from misrule greet the Californian, and though the Saxon loves liberty too well to barter it for the richest possessions under a capricious and domineering authority, yet from the United States alone must redemption come, or this enchanting land will slumber on forever, a dead loss to its Creator and to mankind. But in the Great Maker's harmony there is no chord that will not vibrate to His purposes. Redemption will come and that right early. When Liberty is forth-leaping a newborn goddess from the womb of mind, wherein the germ was originally planted, and that, too, in lands the most enslaved and hopeless, when the light of knowledge and pure Christianity is struggling to illumine

the clouds of ignorance and superstition, like the heat-lightning at midnight, appearing first in faint and transient glimmerings, then widening and brightening till it glows over the whole celestial vault, it is impossible that no new ray dawn on the Western Hemisphere, in one portion of which those blessings are already enjoyed in their highest perfection. How the work is to be done is beyond the reach of human ken. We have only to be still and observe the movements of Providence.

For a long series of years sources of distrust and dissatisfaction had been constantly multiplying between the United States and Mexico. Within a few months especially, these sources had rapidly augmented in number and importance, till at length and on a sudden, the wisdom or wickedness of rulers plunged the two nations into war. I know not how it may have been with others, but in my earliest childhood I could never think of war but with a feeling of intensest astonishment and horror. In my boyish dreams its ghastly terrors have been painted to me, I doubt not, in something very near to the vividness of reality. It may have resulted from cowardice, but often have I stood in "th' imminent, deadly breach," and felt the keen thrust of the enemy's blade, or the stinging, burning, fainting sensation of the bullet flying through my vitals. In the empty show of military parade, the penetrating peal of the bugle, the rattle and roar of drums, the screaming of fifes, the fluttering of banners, the glitter of a thousand bayonets, the tossing of a thousand plumes, the prancing of the war horse, the shouting of the captains and the noise of the moving host, which avail so often to hide the foul intent, have never been able to shut out from my imagination the pallid faces of the dead or the unearthly shrieks and groans of the dying. And is not war indeed a revolting and fiendish work? We too often look upon an army of soldiers, clad in military habiliments and marching on to battle, as no more than so many decorated puppets set in regular order, a certain proportion of which by the working of some hidden machinery will, as a matter of course, be tumbled over by the rest and left behind, while the remnant will move off the field to be arranged and trimmed for a second like maneuver. We forget that each individual of the vast multitude is the once well-known and esteemed citizen, the son, the brother, the husband or the father, possessed of all the high hopes, tender affections and darling objects that make life so intensely desirable. Oh, is it not a most unnatural sight to see hostile lines of such beings, with such relations, kept in being by the same Hand, lifting their weapons and throwing the fatal bullet into the heart which they are bound to animate and cheer by words of kindness and heavenly love, or transfixing with the bayonet the body around which they are commanded to throw the arm of protection and brotherhood! Yet such was the spectacle now presented by our own and a sister Republic. Verily, it would seem that the Almighty himself must fail to bring good out of such infernal evil!

At the very opening of the contest, the impetuous Saxon plunged forward into the enemy's country, and the hostile armies disappeared like mist before him, in slaughter or flight. Without meeting a single

reverse, he planted his victorious banners on the most impregnable fortresses and proudest citadels of Mexico. The successful struggle was followed up till the blood-thirstiest war-spirits were glutted with carnage, when, strange to tell, as the storm of battle moved away there appeared in its dismal rearward a bow of hope and promise. By an article of the treaty of peace, it was stipulated that California with her unrivaled seaport and wealth of internal resource should be surrendered to the victors. By this transfer the deadly miasm of civil and religious tyranny that had so long brooded over the land was swept away, and its place supplied by the pure air of freedom. A new field was thus opened for the spread of civilization and free institutions. But the present inhabitants, few in number and incapable of appreciating their privileges, would of themselves reap but little advantage from the change. Though by a strange means one important object, namely, a free government, had been gained, yet a new people of higher abilities and purer religion must be introduced ere the work would be completed. But here very serious difficulties arose. The country was comparatively unknown to our people. Its exceeding beauty and fertility had not been portrayed in the journals of the day. No motions had been or were likely to be urged, strong enough to arrest and interest the popular mind. Moreover, the extreme remoteness of the region as well as the dangers and hardships attending a journey thither must effectually prevent, for the present at least, the emigration of any save perhaps a few daring adventurers. Thus the full settlement of the new province, if effected at all, must be protracted to a very distant period. But here let us again pause and mark the wonderful ways of Providence. Scarcely had the thunder of battle died away upon the ear, and the citizen soldiery resumed their peaceful avocations, when the whole nation was thrown, with electric suddenness, into a state of unheard-of excitement. A humble individual, while strolling beside a stream that came dashing down the mountains where he had been a thousand times before, observing as usual on its pebbly bottom, small, flaky substances glittering in the sun, feels for the first time a curiosity to examine the beautiful spangles more closely. Accordingly he stooped down, and scooping up a handful of the mixture, is leisurely employed in separating the bright particles and admiring their rich hue, when the idea pops, like a meteor, into his head, that the substance he is observing so indifferently, may perhaps be that much coveted metal, gold! Aware of its plenteousness in that region, and having, like the rest of us, the "root of all evil" spreading itself in his heart, he is filled with intense interest, and gives himself no rest till he is transported with delight on finding his suspicions well grounded. The secret of the grand discovery soon struggles forth from those remote wilds, and being caught up by the keen-eyed newspaper falcons on our southern borders is borne with the speed of thought to every hall and hamlet in the land. New developments rapidly follow, and "CALIFORNIA GOLD!" in huge characters, with appropriate "marks of wonder and astonishment," stare in the reader's face from every page of every public journal. Some of the "old settlers," who have had their

ears filled before with such El Dorado tales, smile pityingly at the credulity of their neighbors, and congratulate themselves on their superior penetration. But the vast majority swallow all with eager avidity and this once the crazy populace come out ahead of the sages. For this Golden Land, unlike that far-famed one of Spanish fable, does not recede as the adventurers approach, since some are already returning with palpable signs of its accessibility ; though not, like those Eastern enthusiasts, filled with ravishing but fictitious stories of the glittering palaces of the Great Moxo.

Official reports, too, from the " gold region " soon make their appearance, confirming previous rumors, and describing even in more glowing phrase the prodigious fruitfulness of the mines, till even the most hardened unbeliever is compelled to " submission." The thing once fairly settled, crowds of adventurers flock to the sea-coast eager to embark. The merchant in his counting-room, the mechanic in his shop, the farmer in his field, are arrested in their slow and tedious pursuit of wealth, and with earnest hearts and blooming hopes set out upon the golden errand. Many a young day-dreamer, overtaken with unutterable enthusiasm, revels in imagination among the splendors and luxuries of princely wealth, till his very night-visions are framed of a golden tissue. Lawyers, doctors, editors and deacons join the same company for the wonderful land. Even ministers have been known to retain so much of the old man as to part without apparent reluctance with all signs of the new, and lay aside the clerical quill for the pick-axe and spade, leaving their fellow-men to seek the true riches as best they may, while they rake together a little of this world's dross. Others, however, of the same class have doubtless gone with the noblest of purposes. I have not space, nor is it necessary, to speak of the vast interests to be affected by this rapid settlement of California, of its tendency to familiarize all nations with each other's languages, customs, and characters, not only upon the soil itself, but by increased facilities of intercommunication between all parts of the earth, of the impulse thus given to the spread of civilization and Christianity, in a word, of the long stride the world has taken in this event towards the latter day glory. All this must be apparent to the most unthinking observer. In all these events, then, we cannot fail to see displayed with striking clearness the hand of Deity. That this immense wealth should have lain undiscovered till this particular and most auspicious moment, must be attributed to an overruling power, especially when it is known that but a few years previous a very celebrated geologist of our land had made a thorough survey of that very region, and, though observing remarkable indications of abundant gold, had neglected to institute the least search ; which unaccountable conduct he now avers cannot appear stranger to any than to himself.

It is a painful reflection which must thrust itself upon us in connection with this subject, that of the multitudes who have already gone with enthusiasm so ardent and hopes so cloudless, many a one has been shorn of all in a moment, and friends whom he left weeping on the shore have had their heart-strings torn beyond the hope of healing

by the news of his fate. To this number belongs the unfortunate individual whose sad story I am now about to relate.

Born in a secluded but lovely spot in our glorious New England, he had felt from early boyhood all those influences that tend to give freshness and warmth to the affections, simplicity and beauty to the character, and nobility to the soul. His father was a farmer, in moderate circumstances, yet possessed of all that can in reality make life beautiful and happy. The estate, of narrow limits but of surpassing fertility, lay nestled in a little valley between lofty hills, whose sides were covered from base to summit with forests of oak and pine, save that here and there the continuance was broken by gray piles of frowning rocks. Orchards of choice and thrifty fruit trees stretched away from the little hamlet in every direction, while aged elms and maples, planted by a distant ancestry, and hence seeming to nourish a spirit of sanctity among their moss-grown branches, almost embowered the building itself from sight; yet when approached, it was seen to be of simple architecture, possessing, in short, all the characteristics of an unassuming farm-house. What a cluster of amiable virtues were likely to spring up from such soil, the reader can judge. Nevertheless, for a more intimate acquaintance, let me introduce you to the family circle.

The father was an admirable representation of that class of farmers who esteem a life of quietude, virtue, unostentatious benevolence and humble piety, the ultimatum of earthly enjoyment. To train up his family in mutual affection, virtue, intelligence and piety, was to him an object infinitely more worth than to deck the body in purple and gold, while the mind and heart went habited in rags. The benign influence of his example and instructions was deeply felt by the whole household, than which a happier never surrounded the domestic hearthstone. Nor was he without sympathy in his noble views of parental duty, for Providence had blessed his youthful days with one who had proved indeed a help-meet. With the tenderest and holiest affection known to mortal hearts they had threaded together the mazes of life, which had thus far seemed to them but the love-designed windings of a flower-strewn path. And now, as they sat by the evening fireside and beheld the intelligent and happy faces that beamed upon them, they felt the bond grow momentarily stronger and holier, and together blessed the God who had made them so happy. Their first-born was an only daughter, a beautiful, black-eyed girl, and two years the superior of the subject of our sketch. A more fortunate pair than they, I verily believe have rarely breathed the atmosphere of earth. True, they were not born to rank, or wealth, or what the *world* calls pleasure, but if purity, and simplicity, and love, sweetened and sanctified by childlike faith, can make a happy home, they were indeed most blest. Who that has known the warmth and tenderness of a sister's love, and such a sister as my friend Ed. Harrow had, can doubt that his young life was as bright and joyous as the summer morning. In childhood, each was the life and soul of the other, and seldom during those long, happy years were they separated from each other's society. Together as spring returned, they planned the miniature flower-garden—together

as the warm summer days came on, they strolled into the meadow and wallowed for hours in the sweet-scented grass beneath the apple trees, where the sister gathered nosegays for her brother, or playfully crowned him god of meadows with a chaplet of flowers.

As years rolled by, a less tumultuous but deeper and holier affection gradually stole upon them. The gleeful pleasures of childhood gave place to the more contemplative enjoyments of youth. Their minds overstepped by degrees their hitherto narrow limits, and the finer harmonies of the soul began to be awakened by the pure and beautiful in nature and in feeling. They became alive to a new world, before undiscovered, the world of passion, of thought and fancy. The treasures of beauty that lay garnered in the scenery around their own home were opened to their perception, and the lofty hill that rose to the west of the little cottage was oftener climbed, and longer and more earnestly did they gaze from the rock far up on its side, watching on the wooded mountain to the eastward the edge of the golden haze which the sun was spreading over the tree-tops as it crept silently to the summit. Here they learned to love more and more their hill-encircled home, and often as they talked,

“ The shades of eve came slowly down,  
The woods were wrapped in deeper brown,  
The owl awakened from her dell,  
The fox was heard upon the fell,”

ere they quitted the lone rock on the hill-side. But the chill of night and the loved home-joys of the evening time would at length arrest them in their reveries, and with hearts made light by innocent thought they would descend to the cottage. With hope and pride, the parents observed the luster of moral and mental beauty that advancing years were shedding on the countenance of their son, which, like the honey of Hymettus, foretokened a glorious career. Few, indeed, in youth, gave better promise of a useful life. Generous and chivalric by nature, he was ever the comforter of the unhappy and the champion of the injured. Many a bleeding nose has been disarmed of its pain, and many a sad face brightened by his unfailing sympathy. But I must hasten to acquaint the reader with another phase in my friend's history.

About a quarter of a mile to the east of the cottage I have described was another, situated in a quiet dell near the base of a gently sloping mountain, and the home of a wealthy family. To one of its inmates, an only daughter and only child, I will now introduce the reader. I have her at this moment in my mind's eye, a girl of seventeen summers, of graceful form and agile step, her blue eyes twinkling roguery and her silken hair dancing like sunbeams about her shoulders. Ella Sanford was a happy creature—her veins were full of throbbing life. Long before the sun shot his first rays over the mountain summit upon the treetops, she was out in the grass-grown, wooded ravine, plucking the dew-spangled wild flowers, and trilling her morning song as melodiously as a very lark. She loved to live with the birds and flowers and

brooks and trees, for naught else seemed pure enough for her angel spirit. The harmonies of music afforded a fitting expression to her happiness, and long would she sit throwing her fingers over the ivory keys and pouring forth her soul in song. Loveliness like hers could not long lie hid from Ed. Harrow's penetrating eye, and often at the twilight hour he stole away to her home, drawn by the bewildering charms of her society. Scarcely had this intimacy commenced ere he found himself loving the little fairy with all the fervor of his nature. For a time he dared not reveal his passion. She was so roguish and gleeful, he feared she would laugh and in sport call him her Romeo ! for once she had gemmed her hair with roses, and wreathed her snowy form with evergreen, and peeping unobserved over his shoulder, as he turned to find the source of the warm breath on his cheek, had imprinted there a burning kiss ; then gliding before him in a gay dance, tossing her white arms encircled by a wreath of flowers, had laughed most unfeelingly as he thought at the blushes and confusion she had caused ; but had he observed the blush on her own cheek and known the throbbing of her own heart at the effect she had produced, he would certainly have forgiven her. At length, he gained courage and resolved at all hazards to declare his love. The blushes that came mandling to her cheek, the gaze downcast upon the flower twirled assiduously in her trembling fingers, the occasional upturning of the face with a compressed smile, a radiant eye and an inquiring expression, all told plainly the tender tale. He saw that her heart was his own, and repeated interviews only made him wonder he had been so blind. But he was poor, and her wealthy sire had regarded him with coldness ever since their attachment was discovered. His lofty spirit scorned the suppliant's place, nor, so long as means remained untried, would he wed even her without her father's full consent and wish. His ear soon caught the cry that was now coming up from the wilds of California, and, grasping the opportunity, he resolved at once to leave the hallowed joys of home, and lose for a time the caresses of Ella's love, that he might gain a thing his soul despised. Long and earnestly did the mother plead, and his sister, throwing her arms about his neck, her hair streaming down over his bosom, sobbed in convulsive grief, while the father strove by persuasion and argument to convince him of his folly. The son, on the other hand, employed all his eloquence to calm their fears and gain their approval by anticipating a prosperous voyage and a speedy return. His earnest purpose was soon seen to be inflexible, and the family prepared with heavy hearts to bid an adieu.

The appointed day soon arrived, and they committed the cherished object of their love with many prayers and tears to the mercy of an unsympathizing world. In spite of his firm resolves he felt his heart grow faint and sick as he saw his native shores dwindle and sink in the ocean waves, and felt himself borne on the canvas-winged bird of the sea, far away over the lone and trackless waste. It seemed to him a vivid image of that painful hour when the soul ceases its communion with earth and wings its way to an endless home ! Alas ! he little thought that ere seven suns had rolled away his spirit would embark



on this returnless voyage ! Scarcely had he turned away from gazing on the last sinking mountain-top, when a fearful disease seized upon him with relentless fury. Oh, then what thoughts of home, what thoughts of love made him long and struggle for life ! But Death would not be baffled, and as the seventh sun glanced along the western waves he added another trophy to his nameless victories. They wrapped his noble form in a blanket shroud and laid it in a rude, unplanned coffin ; then, under the solemn moonlight, a voice, low and trembling, was heard for a little space to read from the sacred page—it ceased—a moment passed—a splash—a brief gurgling of the waters—and the cruel ocean ripples rolled irreverently onward as before, and began their monotonous beating against the vessel's side. Oh, how it makes one shudder to think of such a sepulture ! There is something of pleasure in the thought of a quiet slumber in some chosen resting-place, where the sunlight may fall, the willow droop upon our grave, and the wild bird pour a gladsome lay to our departed spirits, where friends may come bearing wreaths of flowers and moisten the sod with their tears ; but with what dread do we shrink from a burial in the dreary, chilly waves, to be wafted about eternally in the sea's dismal depths, or become food for its slimy inhabitants !

Now that we have followed the wanderer to his end, let us return on the parental roof. Daily, nay, hourly, had those parents invoked the blessings of Heaven on their child. The sister sought oftener the society of her whom she knew her brother loved, and ever would the tear-drop leap even to Ella's joy-beaming eye, when they spoke of his perils, and the possibility that he might never return ! Thus weeks and months passed by, and as yet no tidings of the absent came. But the blow cannot long be stayed, for on the first returning ship the mournful message is flying to their anxious hearts. The black seal tells a white-lipped tale—Edward, the loved, is now the lost ! Ah, reader, I would that you might have witnessed that scene, for grief is holy, and 't is a blessing to behold it ! That little messenger with its simoon breath had swept every plant of hope and joy from that once happy circle, and left their hearts torn and bleeding. Reason for a time seemed poisoning on the wing, but God who had dealt the blow was faithful to his children, and the parent's found at length in the Christian's faith a healing balm. But the gushing fountains of a sister's young heart refused to be stopped. A thousand clamorous memories crowded around her, each demanding a crystal tear. The rock, the meadow, even the glad sunlight, all were laden with sadness.

Ella, "the bird of the mountain," lost her merry song and drooped in silence and solitude. Her dreams of cloudless happiness had fled before the grim presence of sorrow, and now no society is to her so dear, no conversation so sweet, as that of the broken-hearted sister of the loved and lost.

O. L. W.

## OUR VILLAGE GRAVE-YARD.

NAY, frown not, reader, at my subject, for I do not intend to read you a homily on the uncertainty of life or the certainty of death, since these are topics which would, indeed, be out of place here. I am aware that to most, associations of grief and sadness are inseparably connected with the Grave-Yard. An instinctive love of life leads us to regard Death as our direst foe, and we style him the "King of Terrors." We regard him as a stern, rapacious tyrant, who sways an iron scepter over a dark and cheerless realm, while with an insatiable avarice he is continually clutching at the beautiful and good of earth. Tears and entreaties of heart-broken friends are of no avail in his sight, for his is a sateless maw that continually cries "give, give." And when once his ponderous iron doors have closed on his victim, there is no escape.

"His gates deny

All passage, save to those who hence depart,

Nor to the streaming eye

He gives them back, nor to the broken heart."

But there during the long lapse of ages, all that we love—all that seems worth living for on earth, must lie entombed in darkness and sorrow, while over them a pitiless despot sits as ruler.

But to me, that "grim monarch's" dark and cheerless realm has ever been an object of interest. To me, life seems at best a toilsome journey along a rough and stoney road, beneath a dark and stormy sky. To be sure, there are here and there bright openings among the murky clouds, through which we catch glimpses of the blue sky above, and through which, rays of glorious sunlight stream down upon us. And, too, here and there by the wayside, we find cool, gurgling fountains from which we may drink refreshing draughts, and easy resting-places on which we may throw our weary limbs and gain a little rest. But soon drifting clouds obscure the sunlight; ever varying fortune hurries us on, and again we are plodding heavily along in darkness and in doubt. Thus, toil-worn and weary we come to our journey's end, and then how grateful is the rest of the grave! I love to think that when the turmoil of life is over—when the aching heart has ceased its throbbing—when our limbs have grown weary of their ceaseless march, we may lie down in the quiet tomb and sleep undisturbed by the tumult of the great world above us.

And I love to think that here, at least, all of earth's distinctions cease. Man sets his foot on the neck of his fellow-man and treads him down in the dust. For nearly six thousand years has one part of our race worn the shackles of slavery, while another part has wielded the scepter of authority over them. One part has heaped up gold and "fared sumptuously every day, clothed in purple and fine linen," while the life of another part has been one ceaseless struggle for the bare necessities of existence. But in the grave the poor man sleeps

as soundly in his box of pine as does the man of wealth in his curtained, mahogany coffin. Here lie they side by side, the rich and poor, the proud and humble, the noble and the mean; and the monarch's dust cannot be distinguished from that of his lowliest subject.

And, too, I love to wander among those turf-crowned mounds, where the learned, the lovely, and the good of earth have laid them down to sleep till the great Archangel's trump shall rouse them. I love to decipher the simple epitaphs of those who years ago passed off the stage of being, and of whom those moss-covered stones are the only memorials left behind. And with my sombre views of human life and human glory, I love to look forward to the time when some similar stone shall be all the record left to tell the world that *I* have lived. And I love to think that here too the sorrowful and afflicted of the sons of men may find a balm for their woes. The Grave is a panacea for all earthly misery.

" Here the traveler, outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,  
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,  
And sweetly reposes forever."

Thoughts like these invest the Grave-Yard with a melancholy interest and make it a favorite haunt of mine. Not long since I entered that of my native village. As I passed up the foot-worn aisle, my eye caught the names of many whom I had once known treading the path of life with bright, high hopes of future days spread out before them. There was one whom, though years had come and gone and I was but a child when he died, I remembered well. In early boyhood we had played together and wandered hand in hand over the hills which surrounded his home. Together we had roamed the meadows in search of the first spring violets and had cut from the same branch our first willow whistles. We had together plucked the wild berry in the leafy wood, and had fished together in the little stream which went murmuring by his father's door. But one day they told me he was sick and would probably die. And on a bright, sunny afternoon, when the fresh spring breeze was sporting with the flowers, and there was life and gladness over all the face of nature, they called me to his bed-side. His cheek was flushed with the fever that was raging in his veins, and his glassy eye rolled restlessly in its socket, while his low moaning fell heavily on my ear. Dimmer and dimmer burned the lamp of life till it went out for ever. He was an only child, and I saw tears of bitter anguish roll down his mother's cheek, and that stern father wept too. But when in after years I saw stamped on the brow of that noble-hearted father the brand of the spirit-fiend, I knew that Charles had escaped the shame and misery of the drunkard's child, and I thanked God that it was so.

A few steps further on, and I stood beside the monument of our former Pastor. As I looked upon it, his venerable form seemed to rise up before me, and in fancy I again saw him standing in the pulpit as in the days of my childhood. I looked again on his grey locks and half-closed eyes, and listened once more to the tremulous tones of his

voice, as he supplicated the Throne of Grace for blessings to descend on his little flock. For almost half a century he had dwelt among them. He had shared their joys and solaced their sorrows. He had sprinkled the infant's brow with water from the baptismal font—had sealed the union of loved and loving hearts and sent them forth to battle hand in hand with the trials of life. He had knelt at the bed-side of the dying, and prayed for light on their pathway through the dark valley. In the pulpit he had unfolded the mysteries of revelation, and with a simple eloquence described the form of things to be hereafter. He seemed to have climbed the mount of vision whence the splendors of the promised land lay full in his view, and with an earnest tone and a tearful eye he urged his loved ones upward. And when, at length, disease pressed heavily upon him, and it was known that he must die, there was sadness in every heart. A bereaved congregation followed him to the grave, and their tears bore witness to the truth of their affection for him, and the fidelity with which he had discharged his earthly mission.

There was a monument of a gentle being who had passed nearly twenty years on the earth, and in all that long period no ray of sunlight had ever gleamed on her darkened eye-balls. She had never seen the countenance of that loved mother who had watched over her in infancy and had been her solace in her dark and dreary pilgrimage through life. She had never looked on the faces of her sisters, who had tended her footsteps with all that kindness which only a sister's love can bestow. To her, there was no beauty in the hues of the sunset sky nor in the richly tinted flowers. Her horizon no rainbow ever spanned, and a starless firmament was her's. But dark and cheerless as her pathway seemed, she passed along it with a light and merry heart. What mattered it to her if she could not see the faces of the dear friends around her? She could hear their voices—was conscious that they loved her and was satisfied, while an instinctive idea of the beautiful made our earth with all its deformity a thing of light and splendor. And, too, there was an inner light which burned up calmly and clearly within her heart, and she left this world to open her eyes on the glories of a brighter and a better.

There was one low mound, unmarked save by a solitary rose bush, the only token that the form which lay there had been loved. The turf around was unbroken, and the tall grass was waving in the passing breeze. The very loneliness of that spot told a tale of sorrow.

"The sexton knows a drunkard's wife  
Sleeps in that lowly grave."

I could remember when she came to live among us—could remember the sensation her beauty created among the *elite* of our retired village, and how her kindness and gentleness won the love of all about her. I could remember how uncomplainingly she bore the neglect and even abuse of him, who had promised to love and protect her when he led her away from her home in the sunny South—how confidently she clung to him when every other friend had left him—and how she strove with

all a woman's fondness to win him back to manhood. Poverty came at length, but with a stout heart she bore up against its attendant evils and still kept hoping on. Care, meanwhile, traced deep furrows on her brow—sorrow stole the bloom from her cheek, and one could easily see that anguish was gnawing at her heart-strings. And when, at last, news came that he whom she loved had, by a sudden death, found a drunkard's grave away on the banks of the Ohio, she sunk beneath the blow, and in a few days the hand of charity dug for her that lonely grave. And there, rest thee, thou gentle sufferer. No dream of sorrow shall ever more disturb thy quiet slumber. The wintry wind may howl above thee, but it never more can chill thy shivering frame. No words of unkindness can ever more wound thy sensitive spirit, for peace dwells in thy lowly resting place.

In another grave were laid the remains of an old man whose locks, when he died, the frosts of near a century had bleached to a snowy whiteness. His life had been one of strange vicissitudes. He had outlived three successive generations—had seen his family and kindred, one by one, grow old and die, till he was left alone at his post on the battle-field of life. From the high vantage ground he had gained, he could look farther back over the scene of conflict than any whom he saw around him. A memory which retained its vigor even when age had weakened all his other powers, enabled him to repeat with accuracy the varied incidents of that life-long fight. His first recollections were those of a home far up in the forests of Vermont, where he grew up to manhood, inured to all the hardships incident to a border life. He could tell of hair-breadth escapes from the fangs of the wily panther, of fierce encounters with the ravenous wolf, and hard-fought battles with the strong-limbed bear. From early dawn to evening twilight, he had tracked the wild deer through the forest, and when darkness closed around him, had made his couch beneath the branches, and slept with a quietness which a monarch might envy. And, too, more than once had he measured his strength with that of the brawny Indian, and come off victorious. He had out-distanced them in the chase, outwitted them in cunning, and his war-cry was no less shrill or terrible than theirs.

At length tidings reached him of an approaching contest between the United Colonies and Old England. Into the merits of the case he stopped not to inquire, but he knew that his country was assailed by foreign invaders, and this was sufficient. He repaired at once to Bennington, where Ethan Allen was then making preparations for an attack on Ticonderoga, and took his place in the ranks as a volunteer. He entered the fort at the head of his column, and heard that strange summons to surrender, as it fell in thunder tones from the lips of Allen on the ear of the pale and trembling Briton. He afterwards followed the fortunes of our gallant army through the vicissitudes of that seven years' struggle. He was at Bennington as one of those eight hundred Green Mountain Boys, who, with Stark at their head, forged the first link in that chain of disasters which forced Burgoyne to a surrender. He shared with those noble spirits the miseries of Valley Forge—

was wounded at the battle of Trenton, and witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Eight years later, he stood on the steps of Congress Hall, at New York, and listened once again to the mild, clear voice of Washington, as he promised "to preserve, protect, and defend" the interests of the Nation whose Father he was.

Time passed on, and the repose of the veteran was again disturbed by the notes of war. He threw aside the ploughshare for the sword, and with a step as firm and elastic as when twenty years before he had charged the Hessians at Bennington, he marched to our western frontier, enlisted under Harrison, and served through the war. When peace was again proclaimed, he returned to his home, but only to find his family broken up and dispersed. Misfortunes had fallen thickly around it—death had entered it, and she, who for half a century had stood at his side in cloud and sunshine, was gone. His children were scattered far and wide, and the old man felt himself alone in the world. He wandered restlessly from place to place, but among the thousand happy homes that he met with in his roamings, there was none he could call his own. At length, at the solicitation of a grand-son he came to our village, and spent there the evening of his days. His long white hair, his stately form, which the weight of years and hardships could not bow down, and his proud and martial step, made him an object of interest to every passer by. He was never more happy than when, surrounded by a crowd of children, he rehearsed to them the scenes through which he had passed in his earlier days, and recounted the deeds of might that his own arm had wrought.

I remember how excited he became during the Presidential campaign of 1840—how his eye flashed and his voice trembled as he hurled back the charge of cowardice which he once heard made by one of our village politicians against Harrison, whom, next to Washington, the old man thought was the greatest hero the world had ever seen. When he heard that Harrison was elected, he was almost beside himself with joy, and spoke of going to the Capitol in the ensuing spring, that he might once more look on the face of him whose orders he had obeyed during five long years in the forests of the West. But the old man's eventful life was drawing to a close, and one stormy day in mid winter, when the wild winds were howling through the valleys and sweeping along the hillside, they laid him down to slumber where the clarion blasts of war shall never disturb him more. E. W. B.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORS' TABLES, like sermons, have come to have texts, almost as a matter of course. Whether they are peculiarly applicable or not, no one cares to inquire in the one case more than in the other. All the poetical works a man has ever read, and perhaps some he has not, are rummaged for a few lines to serve as a sort of herald to what comes after. As we intend to wander considerably in our table-talk with you, good reader, we have thought we should need rather an extensive motto. Sterne, very luckily for us, suggests one broad enough even for our purpose. He says: "When a man has once resolved upon a subject,—then for a text, 'Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia; Phrygia and Pamphylia,' is as good as any in the Bible." We trust, kind reader, you will be struck with the appositeness of our text; inasmuch as we purpose to confine our remarks entirely to earth, and the text mentions no place not upon this mundane sphere.

## A PARTING WORD.

The word "Farewell" becomes so common at this portion of every year about College, that it seems to convey no particular idea. Its full significance, however, we desire should be understood, as we utter to the Editorial Corps that just preceded us the parting word. The "hand of fellowship" extended by them, we grasp with earnestness. The short experience of Editorial life which we have already had, enables us to sympathize with them in the labors which they have performed, and to accept gratefully the sympathy which they proffer to us. They have won "golden opinions from all sorts of men" in conducting the Magazine. As they leave us, they will bear with them the gratitude of men who have been pleased by the fruit of their toil, and the praise of every one who knows how difficult it is to conduct a Magazine as well as they have done during the past year. We have met them at another Editors' Table more acceptable to them and more pleasing to ourselves than this; so that there is no necessity for many words here. We breathe simply the unfeigned wish of our entire College world, when we say to them: May you be as triumphantly successful in every endeavor through life, as you have been in conducting the Yale Literary Magazine! And to each one, if so it must be, we extend the parting hand, with the sentiment,

—— "in perpetuum, frater, *hæc*, atque vale!"

## OUR POLICY.

If we have rightly observed the character of Yale Students, the prevalent feature in it, is, a serious thoughtfulness. Diversity most certainly is observable; where several hundreds of young men are gathered together from all sections of the country, it could hardly be otherwise. But practical, earnest thought is the general characteristic which may be mentioned as distinguishing Yalensians from other classes of young men. This prevailing feature in their character is impressed more or less upon the productions of our students. Serious, argumentative essays, accordingly, are those most generally composed. While, therefore, we cannot so far forget the proper nature of a Magazine as to fill our pages exclusively or even in great part with such articles, we shall not refuse to publish occasionally specimens of the substantial literature of our *Alma Mater*.

We should consider that we were poorly representing the literary character of Yale,

did we fill our pages with articles of any single style. Variety, whether it is the spice of life or not, is certainly the spice of a Magazine.

Tales, Sketches, and Light Literature generally, we design to publish; with these we shall blend judicious Criticism, being always careful to select works for examination which are within our mental grasp. For seasoning, we shall deem it a duty, "*Leporem quendam et salem consequi*." Poetry, also, claims a place in our pages; and this leads us to say a word

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We intend to be quite rigorous in the examination of poetical effusions sent to us for publication. The truth is, and it is strange that all men do not discover the truth, that few can write first-rate verses; and poor verses are much worse than very bad prose. Notwithstanding this, almost every one who writes for a Magazine will attempt to write poetry. We have already received from correspondents poetry enough to supply two or three numbers besides the present one, and we are glad to say, it is all above mediocrity. It is hoped our good friends will not ride Pegasus to death, but will dismount and try a course or two on foot. They will be surprised at the increased readiness with which their articles will be received.

The conclusion of the excellent article, entitled "Modern Researches in Etruria," commenced in the May number, is unavoidably deferred until the number for July.

The article entitled "First Impressions of Yale," we decline publishing. Its publication would not benefit the author, the reader, nor the Magazine.

"Broken Lines from the Wallet of an Angler," will furnish valuable lines for the Magazine, as soon as we have published the Townsend Prize Essays, which, we suppose, will occupy the greater portion of our next number.

"To the South Wind," is accepted, and will appear in a future number.

"The Poor Man's Death," is under consideration.

"Ether-Taking," shall receive as early an insertion as possible.

"The Stars," we have placed among accepted articles, and it shall be inserted as soon as circumstances will permit.

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#### THE PRESENT NUMBER.

We are not precisely satisfied to issue our June number in July; but inasmuch as our worthy predecessors occupied *all* of the month of June for publishing the May number, we have had no choice in the matter. Hereafter, we are determined the Magazine shall be issued regularly in the month whose date the number bears.

One or two articles in the present number are longer than we deem proper. Practice will enable us soon to gauge our matter more closely, so that our readers shall not often be frightened by documents of such formidable length.

The next number it is our intention to have ready about the twenty-fifth of the present month.

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#### PRESENTATION DAY.

On Tuesday, July 3, the farewell exercises of the Class of 1849, took place in the College Chapel. Since our number has been delayed so long, we shall venture to perpetrate a slight anachronism by noticing a July performance in a June Magazine.

The exercises were commenced by the Senior Tutor with the presentation of the names of the Graduating Class in Latin. This idea of Latinizing names, has always furnished us with considerable subject for laughter. To hear plain *John* changed into



*Iohannes*, and our good friend *Billy* metamorphosed into *Gulielmus*, it strikes us as almost ridiculous. Our risibilities, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, could not sustain the attack. They yielded, and we, for a moment only, well-nigh forgot our dignity. We thank fortune, or rather our sensible parents, for giving us a name that cannot be Latinized.

While the musicians were performing the Ode :

"Gaudemus igitur  
Juvenas dum sumus,"

we really felt like rejoicing. There is something so beautiful in that old song, so melodious, so touching, that it is adapted to any occasion.

We pass to the Poem, by FRANCIS M. FINCH. He has long enjoyed an enviable reputation among us as a man of talent and especially as a Poet : but his present effort is pronounced by all to be his *chef-d'œuvre*. His delivery added not a little to the effect ; but we are confident the production will bear a careful reading. The Class of 1849 may well be proud of their Farewell Poem.

Of the Oration, by H. HOLLISTER, we cannot speak personally, since circumstances prevented us from hearing the whole of it. The orator has, however, maintained a high position as a writer throughout his collegiate course, which would of itself indicate a high degree of merit in the Valedictory.

The Farewell Ode, by C. A. L. RICHARDS, has elicited considerable approbation. Several of the stanzas we like much : they possess no little merit. It was sung to music composed for the occasion by J. M. HUBBARD. It is quite fashionable now-a-days to have music composed "for the occasion ;" and to have the productions of the great masters supplanted by others whose chief recommendation is that they are new. Originality in musical composition is no less difficult than in verbal composition, and unless there is originality in a piece of music, it has not even the recommendation of being new. Let us discard this practice of aping novelty, and unless we can get new music that is really excellent, let us adhere to the old tunes of our fathers.

The attendance at the Chapel—particularly of ladies—was unusually large, owing, we suppose, to the fact that the Graduating Class are pretty well advanced in the third of the Seven Ages.

Pipes and tobacco enabled the neophyte *alumni* to raise quite a smoke in the afternoon, under our guardian elms. Every man in the class, whether he ever lit a pipe before or not, on that occasion joined to smoke the pipe of peace. The practice tends to promote good feeling, and—although no smoker myself—we hope that it will be maintained.

With the single exception of Commencement exercises, the Class of 1849 has finished its labors here, and its members are taking their places in studying their professions or in the fields of real labor. Peace and success be with them !

Since it has become so fashionable here to neglect Editors, and to deprive them of their perquisites, we, as guardians of the public morals, feel called upon to advocate reform. The Committee on publishing the Poem and Oration will please recollect that there are five Editors ; no one of these must be passed over in the distribution of their pamphlets. Perquisites and Editors' Rights ! is our motto.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We acknowledge the receipt from the editor, through the hands of L. W. FROE, Bookseller, of a copy of "Selections from Catullus. Revised, with additional Notes, by C. A. BRISTED, Late B. A. Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge."

Mr. Bristed deserves our thanks, not only for the book sent us, but also for the example which he has set to others. *Alumni* of Yale, at least, should furnish to the Editors of this Magazine copies of their published works, to be noticed. The unexpected length of several articles in the present number must be our apology for deferring a more extended notice of Mr. Bristed's work until our next.

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"VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES."

Some benevolent society should supply itself with copies of Dr. Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," for gratuitous distribution. After reading the annexed paragraph, which we find in the papers, it will be seen where several may very properly be left.

"The Charlottesville Advocate states that the students of the University of Virginia have determined to erect a monument to Thomas Jefferson, as a token of their respect for his memory, and their appreciation of the benefits they have derived from his labors. They propose to raise the necessary funds by publishing a monthly periodical, to be called the 'Jefferson Monument Magazine,' and to be edited by a committee of students."

What increases our surprise at reading this paragraph, is, that a periodical is already published by the Students of the University of Virginia, entitled "The University Magazine." After having any experience in publishing a monthly in connection with College, no man would be expected to engage again in a similar undertaking. Especially is it wonderful that any one should enter into such an enterprise for the purpose of raising funds. If a monument to Jefferson can be constructed only from the profits of a College Magazine, we do not expect that the stars will soon be troubled by having its summit among them. It is possible, however, that students in Virginia and in New England are of totally diverse character. We hope they are so, for the success of this patriotic project.

Our predecessors in the Editorial chair can give some formidable facts with regard to Magazine publishing in this section of country. A sinking fund, of from \$100 to \$200 a year, it is calculated, would soon sink the monument even of a god so low that it could never be elevated.

Those who are indebted to our immediate predecessors will ease their own minds as well as those of their creditors, by "calling at the captain's office and settling," without delay. It is unjust in the extreme to compel those who have labored for you so long and so faithfully, in addition to this to pay bills contracted for your gratification and at your request.

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TO THE LOWER CLASSES.

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CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS  
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XIV.

JULY, 1849.

No. 8.

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TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS.

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THE ELOQUENCE OF REVOLUTIONS.

BY CHARLES G. CAME, BUXTON, ME.

HOWEVER difficult it may be to define eloquence, its end is perfectly manifest—it is, to sway men ; not to please them, not to instruct, not to arouse in them the sentiments of justice and truth—but simply to sway them in accordance with the will of the speaker. This is accomplished by bringing the minds of his audience, as nearly as possible, into the same state with the orator's, leading them to think as he thinks or pretends to think, to feel as he feels or affects to feel, in short, to adopt the conclusions which he himself either honestly or designedly maintains at the time. The facilities to such a result must be sought in three sources—the only sources of true eloquence—"in the man, the subject, and in the occasion." But as we propose to consider the eloquence of a definite era, rather than investigate its nature in general, it is proper that particular attention should be given to the influence of the occasion.

In ordinary periods, while human affairs wore a busy but every-day aspect, we have recognized the usual exercise of eloquence under the two forms of logic and address based on mingled argument and feeling ; no third kind, springing from mere passion, has ever appeared worthy of the name. The power of the logician is undoubted. As he forges his solid chain of reasoning with the successive links of luminous statement and rigid induction, severe analysis and ingenious synthesis, all conflicting errors must vanish from the honest mind. It is, certainly, to the credit of civilization, that there is no want of this special eloquence of the intellect at the bar and on the judicial bench, in the sen-

ate and the pulpit—and still more to the honor of human nature, that its power, in its appropriate province, is irresistible. But there are, even in the most ordinary times, questions of infinitely higher moment than those strictly pertaining to legal constructions, policy and creeds—questions addressing themselves not to any one faculty alone, but laying hold of the whole man. But so buried and corrupted are the general mass with low cares and lower desires, so intent on their own interests, so circumscribed in their sympathies, that these finer and spiritual claims pass by them “as the idle wind” which they “regard not.” Not so with the true orator. He is at once aroused and kindled, and with these sensations, receives the potent injunction to arouse and kindle others. This is his mission, and in its prosecution, he lays under tribute every power of his nature. He invades the mystic realms of the heart, as well as traverses the field of argument. He rolls logic upon passion, description upon sentiment, entreaty upon invective, till the awakened hearer rises to the full magnitude of the theme.

It is from efforts like these that truth is ever spreading its enlightening way among men, that reforms from time to time spring up with revivifying energy, that the grand progress of society executes its gradual and secure advances. Their power, then, in the aggregate, is incalculable, since it is commensurate with the vast object to be attained—the development of humanity.

But a moment's attentive observation only is sufficient to show us that these triumphant results are due, not so much to the compulsive power of the eloquence which advocates them, as to their own obvious adaptation to the interests and requirements of man. They need only to be presented with full distinctness, when the good sense and the good feelings, which happily can never be trampled out of the human bosom, slowly welcome and adopt them. Consider these displays of eloquence, as they appear in ordinary times. Visit the ablest legislative body;—you recognize a division upon some question vitally affecting the well-being and happiness of community—upon one side, you observe the force of long established law, custom and the general opinion of men—on the other, a band of eloquent advocates who throw around indisputable facts the clearest logic and the noblest sentiments. An unprejudiced observer, you await with eagerness the expected result. The issue is told, and in it are no traces of those eloquent pleadings—two or three, perhaps, have changed their opinions, but the measure is lost. Yet year after year, the public mind is plied at every point, the truth gradually makes its way over prejudice and ignorance, and ultimate success is certain. Thus slowly was the abolition of the slave trade accomplished in Great Britain, though Wilberforce, Pitt and Fox gave their combined energies to the cause. Again, approach another field, the noblest field of eloquence. Listen to the earnest announcement of those truths which carry man forward into other worlds, exalting every moment into awful significance, making every act the hinge of an eternal destiny. What coldness, what indifference is engraved upon the features of the audience!—some awakened listener is thrown, perhaps, into solemn meditation, but the majority rise only to

sufficient warmth, to commend, on their homeward way, the eloquence of their preacher!

Now these, surely, are not what we have been taught to call the triumphs of the orator—this is not the resistless power of that divine art which, by universal consent, is ranked the highest manifestation of genius. Where are those tones which have entranced listening thousands, and led hostile hearts captive to one imperious will? Where those thunderings that have convulsed the depths of society—those lightnings that have scathed and tumbled the loftiest fabrics of human power? We have not witnessed them—they are not of our time. To great revolutions we insensibly turn for an answer to these questions. To them and to the men who guided them, the inquiring student carries his thoughts with something of that awe with which the Jew reverts to Sinai and the fearless Law-giver.

Since all testimony is unanimous in ascribing preëminent force to the eloquence of revolutions, it may be well to consider the facilities which such crises contribute to a result utterly unapproached in quiet eras. We shall notice their individual operations and the fruits of their combined agencies.

As we have before intimated, the speaker's sway over his audience results from bringing their minds into unison with his own. This common sympathy is the very platform on which alone he can hope to move them. But this mere introductory achievement must, in general, constitute nearly his whole labor. When, from a state of lethargy and indifference, he has gradually raised his audience to this point, he can do but little more—he must trust to their own awakened convictions to work out, by farther inquiry and constant reflections, the particular conclusions to which he has arrived. But far from all this is the occasion in which the revolutionary orator is called to act. Here, in the ceaseless whirl of events, no place is found for stagnant lethargy and indifference. When the barriers of society are broken up and all the elements of agitation and alarm are abroad, then, certainly, no toilsome art of the orator is needed to arouse the feelings. On every hand, there are causes to startle all the faculties of the soul into tense and vigorous life—the past with its galling recollections, the present with its hourly shifting aspect, the future, a world of uncertainty, hope and fear. It is in these emergencies of painful eagerness, while the mass of common intellect is groping this way and that, like a blinded giant—while the memory of accumulated wrongs is dashing its burning tide through the nation's veins, and its great palpitating heart is aching for very utterance—that the orator comes forward to direct, to enlighten, to evoke the passion of the multitude and give it a language. Such were the scenes into which the gigantic genius of Mirabeau threw itself with undoubting confidence. Says an animated writer:—"One hundred thousand citizens filled the Tuilleries, the Place Vendôme, the streets adjacent, and copied bulletins were passed from hand to hand, circulated, thrown among the crowd, containing the occurrences of each moment of the debate." To this, let there be added the consciousness, in the mind of the orator, that all this commotion is not of an epheme-



ral nature, to pass away in a span and leave no consequences behind, but that its influence reaches through continents and through generations, destined to produce effects when the nation that gave it being shall have become unknown, and nothing in the *occasion* seems wanting to call out the noblest exhibitions of oratory.

But all this chaos of action and feeling would be "without form and void," as far as any definite effects are concerned, were there not some controlling spirits to "move upon the face of the waters" and out of the confusion to bring order, concentration and an aim. As true as it is that Demosthenes was an orator before he heard Callistratus, and Cicero before he listened to the rulers of the Forum, yet events alone can arouse and develop the native powers; in this sense, revolutions *create* orators. Eloquent men, in fact, constitute as much their peculiarity, their invariable concomitants, as excited feelings themselves. But let us look at the necessary structure of one of these minds, that spring, like Aphrodite, in beautiful maturity from the waves of popular strife, maddened by the mutilated members of power dethroned.

He who sets out with the design of dealing with the passions of a nation, of controlling as well as kindling them, must himself be endowed with unusual passion, or he cannot understand his work. The separation between genius and the common mind, has been said to be almost complete; but it cannot exceed that between intellect and passion. No unassisted exertion of the mind can comprehend the most ordinary workings of the heart. It is only, then, by a glowing sympathy with every feeling of the popular breast, that the orator can wield an influence. He must know the word that can inflame the whole man—the allusion that transports—the hint that appalls. He must, in short, embody the excitement of the crisis. But it will at once be seen that this passion must be accompanied by a mastering intellect—else, untimely and excessive fuel only would be added to consuming flames. Every impulse must be subjected to a *powerful* intellect, or it cannot be kept within necessary bounds—to a *practical* intellect, or from leading to barren results, all popular sway is soon lost, for at such times, the people, assuredly, *mean* something and are looking towards a consummation—to an intellect *cool* and *collected*, since the act of a moment in revolutions is often decisive and cannot be recalled or amended. Hence, what often appears to us in the eloquence of revolutions to be mere passions, is, properly, the calmest, surest induction of logic. Thus the bold announcement of Patrick Henry, "*We must fight!*" which fell with the power of inspiration upon the assembly, and aroused the whole land like the tones of a trumpet, was the deliberate conclusion of a cautious mind, based upon years of attentive observation and mature reflection. With this rare combination of intellect and passion, it matters little what other qualifications the orator may have; he may hold a lofty station, provided he forgets it in the greater office of a servant to humanity—he may possess extensive learning, provided the forge and anvil be concealed and the thunderbolt only shown; but without this all others are useless.

But the most intense excitement and the rarest talents would fail to

achieve anything truly great or permanent without an adequate *subject*. Whether, indeed, it is supposable that there can be a conjunction of the two former without the presence of the latter, we cannot say,—such, certainly, has never been the fact. Men are too quiet, too contented with their lot, ever to enter into vast and dangerous projects, like that of throwing off an existing government, till driven and goaded on by real and distressing wrongs. If their oppressions are not intolerable, or else rapidly increasing, they choose rather to bear them in silence, than to suffer the inconveniences which the mildest revolutions never fail to bring. But how happens it that the orator is ever wedded to the popular side? Because the power that has hitherto successfully tyrannized, has nothing to advocate but force, which speaks for itself—scorns to use entreaty which wears the appearance of compromising its superiority—and contemptuously refers every argument to the decision of the bayonet. To the orator, then, not only from his own instincts, but from the necessary influences of the occasion, belong the noblest subjects which the mind can discuss or the heart embrace. His is the task of giving utterance to innocence outraged and persecuted—to the claims of manly independence to think and act for itself—to that love of justice which ever bewails the evils of oppression—to indignant patriotism, whose words, says Percival,

“Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break  
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full  
Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fired  
The holy prophet, when his lips were coals.”

Liberty and philanthropy, knowledge and Christianity, are all alike interested in his labors and his success—not as these things affect his country and contemporaries alone, but as objects which are ever and everywhere destined to meet the requirements of progressive man, and, ultimately, to enjoy, through human means divinely blessed, an universal triumph.

From these considerations, which are gathered from every revolutionary period of any magnitude, we might easily conclude the quality of its oratory. And those specimens that have come down to us, equal our most favorable conclusions. We do not, let it be confessed, find in them the elaborate arrangement, the finished elegance, the faultless ornaments, that distinguish the best orations of peaceful times;

“For he whom Heaven  
Hath called to be the awakener of a land,  
Should have his soul's affections all absorbed  
In that majestic purpose, and press on  
To its fulfilment, as a mountain-born  
And mighty stream, with all its vassal-rills,  
Sweeps proudly to the ocean, *pausing not*  
*To dally with the flowers.*”

On the contrary, we meet with abrupt and broken sentences—trains of thought, apparently but half finished—uncouth comparisons and strain-

ed metaphors. Yet, amid all these imperfections, there are words forked with fiery power, words that breathe with deathless meaning, words that go straight to the heart and ever live as the mottos of nations. Nor are there always wanting the choicest gems of composition, which mere labor and art could never attain. For these passions of our fallen nature, which seem but the ministers of ruin, are, when exalted in a glorious cause, the unequalled architects of beauty ; even as the

“ — greatest monuments of fame  
And strength and art are easily out-done  
By spirits reprobate ”—

from whose hands a structure fairer than anything earthly

“ Rose like an exhalation ”—.

It cannot be denied—since we are incapable of appreciating all the circumstances amid which these efforts were pronounced—that we often find ourselves wondering at the effects which they are said to have produced. They appear simple, often, even common-place. But this examination of itself is inadequate to a decision ; the causes we have seen to be of sufficient magnitude to produce the greatest effects—those effects are evident to the world.

As regards the revolutions in which they were put forth, they operated, not only to inflame those energies that were glowing apart in individual bosoms, but to unite, concentrate them, and give them a direction to practical ends. They cheered the sinking hopes of patriotism in the darkest hour—they placed a healthful control upon accustomed liberty.

By virtue of that never-fading interest which the story of revolutions excites in all, the mission of such an orator rises to almost unrivalled grandeur and importance. Over his life and words, thousands in every age, and those too, who are fitted to exercise the greatest influence, pore with unfailing delight. They treasure up his maxims—they catch his spirit—they imitate his example. Unlike the many who strive for fame, he needs not the prestige of success. His cause—though still at stake on the twin battle-fields of Individual Man and Society—*must go on*, and with it his renown. Though he fall early in the contest, before he has heard the first notes of freedom's victory, he goes down with unfaltering hopes—even then, a consolation sustains his spirit as noble as that so sublimely expressed by the dying Epaminondas : “ I leave behind me two immortal daughters, Leuctra and Mantinea ! ”

## THE BIBLE.

BY HENRY M. HASKELL, DOVER, N. H.

A BOOK has come down to us, distinguished alike for its antiquity, its literary excellency and its moral teachings. It originated in some remote age in the past, was once almost hid in obscurity, and confined to a narrow sphere, but that sphere has been widening, till in its greatness it begins to be proportionate to its value. That book is the Bible.

It is placed in our hands in childhood, and is the last that is looked upon by declining old age. Considered as a literary work, it surpasses all other writings of antiquity, and stands forth in unrivaled pre-eminence. But the consideration, that we of the present generation have been witnesses of the sublime spectacle of its becoming a monument of literature upon which the sun never sets, greatly heightens our interest in it. We seem to be living in an age when it is acquiring new glory. If, then, we lay aside all the evidences of its divine origin, the number of its copies and the extent to which it is now read, are enough to fix our attention upon it. And while the greatness of the subject itself would intimidate us, this interest will not suffer us to let it pass without consideration. I shall attempt nothing like a full investigation of what would require volumes, but content myself with a few remarks upon its origin, authors, character, object, and final destiny.

More justly does it deserve to be called a monument of the early ages, than any other work. In its origin it runs far beyond the days of Homer, and presents to us a picture of what was to him the ancient world. It is not the creation of one man, but the accumulated writings of many. Not the product of one generation, but running through many centuries. It dates its beginning almost at the origin of nations, and emanated from nearly the same point which was the centre of the human race.

But who were its authors ?

In speaking of them, it is worthy of observation that the variety of their acquirements and the cultivation of their minds are lost sight of behind the greatness and majesty of the truths which they utter. To many they seem only wise teachers, when in truth some of them at least unite the loftiest sublimity of the poet, and the profoundest knowledge of the scholar ; are imbued with all the learning of the preceding ages, and gifted with minds to grasp and mould all into one symmetrical whole, and stamp that whole with the marks of their power. They lived not in the ideal, dreamy worlds of blind philosophy, nor yet under the misty darkness of superstition. Truth they set as the sun in their intellectual heavens, and in obedience to its laws, all the old discordant elements assumed their proper sphere and revolved in harmony. They bound together their accumulated fragments of

knowledge by a mysterious bond, and then into that bond they breathed, from their own glowing belief of the truths which they uttered, the elements of life.

From the pastures of the shepherd, from the brooks of the plain, from the sands of the desert, from the troubled waters of the sea, and from the mountains of oak and cedar, they collected materials, and from them reared fabrics of glory and beauty which have only grown brighter by the lapse of ages. While they show all that universality which marks the highest intellect, they are still more transcendent for their unity—unity in object and unity in plan. Though delighting in variety of illustration, and ever ready to drink from the fountains of nature, they make all unite in setting forth more clearly that unity. So strong and unchanging is it, and so uniformly set before the mind, that it seems as if they delighted in bringing the gems of every age and making them contribute to its splendor.

They felt that the resources of nature were not too vast to be brought under the assimilating power of that unity. Nature everywhere proclaims unity. They ask us to hear it. They felt themselves the harmony of nature's voice, surrendered themselves to its enchantments and gave us their echo. The whole world was the field from which they gathered richness. All nature their Parnassus. Their writings remind us of the roar of the forest, which melts all sounds into one. They make the stars that glitter in the firmament, and the worm that glows at our feet, utter the same truth. The man that builds his house upon a rock, and he who builds upon the sand; the king going forth to battle, and the potter moulding the clay; the archangel flying through the heavens, and the humble flower that blooms unseen, all speak in harmony. The universe which is unlimited in diversity and variety of parts, yet one in action, is made to yield its tribute to one object.

It owes nothing to the fame of its authors. It is not because it contains the opinions of great men that it is valued, but the grandeur and purity of its teachings, that give it power. Man, after a toilsome search, among the philosophy of the most gifted minds of every age, for the chief good, loves to cling to this as the nearest approach to perfection. Its character then claims our attention.

Composed of the writings of men from every rank, and embracing an equal variety in style, it is adapted to every class. A book of light, it will not fall before enlightened civilization. While its principles are immovable, they are not opposed to onward movement in human society. Although written in times comparatively dark, it rejects not the idea of improvement. If it dates its origin far in the past, in its character, it looks forward to, and foreshadows a perfection, which, though not yet attained, is still to be the glory of the world.

It is not a book of forms. These become old and are laid aside. It inculcates principles which everywhere bear marks of far-reaching intelligence. Its spirit is that of freedom. Even now, when the world is waking up to this great idea, we can look forward to a free-

dom nobler than the nations have yet attained, the freedom which this book presents. It establishes its throne, places upon it its king, but owns only a voluntary allegiance.

It is not a collection of dogmas to which we are compelled to assent, but a declaration of the spirit of divinity, which beams on its pages and illumines the path to moral perfection. It inculcates harmony among men. It would break down all earthly, clay-built barriers, which now separate men from one another, make all wear the same character, and then gather all into one holy communion. It speaks to all the language of universal love and universal justice. In it the rights of all beings are held sacred. There is none so obscure as to suffer wrong without hearing words of condemnation pronounced upon the wrong-doer. "Impartial, uncompromising, fearless, it screens no favorites, is dazzled by no power, spreads its shield over the weakest, summons the mightiest to its bar, and speaks to the conscience in tones under which the mightiest have quailed."

It may be said to comprehend all subjects. In it are intimations of great laws, which it has been the boast of modern science to unfold. Moral Philosophy and physical science are joined together. The principles of all law are there contained; the fundamental elements of national prosperity are there pointed out; instructions too, both for ruler and people, by which each can contribute to the happiness of the other. "But," says Robert Boyle, "I use the Bible as a matchless Temple, where I delight to contemplate the beauty, the symmetry, and the magnificence of the structure." Let us turn then to some of its beauties.

Its poetry first claims our attention. As I approach it I almost shrink from the transcendent sublimity in which it is enveloped. Here it seems as if Divinity were breathing out its own nature. We are so far below it that its cold exterior is all that we can feel. Were we to inhale its warm gushings as it comes glowing from the heart, it would be too much for human nature.

True poetry is the expression of the loftiest feelings of the heart of man. It is the outgushing of thought, glowing with all the intensity of feeling. It is emotion gifted with life and form; the embodiment of those aspirations of the soul for something more lofty, purer, and lovelier than the scenes which the world presents. Its tendency is to raise and elevate; to lift the mind above the chill, damp, deadly vapors which hang around the ordinary road of human life, into purer regions, where it can roam creation in innocence, breathe the life-giving air of perennial sweetness, drink in the uncontaminated waters of immortal vigor, and plume its wings for a heavenward flight. It ennobles all the attributes of the soul. Under its influence it rises, expands, brightens, and more nearly reflects the image of its Creator. The grosser passions, though in its abuse they have been fed, flee before its legitimate influence. Under its almost creative power, sensualism and excess present an aspect so horrid, that we involuntarily shrink from their repulsive nature. It reveals the desires and longings of the soul, portrays its joys, echoes its lamentations, and re-

cords the struggles and emotions which it undergoes. It purifies and strengthens the affections, and by its soft and benign influence makes the will its subject. The external universe also feels its power. It imparts new beauty to surrounding objects, and clothes nature in brighter colors, reveals new charms, and gives them a double existence. Nor does it present nature merely as stationary, but gives it life, and makes it pass before us and repeat its wondrous changes. It links together elements of beauty, and delights to endow them with life and perpetuity.

All these qualities does the poetry of the Bible possess, and in the highest degree. When we rise to it we must breathe sublimity itself, for that is its only atmosphere. We must forget for a time that we are mortal and exist in spirit. Then only can we follow the flight of the sacred poets. With soul raised above the gross, material objects of earth, and fixed on the invisible essence of purity, they rise involuntarily, or rather are drawn upward by a sweet attraction, as though that were their native element. No flight is too high for them to attempt, no subject too grand for them to contemplate. The grandeur and sublimity of their subject only kindles a brighter flame, and inspires them with new vigor for a higher flight. We see them boldly soaring up to the portals of heaven. But they stop not here. They raise "the everlasting doors" of the temple of God, people its bright mansions with beings worthy of a paradise, crown them with joys fit only for their exalted nature, call forth from them songs which ring through the celestial arches, and make their king the embodiment of infinite perfection. Though this is beyond the conception of mortals, they shrink not from attempting to approach it. Though we cannot see God himself, yet we can look upon the clouds and thick darkness which veil his majesty.

Heaven and heaven's King have a sublime harmony, and their grandeur and awfulness increase, the more clearly they are set before us. The intensity of the light of heaven yields only to that of the soul from which it emanates. The cherubim that sit on each side of the throne, point to the greatness of Him who occupies it. We see seraphs bowing before Him. We see the river of life watering forever the tree whose fruit is their food. But still greater majesty encompasses God when He appears in wrath, charioted on the whirlwind; when His "voice is hailstones and coals of fire," and "at the blast of His nostrils the foundations of the hills are shaken." We follow His enemies as He pursues them with his glittering sword, and see them plunge into a "bottomless pit," from which the smoke of their torment rises forever.

Hell, too, has its king; a monster, combining the powers of an archangel and the spirit of a demon. We see him with lineaments distorted, presenting at once defiance, hate, and despair, seated on his infernal throne, in the midst of a cavern without bottom, walled with eternal darkness, whose vaulted roof ever echoes back shrieks and groans mingled with bitter blasphemous curses. We see him moving with malignant spirit to his accursed task; sending forth from the

dark abyss which is his realm, savage fiends who wander in endless crowds, ready to mingle the poison of death and make new victims. We hear the hideous clamor of maniac rage and agony tearing the walls of the infernal prison-house throughout the slow, unnumbered years of eternity. But my limits forbid me to follow them farther; and I need not. Enough has been already seen to show what was the power and grandeur of the intellect and imagination of those authors who contributed to the poetry of the Bible.

I turn now to another and more pleasing character which they present. I refer to the tenderness and sensibility which breathes in so many passages.

The spirit bowed down with disappointment, and sorrowing under the wounds of blasted hope, can there find words of sympathy. There can the out-gushings of happiness find a response. There is the voice of gentleness, pouring forth the living sensibilities of the soul, kindling generous emotion, and giving energy and power to the softer and finer feelings of our nature. What more touching than the elegiac lamentations of Israel's king, as he sings,

"O Jonathan! slain on thy own mountains!  
I am grieved for thee, O Jonathan, my brother.  
Very dear to me wast thou;—  
Wonderful was thy love to me,  
Surpassing the love of women."

Again we hear him breaking out in the most impassioned strain over the lovely, but unfortunate Absalom; and as the "weeping prophet" mourns over the afflictions of his people, we see melodious wo mingling in harmonious symphony with every line.

The Bible is equally remarkable in its historical character. It is the very commencement of human history. It comprehends God and man, heaven, earth, and hell—begins in eternity past and runs forward to eternity future. It glances back beyond the limits of time, and tells of a mysterious communion between the Father and Son before the world was—touches at the morn of creation, and seems almost to prolong the harmony of the song which the morning stars sang together. It plunges beneath the waters of a deluge and gives us the groans of a drowning world—then sets before us the man who floated on the billows of that flood as the second father of the human race. Descending from these great works of the Creator, it gives us a record of individual men and of nations. Here a wonderful series of events is made to pass before us. We see an obscure man leaving the land of his nativity, and becoming the father of a mighty nation; that nation appears before us in bondage. A child is born, and under the edict of an oppressor is cast into the waters of the Nile; but instead of destroying him, they bear him to a throne. Again, we see that mighty nation with this man at its head, wandering through the wilderness, from the land of its possessor. As they approach the sea, its waters part before them, and as they close upon their pursuers, we hear their



shouts of triumph and deliverance, swelling above the roar of the waters. As they follow the moving pillars of cloud and fire, food falls from heaven and water gushes from the rock for their support. As they encamp around the mountain of the desert, lightnings gleam from the cloud that hangs on its summit, thunders rock its foundations, and its smoke ascends towards heaven as God comes down upon it in fire. And now, he who once floated helplessly on the Nile, comes down from forty days' communion with God, bearing tablets of stone written with the law of eternity.

The murmurings, conflicts, judgments and long wanderings of this wonderful nation are made to pass before us, till we again see them assembled on the plains of Moab, around another mountain. Again, and for the last time, we see that same man ascend that mountain, to view the land of promise, a land which he had spent his life to reach, and lie down and die. How simple and yet how vivid is the narration of these wonders—easy, yet bold and striking, alike fit to describe the movements of the universe and to delineate the emotions of the soul! It portrays the stern countenance of despotism when triumphant. But as the cities of Canaan fall, we see the change which comes over it. It paints the eye kindled for war, and the pale brow of its unhappy victims. We see in its descriptions courage beaming on the countenance and the heart made the abode of fear. We see tyrants, assuming the power of God, brought to feel that they are men. One relates, in simple words, the story of a Hebrew girl, gleaned after the reapers; another records the reign of kings, the storming of cities, the triumphs of armies, and the destruction of whole nations.

If we turn to prophecy, which, if I may be allowed the expression, may be styled a history of the future, we find the same comprehensiveness—the same greatness of intellect is manifest. It embraces both natural and civil events—the destiny of individuals and nations, some of which have met their fulfillment, and some still look forward to the future. But there is one to which all the rest yield their tribute—one which is the grandest of all, which comprehends all, that which relates to the final destiny of the world and of the human race. It follows man as he moves forward over the ruins of one system of error and another, till he at last sits down in the full splendors of triumphant truth. A brighter day is to dawn upon the world. It is to exist for a time in the splendors of that day, and then give place to another morn, a dawn which shall be followed only by an endless day. As I have before said, it runs on into eternity future. It is a revelation of human immortality. It tells us that the earth is to pass away to primeval nothingness, but that the human mind is to become exalted and to live forever; that to acquire such a character as shall fit it for the enjoyment of this higher sphere, is the object for which it is an inhabitant of earth.

One more feature in its character demands our attention. Let us then look at it as a book of instruction and wisdom, in which aspect it is most important.

The human mind needs instruction. It needs to have the prison

walls which naturally surround it taken away, that it may have unrestrained action, vigor and growth. It is formed for expansion, and the universe in which it moves is unlimited. But it needs an impulse, a power not its own, to burst through its native darkness. This comes to it in the teaching of the Bible. They are all in harmony with nature. They give the mind a consciousness of its own power and interpret nature. They give to it a light by which it radiates its own teachings. The light which they carry with them into the dark recesses of the human heart, and by which they lay open its deformities, is that of celestial goodness. Though they sometimes seem clothed in severity, yet they always speak in compassion. If we weep over the errors which they disclose, our tears of sorrow are mingled with those of pleasure, at the mildness of the light that reveals them. They show a wisdom, to which the sublimest intellect can hardly attain, that of being at once severe and mild, indulgent and unbending. While they apply a rigorous and unvarying standard to the actions of men, they make merciful allowances for innocent infirmities. They speak of vice in tones of unrelenting severity, boldly assert the majesty of virtue and uprightness, and point to moral perfection as the only source of happiness. They reveal to the mind its own nature, and give it free communication with the works of God, and with God himself. They show man how to throw off the curse which blights his energies, and walk unconstrained in the pure air and cheerful light of heaven.

Their grand object is to point out to him his relations, and the duties that attend them; to set forth God as the ruler, man as his subject. God and man the actors, the world the scene; God accomplishing a plan of redemption, man a race to be redeemed.

Such is the book which we call the Bible. It came forth from the midst of Paganism, but was not its offspring. It came in apparent weakness, but it received a life which was never to be destroyed.

Jerusalem, the holy city, fell; but the flames that consumed it, played harmlessly among the leaves of this book. Nero whet his sword against its supporters, but their blood could not blot it out. Ten times from a blood-encircled throne were hurled the firebrands of death, but the glowing cinders of their victims only shed a brighter light upon it. They could not consume it. France, wreaking in the blood of her slaughtered thousands, kindled her bonfires and hurled it into their flames; then reared the guillotine for those who should dare pluck it out: but it was not consumed. The flames bore it upward, and it was wafted to other lands and scattered among the nations. Schools of Philosophy sprung up and disappeared before it, but this continued. In vain did Pagan Philosophers roll up their heaven-polluting cloud of error, and send forth from it their poisoned shafts. The thunders of Popes burst upon it, but they were harmless. The chains and fetters of Catholicism could not bind it. Dungeons could not confine it. The tiger-tooth of infidelity could not pierce it. The sword of discord could not tear it asunder. It still lives. The world has often been called to witness the blood of its advocates, and to listen to the triumphs of its enemies. But these triumphs were but clouds passing over the serene

and everlasting heavens. Men of power, through bigotry or passion, have decreed its destruction, but silently and irresistibly has their power passed away. And now a voice comes to us from the tomb of the Son of Man, from the graves of the martyrs who have died for its sake, from the humiliation of its enemies, from their prostrate power and baffled efforts to subdue it, and from the spirit of the present age, telling us that it has a destiny to accomplish in the world. Error, superstition and false philosophy must pass away. *Truth* is eternal and immutable : and *truth* is the essence of this book.

We can do much in giving it to the world. We have a power mightier than the armies of Islam, mightier than the decrees of kings ; the power of truth struggling to find a home in the breast of man, the power of unwavering principle, of right, of philanthropy and love. We have a power that moves side by side with civilization, which ever goes forward and draws civilization along with it. It becomes us then to give it an onward impulse by our efforts. But whether we will or not, it will do its work in the world. It will rise till it shall become the universal law of man and will live on. Then, when its complete work in the world shall have been accomplished, a countless host of those who have here striven to penetrate its mysteries, unfathomable to man, shall delight, forever, to contemplate the sublime truths and principles which it contains.

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## POPULAR PREJUDICES.

BY HORACE HOLLISTER, SALISBURY, CONN.

REASON is the great arbiter of truth. All truth, however originated, or at least all its evidences, must abide the decision of this tribunal, from which there is no appeal. But reason, however worthy of this high prerogative, is not always infallible. To make it a safe ground of reliance, it must be sound by nature, and disciplined by education. The world, however, is full of opinions, which, though they are the offspring of error, and are essentially wrong, are defended and maintained with a zeal as ardent as it is unreasonable. If we carefully examine the character of any man whatever, the facts from which he derives his principles, and the motives which govern his actions, we shall find, not unfrequently, but little truth, and always somewhat of extravagance, nay, even of madness,\* in his mental constitution. The minds of men, with very few exceptions, are unequal to the task of tracing all that comes before them as truth to its sources ; partly from the nature of things, partly from their number and magnitude. Judge,

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\* Locke, Book 2, chap. 33.

ments, therefore, from the necessity of the case, are often formed from imperfect data, or from doubtful authority, or from a mere guess.

*Prejudices* may serve as a general name for this class of judgments. They are judgments before proof, foregone conclusions, notions which stand in the place of the just deductions of reason.

If we consider that most of the truths which come up are founded upon many facts, others on facts and principles removed from the cognizance of common minds; and that very few have their own evidence accompanying them—we cannot fail to see that prejudices must have a prominent place in the practical thinking nature, and must have a great influence upon character and actions.

Sincerity, credulity, incapacity, antipathies whether natural or acquired, sympathy, imperfect or improper association of ideas, and a host of other causes, immediate and remote, originate and strengthen these prejudices. They come, we know not how; we fall into them naturally, and they seem to cause a sort of judicial blindness, so that men cannot see the truth. When once established, they carry with them all the authority of intuition, or of an infallible instinct. We believe, because we know we are right, and we know we are right, because our thoughts on the particular subject before us have always run in the same channel, and it seems unnatural to turn them from their course.

Any idea, when once established in a post of influence, naturally gains strength, and spreads, until it becomes a fixed principle and rule of action—a part of the very nature which it pervades, and requiring, in order to its eradication, a sundering, as it were, of nature's own inseparable ties.

When Proculus proclaimed to the fearful fathers, as a message from the deified Romulus—"It is the will of the Gods that the Romans shall be masters of the world, and that no human power shall be able to resist the progress of their arms,"\* he not only inspired them with a confidence for their present security, but also gave an impulse to that dauntless bravery, and that unwavering firmness, which sustained the Romans under the most direful calamities, which withstood the Carthaginian and the Gaul, which bore the Roman Eagles in triumph over a world, and made Rome herself its capital.

A belief in a fixed fate was a part of the creed of the followers of Mahomet. This was to them a perpetual pledge of success, and has made the idol and the Cross confess a rival in the crescent. Thus we see that prejudice is progressive, whatever may be its foundation and its peculiarities.

It is by reason of this fact, that we yield preëminence to that genius which discovers and asserts truth repugnant to opinions sanctioned by time and custom, over that which follows in the path of truth, already pointed out and entered upon. The latter may merit all the praise of genius; to the former we not only award this glory, but also that of

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\* Livy, Lib. 1, sec. 16.

the highest heroism. We applaud Luther not only because he was the champion of truth, but also because he rescued it from the clutches of predominant authority, and in spite of the prescriptions which sanctified Papal abuses, and of the bitterness of interested foes, he dared to write, speak, and act the truth, confident of ultimate success, and fearless of present consequences. Galileo is immortalized, because he reached and revealed the truth, although the errors which he exposed were fortified by time, by the highest scientific authority, by universal belief, by political power and by a spiritual inquisition. His is a bold spirit which dares to think against such overwhelming influences—and what are these influences but prejudices, and systems founded upon, and built up of, these prejudices?

It is this very characteristic just pointed out, which is one of the most essential elements of greatness. *Men are great*, in that they rise above the prejudices which age, country, and existing systems have made the measure of common minds. Where others stop, as the ultimate goal of their exertions, they begin; where others falter, they press steadily on; and thus they become, instead of the slaves, the masters and leaders of age, country, and system.

There is much of truth in the character and constitution of many of the gravest errors, and it is no less true, that many of the most prevalent notions have but a slight foothold upon right. The idea of a Supreme power ruling in the affairs of men, naturally led to an appeal to this power, to settle controversies, and to uphold the right. Hence arose the reference to ordeal as a test of guilt or innocence. It was some such confused notion of the prevalence of right, which left national and individual quarrels to the arbitrament of single combat. In both these cases, the idea of an overruling Providence was doubtless correct; but the false conclusion was drawn, that this power would always protect the innocent, and punish the guilty, in particular instances. Our belief carries the final decision of justice beyond this life, and centers upon a Deity who rules by general laws, and not by a perpetual succession of miracles.

From the apostolic recommendation of a mutual confession of sins, grew up the spiritual tyranny, and the gross abuses of the confessional, the most potent instrument of Papal sway. Ghosts and hobgoblins, and all dire, unearthly shapes, have always been companions of peaceful night in the notions of men—a prejudice which reason, satire and education have proved unable to overthrow.

A slight error, sanctioned by as slight a prejudice, does not disappear, when it has worked out its immediate effects upon national and individual character. It has a resurrection and a life through succeeding generations, and its impress is permanently stamped upon their character and destiny. We have already seen the origin of that prestige of Empire, which was as the finger of fate pointing the sturdy Romans to a perpetually brightening future, so long as their national supremacy endured. The rise and progress of Asceticism in Europe further illustrates this fact. Men, despairing of perfect obedience, and influenced by a false oriental philosophy, began to aspire after a purer life. They

thought to save themselves from the baneful influences of an evil world, by shutting themselves up in the mouldy walls of monasteries and in hermits' cells, and by lives of devotion, self-denial and self-torture, to merit heaven. The sins and abuses which grew out of such an unnatural system, are written among the darkest records of the dark ages.

The distempered Loyola, prompted by a misguided zeal and a romantic enthusiasm, founded the order of Jesuits, which grew to such enormous power, that men and nations recoiled from its hated influence in mortal terror. Again, in minds conscious of guilt, and of unfitness to face a just God, arose, at the hands of designing men, the idea of a mediation less removed from the common reach; and this contributed in no small degree to the power of a priesthood, which arrogated to itself the regulation of conscience, and the dispensation of spiritual weal and wo. Hence also arose the reverence for symbols and saints and the Virgin, as more accessible avenues to the favor of Heaven.

Thus do notions take shape and grow to power, fostered by natural and almost inevitable prejudices.

In nothing else, perhaps, are these more evident and more powerful, than in religious systems. When we notice that religious prejudices influence the most secret and the most potent springs of human nature, and that they begin to be inculcated by example and precept, among the earliest impressions upon the plastic character, it is by no means surprising that reason in after years generally fails to outweigh these early influences. With them are linked the character and the destiny of all, whom every one holds dear, the hallowed legends of their history, and the most important incidents of their lives. We can almost forgive the heathen, or the misguided bigot and fanatic under another and a better system, when their errors are the result of a previous history and an early bias, and are not prompted by mature, misguided reason, or a corrupt heart. The Jew smarts under his degradation; but the God who thundered upon Sinai is still his God—the law and the prophets seem to forbid him to stray from the example of his forefathers. The Mohammedan recognizes in the cry of the Muezzin from his minaret the voice of God and his prophet, the fiat of destiny. It were as easy to strip a man of his home and his love for it, as to deprive him of his household gods, made doubly sacred by the worship and the traditions of his ancestors. How the Roman Catholic clings to his creed, though he may be ignorant, and in other respects servile, is well known. No subtle logic has ever taught his reason the foundation of his faith; but with his earliest recollections, and with the finest feelings of his heart, are intertwined the sacred rites and symbols of his religion, and all that he hopes for or fears, in matters of the utmost importance. There is nothing more beautiful in human nature, than this fidelity to the attachments of youth, whether the impressions then made are correct or not. It is meet that one should not forget the counsels, and the gray hairs of his sire, though the former may not be wholly correct, and the latter may have whitened far away from the genial light of truth. And how would men overleap the bounds of salutary restraint, and become self-willed and extravagant, if the prescriptions of the past, and the coun-

sels of time, were to go unheeded. Call not then the firmness of the heathen in the faith of his fathers, mere obstinacy, while you labor to convert him to the religion which *your fathers* bequeathed to you, and which all your prejudices have ever favored.

Governments bear the impress of prejudice. The wise statesman, in regulating public policy, is always obliged to take into careful consideration the prejudices of his countrymen, making these subserve his high purposes, while he endeavors to modify and correct them. That image of his country which every patriot cherishes, is not variable and evanescent, but defined and permanent. His vine and his fig-tree were no longer his own, if pruned and trained by another and a foreign hand. In order that a government may secure the highest love of its citizens, it is essential that it should connect itself with the sympathies of the people, by those ties which are strengthened slowly, but are fastened firmly and permanently, by a previous history, and the lapse of time. "Good governments are not formed, but grow." They grow from the past as their source and support; and at every stage of this growth, the prejudices of the people clinging to the past, make the progress of government slow, but healthful and secure; or they furnish a wholesome check upon sudden or unseasonable changes. This is conservatism. We look with respect and reverence upon a long established order of things, not merely by reason of its intrinsic excellence, but also from the very fact of its long-continuance. We are so constituted that we cannot help reverencing antiquity.

The hold which the doctrine of legitimacy has had upon Europe for centuries, until within a recent period, is, in a great measure, explained by this obvious principle. The dogma, however originated, at least became prevalent, that certain men were "born to the purple." Under regularly descended dynasties, nations acquired power and character; and the sovereign's glory was, at the same time, that of his realm. These monarchs had an authority higher than any earthly sanction could give, and this prestige of royalty too often sanctified weakness, and profligacy, and tyranny. The struggle which has well-nigh overthrown this doctrine, has been a long and an arduous one, having arrayed against it, not only the power of the rulers, but also the prejudices of the great body of the people. There is always a practical, and indeed proper presumption in favor of existing governments, whatever their forms may be. In our own country, freedom is fortified not only by our love for it in itself, but also, because we learn from infancy to extol its very name, and to exult in our "glorious land of liberty," before we well know, and without thinking, what it is that we are constantly magnifying.

What but a sort of prejudice is the source of that national vanity, which is common alike to all nations?

The Greeks, until compelled by the Persians to feel the reality of other power besides their own, looked down in proud contempt upon a world of barbarians. The Romans were imbued with the same national pride, and seemed to consider all others, except themselves and the Greeks, as worthy only to be their subjects and slaves. It is

but recently that more potent and refined warfare than any of which they had ever before had experience, has compelled the Chinese to recognize a superior civilization, which their prejudices, fostered by ignorance and a severe exclusiveness, had always characterized as "outside" barbarism.

Perhaps prejudice is not a misnomer for that which gives rise to so strong and universal a love of country and home. This does not at all depend upon the beauty and superiority of that accidental spot, which men call country and home.

The Icelanders have a proverb, that "Iceland is the fairest land on which the sun shines;" and what country, whether frowned upon or favored by nature, has not a similar one? Transplant the wild tenant of the forest into the midst of refinement and luxury, and he will sigh for his native haunts again. This sentiment no maxims of reason can unsettle, time only can shake, and even time itself cannot destroy. The very names of country and home and of their associations, are a spell with which to call up the nobler feelings of human nature, when all other earthly ties have lost their power, and the very nature seems imbrued beyond all hope of recovery. These sentiments remain the last faint token of that celestial principle, which is the common birth-right of all, the last link which binds man to a common sympathy with his kind. These feelings are all strengthened and kept alive by prejudices.

Neither truth nor error are ever stationary; they are always upon the move, and never retrograde. Hence, when opinions diverge in the least from the truth, the lapse of time and the natural course of events inevitably carry the difference to an extent, measured by nothing in the original importance of the perversion, but by the constantly increasing stability arising from prescription, and by the laws of mental progress.

Thus prejudices sometimes fix, or at least perpetuate the character of whole races of men. The Jews, bound together by the ties of a common origin, and by the special guidance and favor of Heaven, have fallen utterly as a nation, and sadly as individuals. Theirs were the "oracles of God," but upon a misunderstanding of them, was built up the expectation of a mighty temporal prince in their promised Messiah. This prejudice was so firmly rooted in the minds of the multitude, that they could not look upon an unpretending teacher, as any other than an imposter. They were consequently visited speedily with a curse, which has haunted them till this day. Upon the descendants of Ishmael was imposed the character of wild, roving men, and, true to his nature, the Arab is still the nomad of the desert. In the East, a peculiar system of mingled philosophy and religion has caused the tide of life to stagnate and remain almost stationary for ages. So that ages as well as races not unfrequently owe their character to prejudices peculiarly their own.

But, besides these more general instances and manifestations of prejudice, it appears to have a great and almost supreme control over individual character. This would indeed follow from what has been already said; for what are races, and ages, and nations, and govern-



ments, but aggregations of individuals, and individual characters? An abstraction can do nothing; it is only when it is embodied, and becomes an active principle in the minds of individuals, that it can have any practical character and influence. When the eye first opens upon the world around, when the awakening mind first drinks in the ideas which are perpetually rising before it, impressions are made lasting as time, and indelible as its traces. The voices of familiar friends, the charms of familiar scenes, the empire of familiar thoughts, are a part of the future man, and as such, never leave him. It would seem that nature bestows upon every one a certain constitution of mind, as well as of body. But there is in the character of every man something more than this. No one grows up without education of some sort, and a good or a faulty education must have a great effect upon the character and compass of the mind. The child has every thing to learn, and it must make a great difference what and how he learns. The power of education has passed into a proverb, and some would even have us believe that genius itself is the result of education. But aside from the professed discipline of the schools, there is a training which every one, though unconsciously, undergoes. His associations shape his ideas; they give a permanent bias to his mind, they turn the current of his character. The simple child, under these influences, may thus become a confirmed barbarian, or may stand high in the ranks of refinement and cultivated intellect. Thus the youth of strong mind and violent disposition may become a bold and outlawed wretch, or, trained to self-control and self-respect, by the vigor and superiority of his character, become a leader and a benefactor of his fellow-men. Such influences do not necessarily convince the reason, but they act upon the under-current of character, which controls and carries along with it the whole man. They are intertwined with the feelings and impulses of the soul, they command the assent of the mind, and thus govern the springs of thought and action. This early bias moulds the manners, fixes the habits, and, in a great measure, opens and prepares, or fills up and obstructs the way to truth and greatness. It fits or unfits the subject of these influences for those walks of life to which his talents might reasonably lead him to aspire.

The world can never know how much it has lost in the talents of many, who, by reason of the prescriptions of education and circumstances, have lived obscure and died unknown. Nor again does it appreciate how much these same causes have contributed to build up the character of many of its favorites.

The greatest rulers and conquerors have been almost always marked by prejudices peculiarly their own, and have also, by skillful management, taken the lead of prevalent prejudices, and made them conspire to the accomplishment of their own ends. Great generals seem almost always to have been inspired with a presentiment of success, and to have imbued their soldiers with the same confidence, which was often a guarantee of victory in the most desperate circumstances.

Numa, following the bent of his own mind, and working upon the superstitions of his subjects, instituted a code of religious rites, under

the pretended sanction of a Goddess, which, in a great measure, controlled all the future observances of the Roman religion, and which, along with his own virtues, caused him to be remembered ever afterwards, as Rome's greatest benefactor after Romulus. The father of Hannibal instilled into the youthful mind of his son, his own bitter hatred against the Romans, and caused him to swear, upon his country's altars, eternal enmity against them. Who can tell how great influence these early prejudices had upon that great mind, and upon Rome, and through Rome, upon the world? Constantine is said to have seen, in the heavens, the mystic symbol of the Christian faith, and to have interpreted it as an omen of victory. The prejudice thus inspired led him to espouse the religion of the cross; and thus commenced its prevalence, sanctioned by the government in the Roman Empire. Napoleon was, from early youth, trained in the ideas and the arts of war, and doubtless this early bias, along with his own native preëminence, marked him out as the future Emperor of France, and conqueror of Europe. Cromwell's youth is said to have been haunted with strange visions of royalty, and it seems to be agreed that this cast of mind, whether arising from, or giving rise to, these fancies, influenced his whole future career. The mother of Byron seems by her indiscretion to have awakened prejudices, which, combined with his sensitive nature and his passions, permanently perverted his character. And who has not observed upon what seemingly trivial incidents have hinged the character and fortunes of those around him? A word, a look, a single action, are often at the beginning of a course of thought and of life, of which no philosophy could have ever dreamed.

Men are constantly thrown into positions where immediate action is required; sometimes when it is impossible to call in the direct aid of reason, authority or fact; and here prepossessions must decide the question. All men are thus, either directly or indirectly, under the empire of prejudice. For the mind is not a collection of disconnected parts, any one of which may be cultivated, or perverted, or disorganized without affecting the rest; but it is a complex system of interdependent parts, the growth, or perversion, or alteration of any one of which, in any way, affects the whole character.

Thus powerful and universal is the sway of prejudice. On every page of the world's history are traced its workings. In every sphere of influence, in every juncture of fortune, its hand is seen guiding the present, and shaping the future. Its influence is sometimes for good, but oftener for evil. It is for good when existing prejudices are in the direction of truth. They may thus stand in its place and prepare the way for it. "Prejudice may be trusted to guard the outworks for a short time, while Reason slumbers in the citadel, but if the latter sink into a lethargy, the former will quickly erect a standard for itself." When it is united with a contracting ignorance and headstrong passions, the combination excludes truth and defies reason. As we have seen, it sometimes keeps an age groping in darkness behind its time. It shuts out whole races of men from sympathy and commerce with their kind. It pampers an exclusive national vanity. It draws the bounds of national distinctions so strict, that

“Lands intersected by a narrow frith  
Abhor each other.”

It calls all foreign lands barbarian—it perpetuates vicious systems of government; and it is only when ripened into a prudent conservatism, that it proves a blessing to a people. It transforms punctillios and unimportant distinctions, into binding codes of manners, and unyielding notions. It makes religion often a perpetual despotism of old, but unfounded authorities; or again it fills with bitterness the hearts of sectarian champions, and widens every moment the gulf between sects once dwelling together in brotherly love. It fans the flames of persecution—it gives birth to fanaticism—it nourishes superstition—it is the patron of bigotry. It has led men to condemn their kindred flesh and blood for unhallowed intercourse with demons—it has made them visionary and extravagant. It is the ready tool of the demagogue, the false teacher, and the designing of every grade and kind. It has, in fine, become almost a synonym with mischief or harm.

To unlearn is a harder task than to learn anew; but when both these must be done, when the way back to truth thus doubles upon itself, the difficulty is greatly aggravated. As truth and reason tend to make character constantly purer and better, so error and prejudice involve it deeper and deeper in wrong, until it becomes thoroughly perverted, and its extrication is next to impossible. We want nothing to come between us and the truth; we would banish prejudices—for there does not seem to be a conception of society or of individual character, fully realizing the cravings of our higher nature, from which these are not excluded.

But, since they cannot, from the constitution of men and things, be wholly removed, the efforts of the wise and good will be directed to the task of softening and lessening those which exist, and of guarding against their future prevalence.

It is a grand, distinguishing characteristic of superior civilization, that, where it prevails, truth reclaims its place from prejudice, and the system of things tends to keep the mind disabused of those errors which it sanctions and sustains.

Two of these influences are especially worthy of notice. The extensive and comparatively frequent and free intercourse of different nations and remote parts of the earth, for commercial and other purposes, manifestly tends to bring about a catholic liberality of sentiment the world over. Instead of frowns of distant suspicion and distrust, nations are even now exchanging smiles of familiarity and mutual good will. A new sphere of ideas is opened to the traveler in foreign lands, and it is natural that he should carry away with him enlarged views and liberal feelings. And if the earth is ever to become the home of one great brotherhood of nations, all under the rule of universal truth and right, we cannot doubt that a free and familiar interchange of friendly offices, of thought and of feeling, is to be the inseparable bond of their union.

But again, wherever governments have become, in any degree, assimilated to our high ideal of perfection, there are, within the national

body, and acting upon the individuals of which it is composed, two grand causes, working together for the emancipation of the mind from prejudice and its ally ignorance. Universal education and freedom of thought united are carrying on this crusade.

These give free scope to the action and development of the mind ; they discipline, while they enlarge its capacity ; they act upon it in early life, before it has been subjected to the control of any permanent principles and habits of thought and action—so that truth and liberty seem as natural and indispensable to the man as the air he breathes ; and he is thus formed at their hands, or rather suffered to form himself as God and nature intended.

Man thus acquires character, and is no longer a mere machine in the hands of an established authority, or a bubble "light as air" left to the mercy of the fickle winds of opinion. Character thus becomes real and permanent ; not through ignorance and therefore exposed to constant weakness and change ; nor yet perverted in its nature, stubborn in error, and stationary under unreasonable and immovable prejudices—but fixed, real and permanent, and yet progressive, under the genial sway of truth and reason. To bring these two great influences into full and successful operation, will be the enfranchisement of a world, and one of the noblest achievements and proudest boasts of enlightened patriotism and philanthropy.

## PETER BROWN AND DOLLY CROSS.

A doleful, legendary Ballad, written in 'common metre' with an owl-quill by the light of a lunar eclipse, and modeled after the anti-Pope-ish principles of Wordsworthian poetasters, who are in favor of saying little things on little subjects in a little way—its baldness, however, being embellished here and there with flowers culled from ancient literature and modern science: the whole forming a charming *ollapod* of John Milton, John Bunyan and John Gilpin, illustrated with obfuscativ annotations by Schwartzbuchstab Dummkopf von Traumland, and other unfathomable scholars.

## PROLOGUE.

THERE's something in a fairy-boat,\*  
Titania's moon-lit galley,  
With elfin oar and sail to float  
Through wood and wizard valley:

But in a flat-boat *I* would choose,  
With little care or study,  
The seas of daily life to cruise,  
Diaphanous, or muddy.

There's something in the eagle's flight,  
Who wheels his daring pinion  
High through the bright, empyreal light,  
His own supreme dominion.

But much more in the buzzard's,† which  
From realms ethereal passes  
To feed by every reeking ditch  
On carrion sheep, or asses.

Come all, who've heard great Wordsworth  
And listen to my lay— [sing,  
The finest, sweetest, prettiest thing,  
You've heard for many a day:

How a cross-eyed man was crossed in love  
By a cross-eyed, cross-grained maid,  
Nor could his cross-eyed glances move  
Her pity to his aid.

And, if the muse of Lake-school verse  
Will lend the bard her shell,  
He'll sing how this consuming curse  
Upon his hero fell.

\* Vide Wordsworth—Introduction to  
"Peter Bell." S. D. VON T.

† E. g. The adoption, as poetical subjects, of Donkeys, Gaberlunzies and Idiot Boys.

JOHANNES LOGOMACHUS.

This cross-eyed man across a field  
Was crossing with his nag;  
Across the nag a bag of meal,  
His legs across the bag;

When Cupid with his cross-bow shot  
The bumpkin through the heart,  
And all Love's anodynes could not  
Assuage the fatal smart.

All thrilled and weak with tender pain,  
He stopped at strangest loss;—  
For there upon the daisied plain  
The dumpling Dolly Cross

Before him stood, as in the skies  
Another sun uprisen,  
And the transverse glances of *her* eyes  
Shot cross-cross into *his'n*.\*

By mighty Love o'ermastered quite,  
He tumbled from his *hoss*,\*  
And vainly kneeled—ah, hapless wight!  
To dainty Dolly Cross.

He sighed, and prayed, and swore enough,  
The coldest breast to warm;  
But Dolly Cross was bullet-proof  
Through all the tender storm.

The lightnings darted from her eyes  
In form of letter X,  
And thus replied to Peter's sighs,  
This fiercest of her sex.

\* From the employment of such non-Anglican expressions as "his'n," "hoss," "gal," "git," and "eout," in place of their legitimate Saxon equivalents, it has been conjectured that Peter and Dolly were regular Yankees. For elegant specimens of the Down-Easterly dialect, consult Maj. Jack Downing and Sam Slick *passim*.

JUDGE HALIBURTON.

"Go, Peter Brown! your goggle-eyes  
Can squint no charms for me!  
This is the *gal*, what lives and dies  
From nuptial hand-cuffs free;

Free as the summer-brooks, that flow  
Unchained by wintry fetters:—  
And furthermore, I'd have you know,  
I'm sweet-heart for your betters!

You hump-backed, snub-nosed, cross-eyed  
Lest you should longer doubt [clown!  
My will, I tell you, Peter Brown,  
Make tracks! cut dirt! *git eout!*

I would not have you, Peter, though  
Of men you were the single  
Ensample left on earth." This blow  
Caused Peter's ears to tingle.

Homeward he rode, and daily he  
Went through a strong convulsion  
Of grief, to think he had but the  
"Attraction of *repulsion*."\*

\* \* \* \* \*

Hiatus, valde defendendus, et a lectore  
amanti solùm implendus.

Anglicè, a dismal blank of tears and  
sighs and hopeless longings, with, at intervals,  
a strong, cardiac spasm, convulsing  
the whole *soular* system. G. FETTER.

The sun had crossed the mid-land line,  
And from his southern throne  
On Peter's eyes did vainly shine,  
For heart and hope were gone!

Cross-legged he sat on a cross-board fence,  
With his arms across his breast,  
And thus addressed the cross-grained girl,  
Dear cause of his unrest.

"Oh! Dolly Cross! I saw thee cross

\* An enigmatical species of attraction, so named by paradoxical philosophers. It is curious, by the way, to remark how often the "attraction of *cohesion*," which existed during courtship, is converted by marriage into the "attraction of *repulsion*." This was emphatically true of the *disenamored* husband, who said that, during the honey-moon, he longed, from pure fondness, to eat his wife up, and was always after sorry that he had *n't* done it!

J. B. EROTICUS.

My vision, like a crow,\*  
And lost my peace, and for the loss  
My tears descend, like snow.\*

Blind Cupid took me for a butt  
To try his fatal dart,  
Which, like a cross-cut saw, doth cut  
Right square across my heart.

You said I had a snubbed nose,  
Cross-eyes and hump-back, toe:—  
Why these are beauties, oh my rose;  
At least they're such in you.

If e'er a 'match' in Heaven was formed,  
'Twas surely that between us:  
For I'm a cross-eyed Phœbus, warmed  
By thee, a squinting Venus.

My right-eye shot its tender beams  
Into thy right hand iris;  
Thy left into my left poured streams  
Of soft and melting fire. Is

Aught more horrible to bear  
Than sorrow's slow corrosion?  
I'll go and blow this match, I swear,  
Sky-high in one explosion.

For "matches" are not made above,  
But in the lower gulph; or  
Else where gets this torch of Love  
Its Luciferian sulphur?

My pain grows worse and worsen still,  
No remedy I know:  
I'll go and kill myself, I will;  
I will, indeed. Oh! Oh!!

Down jumped he from the cross-board  
With dark and fell intention, [fence  
And, as he could not bear *suspense*,  
Resolved to try *suspension*.†

\* Observe the fine truthfulness of these similes. His Love was 'like a crow,' in that she darkened all his hopes. The comparison of his 'tears' to 'snow,' is powerfully suggestive of the idea that misery had frozen up the fountain of his tears, and congealed the very springs of being.

S. D. VON TRAUMLAND.

† The poet here struggled limply after a pun. O, Mercury, 'messenger of gods and men,' and Addison, pure-minded hater of the vile *paronomasia*, what sacrilege to wit! Sed vide Miltonis Diaboli orationem in Paradiso Perdito, Lib. 6.

JOE MILLER.

Across two upright posts he laid  
A cross-beam all of maple,  
And in the cross-beam fast he made  
A solid hook and staple.

Then fastening, noose-wise, in the hook  
Each cherished old suspender,  
He glared around him, with a look  
Half-furious, half-tender.

"Oh, farewell, Earth! farewell, oh Hea-  
Oh, fareill, cruel Dolly! [ven!  
And never be thy soul forgiven  
For all its scornful folly!"

To "shuffle off this mortal coil,"  
He noosed his neck *instantly*,  
And Styxward from this earthly soil  
Rode in a jerking canter.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Across the fields that very night  
Plump Dolly Cross came tripping,  
With thoughts as bright, and steps as light,  
As a cow's,\* fresh clover clipping.

But while she viewed above her head  
The pure, dark depths of ether,  
And scanned the dandelions, spread  
Around her and beneath her;

Limned on the sky, before her eye,  
A livid corse hung dangling,  
"Dead as a herring,"† swung on high  
By ruthless sportsman angling.

\* Some hypercritics, particularly Zoilus Homeromastix Junior, have maintained that this bovine comparison is degrading to the heroine, and beneath the dignity of the Epic. Let such remember how often Homer entitles the sister and wife of Jove, 'the ox-eyed, venerable Juno.' Compare also the two heroes, Peter Bell and Ajax, belaboring, the one a real, the other an imaginary ass. ZIPPOCULUS HAARSPALTER.

† Some have deemed this phrase too colloquial. Had they ever climbed Skiddaw, or sonnetized from the source to the mouth of the majestic little Duddon, they would know that the plainest language is the most poetical. An ambitious writer would say "dead as Julius Cæsar:" just as if a dead Cæsar were any more dead than a dead herring! Again: we have "preen the extinct fish, and have not seen

† defunct hero: therefore, the former *jects* is the more familiar and striking. Boyer 'inherent dignity' and all that an-

Yes! there, with black, protruded tongue,  
And eyes no longer sparkling,  
Beneath the lunar moon-beams swung  
Poor Peter, grim and darkling.

Strange horror seized the maiden then,  
With deepest grief inwoven;  
For well she knew the wretch again,  
Who thus his love had proven.

And Peter Brown, who vainly tried  
In life her heart to bend once,  
The very hour in which he died  
Received an ample vengeance.

And feelings, until now suppressed  
To save her maiden blushing,  
Boiled over, from her frozen breast,  
Like Ætna's lava, rushing.

By quivering limbs, and troubled glance,  
Wild hair and pulse so feeble,  
She seemed some prophetic in trance,  
Some Pythoness, or Sibyl.

With faltering accents there she stood,  
To speak essaying weakly,  
Till soon of tears a bursting flood  
From each eye gushed obliquely:

Which, meeting at her nose's tip,  
Where met her thwarting vision,  
Streamed down above her bloodless lip  
In hissing-hot collision.

At last in words she found relief—  
Words steeped in passion's frenzy—  
And thus she shrieked aloud her grief—  
Grief bitterer than tanzy.||

tiquated trash, to the eye of a philosopher one substance is as elegant and reverend as another, and the 'Oceanic' Shakspeare, tells us that "the dust of Alexander may come to stop a bung-hole."

JACKASINUS AURICULA.

§ Astronomers will recognize the exclusive appositeness of this epithet, since no other species of 'moon-beams' than the 'lunar' is known to exist. Consult Ptolemy, Kepler, Newton, Munchausen, etc. Also, the 'Man in the Moon.'

MAJOR URSA BOÏTES.

|| *Vice* the common expression "bitterer than gall." Here, as in many other passages, the exquisite judgment of our poet is such, to use a Terentian phrase, 'ut nihil supra.' Ist. The employment of the vocable 'gall,' would have *marred*

"And hast thou, then, dear Peter Brown,  
Left this world's green expansion,  
And journeyed, sorrow-stricken down  
To Hades' joyless mansion ?

Have I, so clearly marked above  
To be thine own, thy chosen,  
Returned no answering squint of love,  
And thus thy heart's-blood frozen ?

That thou should'st thus alone endure  
An end so sadly luminous  
How can thy Dolly bear, my poor  
Heautontimorumenos ?\*

As thou hast checked life's purple tide  
With the straps that crossed thy shoul-  
So I will hang me by thy side [ders ;  
All in my *stocking-holders*."†

Those zodiacs of a world unknown  
She loosed with trembling digits,  
And fastened to her virgin zone,  
Impelled by all the Fidgets.‡

Then in the hook, where Peter slung  
His murderous suspender,

(instead of *marrying*) the rhyme—a matter of great moment. For, in poesy, rhyme is superior to reason: which is the cause why many modern poets call their effusions "*fugitive pieces*;" because the rhyme has *run away* from the reason. 2d. The comparison in the text, though less strong, is more original.

H. F. DE GUSTIBUS.

\* "Self-Tormentor." The chief character in a Greek Comedy, Latinized by Terence, the "*dimidiatus Menander*" of Rome.

JOS. SCALIGERIDES.

† Verbum obfuscatissimum, de quo mirè torquentur interpretes. Pro explicatione ad vestifarum *transcendentalium* conventum referetur, qui, celeberrimæ Abbæ Foolsome auspiciis, in urbe Neologica Bostoniensi, ad vindicanda feminarum privilegia convocandus est. Confer etiam Dict. Antiqu. sub voce "Periscelis."

G. M. PHILOGYNES.

‡ Certain invisible and ever-restless beings, in the Nov-Anglican mythology, second-cousins to the Furies of the Ancients. The witch-stricken Cotton Mather, in an unpublished appendix to his '*Magnalia*,' says that their names are Flurry, Hurry, and Worry.

JONATHAN SELENIACUS.

In that same hook poor Dolly hung  
The noose that was to end her.

And, using Peter's stiffened toes  
As block to mount a jennet,  
She faintly climbed. What tears, what  
Were crowded in that minute! [woes

But while her breast with anguish burned,  
All in the noose she laid her;—  
Her head toward the Zenith turned,  
Her feet toward the Nadir.

As Death and Life in her sweet frame  
Were desperately battling,  
She thus exhaled her amorous flame  
In accents weak and rattling.

"I scorned to be thy living bride—  
O scorn to memory bitter! .  
But now I hang me by thy side,  
To die for thee, my Peter!

Oh! day on day, and year on year  
Shall rain and wind and thunder  
Rave wildly round our airy bier,—  
But ~~as~~ they cannot sunder!

The furious storm the oak that parts,  
Shall dash our bones together,  
And, side by side, our faithful hearts  
Shall sleep in peace forever!

And long, when lovers humbly sue,  
Shall maids, warned by my ruin, .  
At once say, "Thank you, yes," or do  
Themselves sometimes the wooing.

And they shall make their sacred vow  
By us, Love's hapless martyrs—  
The "Knight of the Suspenders," thou—  
I, "Lady of the Garters"! \*

More had she said, or more had sighed,  
Which here the bard would copy ;  
But just precisely then she died,  
As dies a fair young poppy.†

\* Quaere. Whether this tragical event were not the true origin of the order of the Star and Garter—the star to stud the Knight's suspender, and the Garter to be placed—wherever it pleased the lady to to place it? Vide Hume and Lingard.

ARCHAIOLOGOS NUGATOR.

† This similitude has been pronounced by the erudite and sharp-nosed Smelfungus to be decidedly inodorous, as the poppy is less fragrant than an aroma from 'Araby



\* \* \* \* \*  
 The hours flew by, as hours will fly,  
 And soon the autumn gale  
 Went wailing through the forests dry,  
 Or eddying down the vale;

But winds might wail, and woods might  
 Their widowed heads, and moan; [wave  
 These lovers, in their pensile grave,  
 Still slept unheeding on.

The days rolled on, as days will roll,  
 And soon the winter-blast,  
 With ice-breath from the Northern Pole,  
 Came freezing as he passed.

But snows from Hyems' frosty crown  
 Unfelt, unheeded fell  
 On Dolly Cross and Peter Brown,  
 Who loved, and loved so well.

The weeks swept on, as weeks will sweep,  
 And soon the voice of Spring  
 Waked bud, and leaf, and flower from  
 And plumed the wild-bird's wing. [sleep,

But not sweet spring's refreshing gale,  
 Or soft and fragrant breath  
 Could wake those sleepers, cold and pale,  
 From the pale, cold sleep of Death!

The months passed by, as months will  
 And soon the summer breeze [pass,  
 Flowed softly o'er the waving grass,  
 And through the rustling trees:

But while all Nature bloomed around,  
 And birds their loves were singing,  
 Sweet Dolly Cross and Peter Brown  
 In the warm, bright air were swinging.

And every day the blazing god  
 Showered down his golden splendor,

the Blest.' But the poppy is eminently  
 soporiferous, and therefore is peculiarly  
 expressive of sinking into the sleep of  
 Death. FAPILIO MECONICUS.

† The reader is here expected to weep  
 profusely. FLORATOR QUERIBUNDUS.

While Night lit up the land of Nod  
 With radiance mild and tender.

But beams of day, or beams of night,  
 Illuming all the skies,  
 Could never find, cross how they might,  
 A focus in their eyes!

The passing maid would hush her breath  
 In silence and in fear,  
 Or, looking at the post of death,  
 Would faintly cry, "Oh, dear!"

Her brain would lose its giddy whirl,  
 And her keen pulse beat stiller,  
 At thought of Doll., the milking-girl,  
 And Peter Brown, the miller.

And there still hang their glistening bones,  
 Sad proof of this sad story,  
 And seem to say, in creaking tones,  
 "Proud girl! MEMENTO MORI!"

Your fluent bard *could* raise a crop  
 Of versicles 'ad libitum';  
 But *he* knows when and where to stop—  
 For fools, who don't—why, gibbet 'em!

#### — EPILOGUE.

Thus have I drawn these complex strains  
 From that delightful shell,  
 Which chanted once on British plains  
 The lay of "Peter Bell";

And made of low and lofty words  
 A harmony Mosaic,  
 Like barn-fowl cackling among birds  
 Pindaric, or Alcaic.

And as, like 'Nature's bard,' I've twined  
 The old Parnassian laurel  
 With leaves we every where may find,  
 The common 'shepherd's sorrel';

I trust we both may 'scape the maw  
 Of Time, the mighty Eater,  
 And the eyes of after-ages draw  
 To MY and WORDSWORTH'S Peter!

#### L'ENVOI.

[Filched from Prof. Tallfellow's forthcoming hexametrical Epic, (on the Georgian, who was swallowed by an alligator,) with a few prosthetical and paragogical additions.]  
 To all the Yalensian students in Science, and Medicine, Law and Divinity,  
 The poet commendeth the foregoing elegant versicles, written with tersest concinnity,  
 And, smiling enhaloed, in glittering, nebulous, nimbus-like wreaths of his own honor-  
 ificabilitudinity,

Here droppeth his owl-quill, and limpeth away in a slow-dragging, zigzaggy, up-and-down, club-footed, horrible hobble of quadrupedantean, proceleusmatical, super-Virgilian, eicosimetrical Alexandrinity.\*

PEGASIDES EPHIPPOS.

\* These four lines are justly regarded as the 'ne plus ultra,' or, more truly, the 'ne plussumum ultra' of all the classical poetry yet extant in our language. They combine the majestic and melodious march of the ancient rhythm with the ear-titillating jingle of modern rhyme. They form a most appropriate *finale* to this sublime Epic; for they gallop off dactylically, suggesting the delightful picture of a modest bard, running away from the praises of admiring readers. From first to last they increase in length by regular and beautiful gradations, and form, as it were, a spiral stair-case, by which the neophyte of the Muses may ascend to the topmost summit of Parnassus. The last verse which we think just three and one half times the finest 'Alexadrine' ever written, proves by its exceeding length; first, that the wonderfully exuberant writer did not stop for want of words, or of breath to blow them out with; and, secondly, that he felt a delicately complimentary reluctance to part with appreciative readers. *En passant*, we would suggest, to short-winded, or phthisical persons, the advisability of employing these lines as a lung-strengthenener, in place of Ramages' breathing-tube. They are to be scanned at a breath, in an up-hill walk, twenty seven times *per diem*. There is some doubt as to the true lection of the eleventh and twelfth feet; that marvellous scholar, Omninescius Dunderduncius, learnedly maintaining that the author, with a just knowledge of his own merits, wrote, not 'quadrupedantean,' but 'quadruply Dantean.' The former would be a palpable theft from Virgil, from whom our author had no occasion to plagiarise, since, in so far as his genius may have needed extrinsic inspiration, it is plain he drew it from copious potations of bottled moonshine, and a frequent reference to the Rhyming Dictionary of John Walker, the high priest of the modern Muses and Magnus Apollo of our modern Poets. The scansion of these inimitable lines will be a fine exercise for young prosodians. We may also remark that 'scansion' literally means 'climbing'—a most appropriate name, since the reading of all poetry (except such as Peter Bell and Peter Brown) is *up-hill* work. For criticisms on 'poetry in general, and directions how to turn it out ad libitum' and 'to order,' consult the 41st Vol. (fol. Edit.) of my Tractates "De omnibus rebus, paucisque aliis:" article, "Patent Poetry."

POLYGRAPHOS CHALCOPYGOS.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—I should be sorry to be thought unable to appreciate, or capable of scoffing at, the serene and meditative genius of Wordsworth. I yield to no man in admiration of large portions of his poetry, as well the narrative, as the descriptive and didactic. But the unsound poetic *theory*, broached by him and other Lakists, is fair subject for satire; especially since, through the influence of that very theory, much of the baldest common-place found way into his works, and we have for years been drenched with "one weak, washy everlasting flood" from the pens of his feeble mimics. I would further remark that I intend no serious thrust at any body, or anything; and that the whole piece from its first skeleton idea to its final corpulent completion, was designed only as an experimental *jeu-d'esprit*, and piece of harmless nonsense.

P. EPHIPPOS.

June 15th, 1849.

## REMINISCENCES OF AN UNHAPPY AUTHOR.

"Oh, that mine enemy would write a Book!"

MESSEURS EDITORS :—I am in deep affliction. The miseries of authorship have pierced my soul, and its poisonous *cacoethes* has envenomed all my being. Each step I take in improvement as a writer, depreciates me as a companion and debases me as a man. Possessed by the scribbling mania, and rabid with a thirst for fame, I am forsaken of my better angel, and feel that I am fast becoming denaturalized, demoralized, degraded, and unmanned. I now know, by sad experience, the depth and strength and bitterness of that mysterious curse, invoked by the "man of Uz" upon his unnamed foe—"Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" It was long anterior to the preparation of papyrus, or the invention of printing. Yet even in that uninstructed age, it was known that of all disasters, which can fall on man, the greatest was that of writing a book, and craving for *typical* renown.

But contrary to the irregular, Horatian maxim of plunging "in medias res," I will "begin with the beginning," and end with the end. I design, then; to give you a more particular account of this dire catastrophe, with its antecedents, concomitants and consequents; partly with the view of exhaling my sorrows by writing them down in a "Book of Revelations;" and partly that my fellow-students, forewarned by my example, may shun the wild Charybdis and devouring Maelstrom, in which *my* bark is irretrievably engulfed.

You must know that, from belonging to a bookish family, and from always having seen its various members solacing themselves "in season and out of season" with a volume, I became at an early age a constant and omnivorous reader. In veriest boyhood, I had devoured Homer, Shakspeare and Milton, Cervantes, Bunyan and Defoe, Robertson, Rollin and Josephus, and in brief, most of the old English classics, original or translated, besides more modern works, sermons and tracts, biographies and poems, magazines and papers beyond all number. In fact, reading became with me so much a habit and a business, that I frequently *performed* it more from a sense of duty than a sentiment of pleasure, and at one time I perused with scrupulous exactness, all the advertisements in papers, and all the notes and references in books, though, perhaps, I understood not one-tenth of them. I was conscientiously opposed to the practice of "skipping," both because it seemed a superficial process, and because it would debar me from saying honestly that I had *read a work through*. For my reading was as much from pride, as for enjoyment. And, indeed, had not the shelves of the family book-case, and the reservoir of the Village Library furnished me with many works of absorbing *interest*, as well as intrinsic value, I should doubtless have notably illustrated Pope's alliterative couplet.

"The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,  
With loads of learned lumber in his head."

As it was, I ingorged with anacondine voracity innumerable writings, of which I had no glimmering comprehension, and which lay in my mental maw, unmacerated by the gastric fluid, and furnishing no foodful chyle to the clogged and overloaded frame. But in other works, how deep and exquisite was the joy which, alas! I shall riot and revel in no more! How often "in the leafy month of June," have I lain beneath some ancient apple-tree, deliciously recumbent on the long, fresh grass, "from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve;"—raging with Achilles through the gory battle, or laughing over the Knight of La Mancha's comic misadventures, or panting for poor Christian's triumph over the grim Apollyon, or following the love-crazed roamings of the mad Rolando, or passing from mood to mood among the magic scenes and life-like characters of earth's sole autocrat, the myriad-minded Shakspeare. And how often, while the drowsy hum of drawling voices, engaged in "reading" or "spelling," spun on "in linked sweetness long drawn out," assimilating the old red school-house to a buzzing bee-hive, have my thoughts wandered away from the smirched arithmetic, the dog-eared Grammar, and the ink-daubed Atlas, to dwell on the wild wanderings of Ulysses, the loves and wars of Wallace, and the wonder working lamp of Aladdin. And, though ever a social boy, yet how deeply amidst my young companions, did I feel "*among* them but not *of* them;" for, oh! what a glorious world, unknown to them, did I hourly live in! another and more beautiful creation! a spiritual universe, all filled with music, and bathed in fragrance, and populous with bright, imperishable life.

But passing thus briefly over all the bookish, dreamy bliss of my boyhood, I will mention that three years since, after a very thorough preparation, I sheltered myself as a "fresh" foster-chicken under the wide-spread wings of our ancient and venerated Yale. My fond friends expected me to take a high position, and hoped to see my brows umbraged with, at least, Salutatory laurels. In this, they are destined to disappointment. For neither in preliminary schools, nor here at College, have I ever entertained a very ardent desire for scholastic distinction. Not, that I do not consider academic honors, provided their pursuit does not swallow up all other and ulterior and more enlarged ideas, as an object of laudable ambition. And well am I assured that the manifold thought and patient application necessary to attain them, form the very best of all possible trainings for imparting to the mind, symmetrical completeness, and a facile versatility of power. But so quiet and musing had been my life, that I scarce ever felt the spur of emulation, and so far as I was indistinctly conscious of the principle, I perceived it only in the latent yearning for a loftier and more enduring celebrity—the celebrity of a world-wide and everlasting fame. Addicted, moreover, to the pleasures of discursive reading, and unblest with an easy fluency of speech, or the talent for display, I early abandoned the hope of eminent Collegiate renown, and contenting myself with extracting the *kernel* from my lingual and scientific tasks, I left it for others to carve and decorate the *shell*. Meanwhile, the abundant leisure left me over the performance of my daily exer-

cises, I partially devoted to the pleasures of social intercourse, but mostly to a communion, more delightful still, with the master-works of living or departed Genius. But suddenly, and to my own surprise, I was awakened by the promptings of a strong ambition.

I belong, of course, to one of the Debating Societies, into which, from time immemorial our studious fraternity has been trisected. For the first year I took no part in its hebdomadal discussions. But one night, in the autumn of '47, a fellow-member made a brilliant speech which thrilled through the very marrow of my bones, and aroused in me an unconquerable wish to become another Demosthenes, or what in my view is equally exalted, another WEBSTER. I said to myself with Sheridan, "it is *in* me, and it shall *out*." Fortunately, as I thought, the question for the next night was announced to be on an important point in casuistry, which may be fairly stated in these terms: "Whether a man, for the sake of a good result, ever *ought* to do what he *ought'nt*?" I had always earnestly opposed the miserable doctrine of "expediency," and as earnestly adhered to Plato's splendid dogma of a high, immortal, immutable "τὸ Καλόν," identical with the essence of Deity itself, existing from all eternity and pervading the whole Universe, as the norm of all action, the fountain of all Justice, and the basis of all law. I thought the discussion of this subtle thesis would afford me a fine occasion to fledge my wings for a trial-flight into the regions of metaphysical sublimity. I studied the question intensely. I fortified my side with impregnable bulwarks of defensive argument, and prepared satirical catapults and sarcastic battering-rams to beat down the positions of my opponents. Before the eventful period arrived, I considered myself cased in mail all over, and as Clay once said to Calhoun, in the "Triangular Battle of the Giants,"\* I felt "perfectly invulnerable." I had resolved, however, not to shine forth till the question was open to the Society for general debate, and, aware of my native bashfulness, I thought it best to acquire some artificial strength. Just previous, then, to the time when I supposed I should commence, I stepped out and imbibed a quantity of "Dutch courage" in the shape of a half-tumbler of fourth-proof Cogniac. But the speaker who had the floor, proving more prolix than I had expected, I felt my spirits slowly oozing from my finger-tips, and, fearing I was not sufficiently emboldened, I again went out to quaff a fresh supply of adscititious valor. As I returned, the orator sat down, and I arose with a heated spirit and a whirling brain. My "Dutch courage" made me entirely too courageous, and, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, I plunged at once into my subject, displaying unparalleled volume of voice and volubility of tongue. With facts and figures, argument and illustration, sublimity and satire, all fused into one fiery mass, I rushed onward and upward, like a burning comet. As for action, Demosthenes himself, although his motto was action! *action!!* ACTION!!! could

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\*A famous Debate, which occurred some ten years since in the U. S. Senate between the three intellectual Anaks, Clay, Calhoun and Webster.

not have called for more. With gestures fast and furious, I swayed myself backward and forward, bowing and straightening myself in short, sharp jerks, like those of a closing and opening jack-knife. Now I flung my arms wildly around me, like a wind-mill in a hurricane, and then, like a puffing Cyclops, I swung them up and down, sledge-hammer-wise, in the most perpendicular style of pump-handle oratory. As for violent tropes, and gorgeous metaphors, and unheard-of similes, I piled them, one upon the other, in rich, rhetorical confusion. In the balloon of imagination, I rose to the very heights of mystical unmeaningness, and magniloquently swept from star to star through an atmosphere of cloudy grandeur. So long as the brandy was but incipiently working, I did very well; for though my argument had doubtless little strength and less coherence, yet so loud and fierce and rapid was my utterance that no mortal could follow it to tell whether I was bringing myself, or my opponents to the "reductio ad absurdum." But when the combined fires of eloquence and alcohol had once thoroughly heated me, I became sadly bewildered, and feeling my Dædalian wings melting from my sides, as under the breath of a "compound blow-pipe," I at once fell "plumb-down"—an immeasurable, irrecoverable height. Struggling for a moment to regain, if not the *thread* of argument, at least the *yarn* of rigmarole, I got so bemazed in the complications of a labyrinthine sentence, that I could extricate myself only by cutting it short off, and that with the employment of a triple negative, which, though very good Greek, is very bad English. This monstrous anti-climax, and perpendicular descent into unfathomable bathos, called forth such a roar of laughter, that I sank into my seat, crest-fallen and completely sobered. To crown my confusion, a witty Senior—oh, might I turn Anthropophagus, with what more than South-Sea relish could I *cannibalize* the jeering tyrant, limb by limb!—rose, and drily inquired if I were not a cousin of the boy, who, when searching for a lost calf, propounded to a group of strangers, in genuine *Yankee-Antic*, the following pregnant interrogative-negative: "*Ha'n't nobody among none of you, nowhere about here seen nothing of no stray calf, what ha'n't got no tail?*" Compared with the quenchless cachinnations that followed this cruel query, the previous peals were but as the first small droppings of a "continental" storm. I slunk away in shame unutterable, though more than ever convinced of the truth of the theory I had striven so vainly to establish. For, had I not "done evil that good might come"? Had I not got drunk that I might be eloquent? Had not my pursuit of "expediency" been followed by its old, inevitable sequel—a shameful failure—a Waterloo defeat? In practicing against my own preaching, had I not spoiled one of the finest orators, that ever stormed the hearts of the people, or startled the tyrant on his throne? Relinquishing, from that moment, all hope, or wish "the applause of listening senates to command," I turned again to the quiet, inexhaustible happiness of books. And oh, how deep and sweet, how varied and how blameless was my bliss, as I walked among the vocal groves that shadow, and drank of the cool

fountains that refresh, that wide and flowery and unfading world, evoked by the poets and scholars of the Past!

"A populous solitude of bees and birds,  
And fairy-formed, and many-colored things."

BYRON.

Even as some ruined wretch loves to dwell and linger on the peaceful hours, that preceded some black, disastrous change, so I would fain bescrawl whole sheets of foolscap, rhapsodizing over the happiness of that long and quiet year. After the dire discomfiture detailed above, I hoped that inordinate ambition was dead within me. But the serpent only slept. To change the figure, my boat, torn loose from her moorings by that rhetorical storm, had already shot down the Rapids of the Phlegethon, and the brief calm that ensued was but the deceitful "smoothness of the torrent" before it took its final and tremendous leap. On revisiting the home of my childhood in the six weeks' vacation of '48, I found a portion of my time to lie heavy on my hands. One day, the editor of our village paper asked me to write something for his columns. I complied. I wrote a poem and a tale. They were published, and some people, who perhaps could not distinguish poetry from codfish, or sentiment from sauerkraut, praised them to the echo. "*Hinc mihi prima mali labes.*" From that day I date my ruin. The itch for writing and the lust of praise shot like fire through all my being. "*Semper ego lector tantum*"? I mentally exclaimed. Shall I rank forever among the "*fruges consumere nati*"? Shall I always be omniverous, and not *omnivorous* also? No! I will turn producer. I have written and been praised. I will write again, and be praised yet more. I will plume my wings for a bolder flight, and perch in some of those periodicals which give direction to the national taste, and an "odor of nationality" to a writer's name. My "*nom de plume*" shall ring from the bayous of Texas to the wooded shores of Memphremagog, and, after enjoying my anonymous glory for a time, my muse shall come forth "*confessa deam*," and I will sit down in full-orbed resplendence on the green Aonian heights. Accordingly I conceived and papered down two little poems and a brief essay. I mailed them, and they were published in a popular magazine—I will not say whether the Knickerbocker, or the Southern Literary, or one of the Milliner's monthlies of Philadelphia. I have since continued writing—as secretly as if it were a crime, as zealously as if it were a virtue—for various periodicals, yours included, as also for the newspapers of this and other cities. Some have been published, and many rejected; while most, worthy, it seems, neither to be "damned," nor yet forgiven, remain suspended "in Limbo Patrum," uncursed and unbeatified—perhaps to be amended by the torturing scissors, perhaps to be purified in purgatorial fire.

But ever since the safe delivery of my first-born bantling, and its public exhibition in all the pride of types and paper, I have become another man—the very antipode of my former self. With the aspirations of a book-wright, vanities and vices, whose name is "Legion,"

have peopled my intellectual realm. One short year ago and I was a quiet, unpretending student, unenvious, unselfish, whose thoughts and fancies moved in a sweet, spontaneous round of bookish reveries, and lazy, retrospective dreams. Then I could bury myself in a play or a poem, a novel or a history, and, drowning my individual consciousness in the sentiments of the author, or in the acts and passions of his characters, I could live long, blessed hours in that wild, imaginary world, which, though intangible, is no less real, and far more lovely than this visible and outward sphere. Then, too, my love and reverence for all that was grand or beautiful in that vast, ideal realm, were so absolute and so abstract, that they were almost holy. But *now*, how changed ! how fallen !

Heu, heu ! Quid volui misero mihi ? Floribus austrum  
Perditus, et liquidis immisi fontibus apros !

The flowers of Fancy are withered by the breath of Care, and the feet of Jealousy and wild Ambition have roiled the clear springs of Thought. My spiritual firmament, erst so calm and pure, is now darkened by the gathering elements of cloud and storm, and its atmosphere is hourly riven with sharp, electric shocks. "Farewell, content ! farewell, the tranquil mind !"

I am no longer a "looker on in Venice." I have become a man of business—jealous, anxious, agitated, restless. No more do I worship Literature for her own sweet self, or bring my votive offering to the Muses from a pure and simple heart. I am now a priest at their altar, and offer sacrifice *professionally*, not like a private devotee, from genuine reverence, or unadulterated love, but that I may have my share of the *fatness*. Once, I was content to look on Genius in the silence of admiring awe, and I watched his kindling features and heard his fervent words, always with a beating heart and not infrequently with gushing eyes. Now I am an unfeeling rival of those, on whom I once looked as a wrapt spectator. I cannot pause to admire the beauty of their forms, the grace of their movements, or the marvel of their speed. I am myself in the stadium ; I feel myself running neck and neck with them, and my care is not to be outstripped. My neck is stretched forward with inflexible rigidity, and my gaze is fixed, earnest and unswerving, on the goal of glory, that gleams before me through the dusty distance. I dare scarce wink, much less turn my eyes on my competitors, whether in fear, or wonder, lest that very movement deprive me of the laurel crown, or, more distressing still in this money-loving, multi-scribbling age, lose me the "purse of gold." While I was merely a reader, I could accord to all authors, ungrudgingly, their rightful meed of praise. Now that I am myself an author, I regard them with a *brotherly* eye, that is, with the jealous leer of a member of the same brotherhood. In a word, I look on all writers, dead, living, or to live, as so many odious rivals, whose elevation is my abasement—whose riches are my loss—whose triumphs are my own disaster and defeat. For every passion of the human mind, and particularly its ca-



capacity of admiration, is of a limited extent. Men cannot be enthusiastic always. The world cannot open its eyes, and lift up its hands, and raise its voice in astonished eulogy of everything. The aggregate of excitability diffused among mankind, remains from age to age nearly unaltered. In the presence, for example, of great events, small incidents pass by unheeded, while, in default of overwhelming excitements, minor objects possess their share of attraction. The more numerous, then, the competitors for the world's applause, the smaller each one's modicum of praise; or, in scientific language,  $a \div < = > : i. e.,$  the larger the divisor for this fixed dividend, the less the quotient. I cannot, therefore, but regard all authors, past, present, and to come, as rival luminaries, each contributing to "pale my ineffectual fire." More particularly, as the plebeian pauper has always eyed the opulent patrician with glances of jealousy and hatred, so am I forced to view with indignant antipathy the rich and noble aristocracy of mind. For had they not said and printed almost all the best things, which can be thought of, and that in the best possible manner, I should doubtless have said and printed many or most of them myself. I am envious of Addison, and jealous of Irving, I look upon Milton as the wearer of my predestined laurels, and Pope as the preëccupant of my rightful throne—but at Homer and Shakespeare I cast an eye of the bitterest malignance; for are they not the original and mighty reservoirs of most that is choice in language or beautiful in thought? By what right did these literary Nimrods overrun and subject the world of Imagination? Did the accident of primogeniture give these unscrupulous land-lopers the privilege of "squatting" over all the wilderness of Feeling, and claiming a "pre-emptionary" right to a whole continent of wit? Our ancestors be hanged! What have they left to us but their miserable refuse-frivolous originality, or bald common-place, or barren imitation?

My chief reading is now in obscure or obsolete writers. I am less painfully affected with a sense of inferiority, and I can filch an occasional jewel with less risk of detection. The perusal of first-rate authors has ceased to be a pleasure. Their splendor pains my eyes, and I never consult them but for three objects—first, to discover, Delilah-like, the secret of their super-human power: second, to disguise their beauties, and pass them as my own: and, third, to make avowed quotations. In all these aims I am constantly fretted and baffled. The charm, that endows them with their beauty and their strength is subtle, elusive, impalpable as air. It is as real, yet intangible, as vital, yet unseizable, as the essence of the soul. It is the mystic principle, and uncounterfeited gift of GENIUS. As for their jewels, I cannot successfully steal them. Before they can be disguised beyond detection, they must be so fractured, discolored and disfigured, that their beauty and nobleness are gone. My only gain from them is in direct quotations. Here, again, I am wofully distressed. The most beautiful are the most obvious, and these have been quoted and quoted till they are worn to tatters. The less hackneyed are also less beautiful, and are seldom "apropos" to the context. I have three large books filled with extracts

from various authors—pregnant sentiments, and happy phrases. They are mostly new ; but I find them hard to introduce. I have sometimes written a whole half-page, diverting the natural course of thought, for the sole purpose of finding a fair pretext to insert them. As an instance, I have vainly striven through a dozen articles dexterously to employ a line of Byron—certainly the most graphic and life-like in the world. Seeing no prospect of employing it appropriately, unless I were to write a Sternly “ Sentimental Tour through France,” I have determined to get rid of it at once, “ *apropos des bottes.*” So here I lug it in, head and shoulders ;

“ By the *blue rushing* of the *arrowy Rhone.*”

But quotations embarrass me greatly in another way. I am afraid not to quote freely, lest my reading may be thought limited. Moreover if my own writing be dull, these “ borrowings” may serve to embellish, enliven and enrich it. On the other hand, if I quote too largely, I may be thought unoriginal and unfruitful. The reader, also, may see too clearly the superiority of the *woof* over the *warp*—of the quotations over the context, and I may be miserably eclipsed by a blaze of my own kindling.

My miseries are not yet half recounted. Every circumstance surrounding the composition, publication and reception of my pieces is pregnant with anxiety, or vexation. In composing, I am wretchedly at a loss what to retain, and what expunge. I have read heedfully the rhetorical directions of Quintilian, Blair, and Campbell. They only make “ confusion worse confounded.” They commend the fullness of Livy—they eulogize the condensation of Tacitus : which shall I adopt ? I appreciate the strength of a vigorous brevity—I see the beauty of rotund completeness. If I strive for each, shall I miss of both ? or can erring mortal hit the happy medium ? I fear to say too much, lest it prove wearisome—I am loth to omit any idea, lest it be one which some man, woman, or child will especially admire. An author’s vanity generally leads me to insert all, and hence I fear my style is prolix and “ stretchy” as caoutchouc. Then, too, I am often sadly puzzled between the love of immediate applause, and the desire of an enduring reputation. I am reluctant to write my very best in fugitive magazines, lest I have not good things enough remaining to furnish out the many larger works, either planned, or already on the stocks, and destined for immortality. In this fear, though not without a long struggle, I concluded to keep my best paragraphs out of this very article. The full description of my school days I have reserved, intending it to form nine graphic chapters in a Novel now commenced with the title of “ The Life and Loves of Timothy Tickletoe, Gent :”. A “ vari-form” and pleasant picture of student-life I have retained for another novel to be called “ The Yalensians,” or “ The Mysteries of New Haven.” The numerous other points, in this piece lightly touched on, I have resolved to hammer out *in extenso*, and publish under the name of “ Miseries of Authorship.” The Messrs. Harper, by the

way, have not yet replied to my note, inquiring whether they thought such a work would sell. But I am distressed on the other hand, to think that of the seven Metaphysical Treatises, five Histories, four Epics, eleven Novels, and nine Miscellaneous Gatherings, already commenced, or projected, it may be that not one will ever reach completion. 'The lamp of life may go out, or the light of mind be extinguished. Beside, they thicken so fast upon me, that they distract me, and obstruct each other. 'Then, too, is not a bird in the hand worth too, yes, a dozen in the bush? And may not my magazine articles, if bereft of my choicest thoughts, become flat, unreadable, and alas! *un-praise-worthy*. On reflection, therefore, I think that, if this article render your July "Literary" popular enough to call for a second edition, I will get you to publish the portions, here excluded, in an appendix.

But after I have completed a piece to my satisfaction, I am more miserable than ever. I am intolerably anxious before its appearance, lest it be not published, and after its publication, lest it be not praised. An anonymous and unsuspected author, I lounge restlessly from room to room, hoping to hear a chance note of commendation from some one who has read and liked it. With beating heart and eager ear, I stray among public places, sit absorbed in reading-rooms, walk slowly and anxiously by groups of chatting students, and—shall I confess it?—I, at times, beneath the open college windows, enact the nocturnal eaves-dropper, listening with unutterable yearnings for some casual laudation. Alas! I am but seldom gratified. Oftener I hear the "civil sneer," the open laugh, or the cool, critical, damnatory sentence. More than once I have mistaken the allusion, and been made happy by encomiums, or wretched by censures, that had no reference to me. But what means this silent neglect of my numerous writings? Have men combined to persecute me by their indifference, or have the fates col-leagued to keep far from my wishful ears those breezes of applause, which have become the very air I breathe, and the very life I live? It cannot be that my writings are unworthy of commendation. Oh, no! the thought would kill me. But this is a selfish age, stunted in its praise, unmeasured in its censure.

Among collegians I have little solace. Some never read, and others cannot appreciate. Seniors are high, cold and careless. They are old warriors, and have "seen the elephant." They have been "through the mill," and have had all enthusiasm ground out of them. Many of them are in love, others have grown anxious and worldly, and the rest, wearied by three years application to books and sciences, turn their backs on magazines in general, and yours in particular, lazily reposing on their laurels, and "dreaming of days to come." Juniors are jealous. They are on the "quarter stretch," and the critical "distance post" looms full in view. Relative positions are on the point of ascertainment, and animosities and rivalries run high. In that year the mysterious characters, brought by Cadmus into Greece, and among which may be named ~~~~~ acquire a sudden and surprising interest. Juniors, then, cannot be expected to praise an anonymous writer, except

cautiously and faintly ; for they may unwittingly commend a dreaded rival. Sophomores are engaged in hard study, or harder frolicking, and have no leisure for general literature. Beside, they are usually pert and conceited, as we were last year, and as Freshmen will be next year. They have attained the height of wisdom, and, too well satisfied with themselves to indulge in either praise or censure, they sit, like the gods of Epicurus, wrapped up in their own divinity, or glancing with supreme indifference at the world outspread beneath them. The Freshmen are my chief, my only comfort. They look *up*, not *down*. If slightly green, they are honest and unhackneyed, and may well glory in their verdure. I have carelessly thrown some of my writings in the way of two or three of them, and on being asked how they liked them, they gave them at once a warm, full, free-hearted panegyric—a panegyric dashed by no “adversative particles,” no restrictive “however,” no qualifying “buts.” Catch a Sophomore, a Junior, or a Senior praising without a “limitation”! Catch a weasel asleep! Well do they know—the calculating misers!—that every ounce of eulogy expended on one, is just so much subtracted from the general stock, and diminishes each share-holder’s “small peculiar.” But oh, how I love them—those three unworn, unselfish, unsophisticated, enthusiastic, eulogistic Freshmen! I have taken them under my especial patronage. They came here “bears,” and I have made them “lions.” I have treated them to the fattest oysters, the choicest wines, and the most flavorful Havanas. I even introduced them to my sweetheart—my sweetheart now alas! no longer. Their delicate taste and courageous honesty deserve all encouragement, and I will protect them even against my own classmates.

I stated that this new mania had ruined me as a companion. In truth, I have become silent, abstracted and unsocial. Once, among my friends I was esteemed a capital companion, a merry blade, the prince of “good fellows.” I had no ambition, no envy, no jealousy, no broils. I was good-tempered and communicative, healthy and happy. I had pocket-money to meet all reasonable wants, and liberality to share it with my friends. I possessed just that grade of small wit and repartee (puns excepted) which, tickling but not wounding, gives life to ordinary conversation, and gently exhilarates an idle hour. Then, too, after books, my strongest predilection was sociable communion. What was to prevent me from being a pleasant fellow? But now, apart from the secret and restless excitement of my mind, I am afraid to converse naturally and freely lest I say some good thing, worthy of print, but which I cannot print, because I should not only endanger my secret but I should be thought *repeating myself*—a sad reputation, for one who would be thought inexhaustibly fertile. Moreover, the mental, as well as the material soil is limited in productiveness, and, if overforced, will soon exhaust itself. Therefore I must husband my resources, unless I wish to consume and fritter away in ephemeral, retail exhibitions the treasures which I intend shall display their congregated blaze in Fame’s eternal temple. For the last twelvemonth I have declined in society to be either wise, or witty, sententious, or pathetic, taking a

prudent care not to weaken my productive faculty, or lessen my existing store. Hence I have grown so dull and taciturn, that most of my former friends have abandoned me, and the few who remain, seem apprehensive, and with reason, that I am falling into a kind of moping, melancholy madness. And what vexes me most of all, is to find, as I usually do, that the witticisms, which I had suppressed in company, and which were of just the caliber for social pleasantry, are either forgotten, or have no point on paper.

But this "cacoethes scribendi" and fame-craving thirst, which "grows by what it feeds" on, has also impoverished my purse. Beside the great consumption of pens and paper, and the cost of curious, auxiliary books, and the post-payment of half a dozen long articles per week, I have spent a great deal in purchasing witticisms of all kinds, and particularly puns. Of these latter I am a great admirer, perhaps because I cannot easily make them myself. But my *chum*, whom I shall call Harry, and who always was an inveterate smoker, has now become an inveterate and most prolific punster. He was always skillful at these funny little word-twists; but since I began to buy them of him, his fertility is so surprising that one would think he studied nothing else. The traffic commenced as follows. One day last autumn, just after I had commenced *authorising*, he remarked that the handkerchief, given as a love-pledge by Othello to Desdemona, might with double justice be called a "gage d' amour," (gage de Moor), because it was taken from a Moor. I half suspect that this is not only a poor pun, but an old one. But then it so tickled my fancy, that I desired greatly to sport it as my own, and I tendered him a dozen cigars for his copy-right. Now Harry has a great many wants, and but a small allowance. Beside many smaller items, his cigars alone used to cost him a yearly \$100. Perceiving here, like a genuine Yankee, a chance of driving a lucrative trade, he resolved to coin his wit into dollars, and grow a tobacco crop in his brain. From that moment, then, he has been incessantly punning and smoking at my expense. Sometimes, as I look at him beneath his cloudy canopy, rolling the fragrant vapor from his mouth, puff! puff! puff! and ejaculating a hail-storm of puns, pop! pop! pop! I take him to be a steam-driven punning-machine. At the moment they always seem worthy to sparkle in some of my projected articles; and so we generally strike a bargain. His price varies, according to quality, from one cigar to twenty, and as the cunning rascal can read in my face the exact grade of my admiration, he rises correspondingly in his charges. I have already recorded above 570 of his puns and *bon mots*, which have cost me about 4000 prime cigars, or \$0.20 apiece. It has precluded my buying any books or clothes this term. The worst of it is, that by the time they grow cold, they appear worthless, or else I can never manage to introduce them with apposite felicity. He has very honestly observed his part of the contract in never repeating them elsewhere. In fact, I believe he disposes of his whole crop to me, as he says I am the most liberal buyer in the market. But I strongly suspect him of bringing some of other people's growth to

my warehouse, and sometimes I find he has made me pay for jokes as old as Hierocles.

Yesterday morning he imposed on me grossly as to *quality*. He remarked that, were a flea to bite a man in a sense opposite to *a priori*, he might be said to "phlebotomize" (*flea-bottomise*) him. He saw by my grinning mouth and sparkling eyes that I was greatly pleased with his conduplicated pun, and he would not bate one jot from a half-dollar's worth of cigars and porter. I furnished them, and soon the porter went *into*, and the cigars *out of* his mouth. But in the evening, reflecting that there are no *veins* in that part of the body, and that if there were, fleas do not apparently *draw blood*, I warmly insisted on his taking back the pun as defective. He as stoutly refused, alleging that at the time of sale he did not know the article to be unsound; and that, at last, its faultiness was chargeable to the first nomenclators of our language, who should have given the name of "flea" to the "musquito." The dispute ran high—I demanding of him, and he stubbornly declining, to refund the money. He finally told me that the money was out of the question, and the porter was irrevocably lost; but that, as the exhalations of the cigars were still floating about us, he would get Professor S—— to decompose the air of the room, and whatever tobacco-smoke should be disengaged should be bottled up for my benefit. This was adding insult to injury, and I have never been so angry with him during our three years *contubernation*. I spitefully offered to return him all his rascally puns for an accepted order for a coat at K——'s. He coolly replied that "he would not give a button for the entire assortment;" and he furthermore advised me, "if I wished to get rid of my 'old goods,' not to offer them *here*, where they were at a discount, but to go peddling them off through the country, where they might command a handsome premium." This, too, when they were all of his own brand! I could have thrown him out of the window! But he is in most points a good fellow, and for "Auld lang syne's" sake I reluctantly forgave him.

Last night, by way of peace-offering, he invited me to a supper at ——'s:—a frequent resort of his, and where he owes an old and considerable bill. Well, the fowls were broiled "*comme il faut*," the wines were perfect, and all the accessories in admirable keeping. Harry, who is something of a gourmand, was high in spirits, and profuse in eulogy, frequently exclaiming "Excellent! superexcellent! Really, Mr. ——, I must give you infinite credit for your suppers." Our worthy host, who is a bit of a wag, at last drily responded, "Why, friend Harry, I dare say you are sincere; and so am I in saying, I hope I sha'n't have to give you *infinite credit* for them, too!" I was so delighted with Harry's confusion, and the goodness of the repartee, that I ordered fresh wine and cigars by way of bribing them both to silence, till I should have the honor of ushering it into the world. The joke cost me \$1.87½, and here you have it bran-new, as I believe, though perhaps it may have taken an airing years ago in Joe Miller's venerable omnibus. But this business is getting too expensive, and I begin to think the employment of this "foreign stock" as dishonest as

it is difficult. I am resolved, therefore, to dispose of this "sinking fund," which has nearly sunk my funds, and to rely, hereafter, on my own "floating capital"—the resources of the minute. I offer the whole lot to any aspiring young punster, Freshman or Sophomore, for \$25<sup>00</sup>/<sub>100</sub>, which is less than one-fourth of the cost.

I come now to the final and crowning sorrow brought on me by my new and devouring passion. In a certain sweet quarter of this sweet "City of Elms," there blooms, you must know, a blushing rose-bud—a fair, young girl just ripening into womanhood, whom I had the happiness to appropriate, amidst her deepening glow, and while "the dew of her youth was yet fresh upon her." The purity of her mind, the grace of her movements, the music of her accents, and the liquid lustre of her eyes, I shall not attempt to describe—for they are indescribable. Her picture will be drawn best and briefest in that golden line of Allan Ramsay:—

"Wild, witty, winsome, beautiful, and young."

We had come to an understanding that not long after the close of my college course, we should endeavor, by entering into a joint-stock partnership, to "divide our sorrows and multiply our joys." I will call her Fanny—for that is a sweet and pretty name—though there is never a Fanny in the wide world so pretty and so sweet as she. Once a week, or so, I was accustomed to pass with her a few delicious hours, and her soft, endearing ways, and the thrilling hope of one day calling her my own—all my own—were to my spirit like a constant inhalation of exhilarating gas. One evening, last April, I called on her and after conversing on various topics for a while, I took up the April No. of the — Magazine. Now I must premise these five facts—that I had subscribed for this Magazine in Fanny's name; that, though I sometimes wrote for it, Fanny did not know it; that she was a little inclined to innocent satire; that I had an article in that very No.; and that, as I since think, that article was particularly empty, silly, and bombastic. "Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus," you know. Prompted at once by an Author's craving for praise, and a lover's anxiety to see whether his mistress admires his effusions, I asked her, as if casually, how she liked the "Blank verses to a Dove." "You don't know who wrote them, do you, Charles?" said she. (I'll call myself Charles, through that's not my name by a long shot.) "No, indeed," said I, carelessly; "I happened to look at them, and haven't read them through yet." "Well, then," replied she, "I think they were written by a great goose, and would better be entitled 'Lines to a Gosling.'" I sat shocked, petrified, speechless, pulseless. Had she glanced at my face, she would have seen a horror that would have made her pause. But she continued innocently, "They are well called 'blank' verses, for they seem blank alike of melody, of poetry, and of reason." An author's nature could endure no more. Quivering with suppressed passion, I remarked, "If you think so very meanly of these verses, Miss Fanny, it is clear *I* never can suit you; for *I* think them excellent in every sense." "Charles," said she, laying her hand kindly in mine,

"you must be the author, and I did not know it. I have unconsciously wounded you. Forgive me." I threw her hand from me, replying in a heightened voice, and with a face of scarlet, "I suppose, Miss, you judge me to be its author because, as you say, it is devoid alike of harmony and of sense." "Dear Charles," said she again, with a sweetness that should have soothed a tiger, "you would make but a poor expounder of oracles. You are mistaken. I conjectured only from your sudden anger, otherwise causeless, and I beg you to forgive me. Beside, I read the piece but hastily, and from a closer perusal, might form a different judgment." But I was in no coaxable humor; for the devil was unchained within me. "A thousand thanks, Miss, and more, if you desire them. But I do not covet from your kindness a hypocritical praise of what you had not the taste to appreciate." "Well, Sir," said she, with flashing eyes, "if this be a fair specimen of your temper, you well said that you would not suit me." "I know not how that may be, Miss," I replied, straightening myself up *a la poker*; "but I am quite certain you will never suit me; for your sarcastic tongue would fire a statue. Good evening Miss." "Good evening Sir," said she, now rightfully indignant, "I wish you joy of your amiable disposition. Would you not better take with you your 'Lines to a Gosling'? Should the little musician ever grow to healthy goosehood, it may furnish additional feathers for your cap." How I wished her to be a man, that I might kill her! Swallowing my gorge perforce, I stalked up town in about the tallest rage I ever boiled in. That night I read over with savage *gusto* Juvenal's Sixth Satire—the most merciless invective ever launched by brutal man on the head of gentle woman. I even commenced translating it with the purpose of sending her a copy. But "with the morning cool repentance came." I despatched her an apologetic note, which was returned unopened. In the evening I called on her, sending in the most suppliant excuses. But she merely wrote me a "curt notelet," stating that "what had given me a hasty *fever* the previous evening, had produced in her a chronic *chill*, and that consequently she was, and should continue to be *indisposed*—to be seen." Not being of a temper to humiliate myself by excessive submission, I have never called on her, or sent card or message since. But I have seen her several times in the street, pale, serene, and beautiful, and I have turned away with a quick, sharp pang at the heart, followed by hours and days of blue-devilish despondence and amorous regret.

This closes the chapter of my woes. On each particular I could have enlarged almost to infinity; for fresh thoughts were continually popping their heads in, with looks so imploring, that it was almost impossible to tell them "not at home," and slam the door to in their faces. But I did not wish to "bestow all my tediousness on your worships." By the foregoing recital you perceive that this pen-and-ink pestilence, this *type-oid fever*, has distracted my philosophy, poisoned my literary pleasure, annihilated my social standing, turned my purse into an "exhausted receiver," and breathed a deadly blight upon my love. I have in vain tried every sanatory regimen, physical and moral. I have read



Juvenal and Johnson on the "Love of Fame." They aggravated the disease, for I was continually pining that I had not written those beautiful pieces, or projecting something to surpass them. I have lived on cold water and cucumbers, and whatever else is cooling and depletive. But as I reduced my body, my mind grew more active and feverish than ever. The coming vacation I shall try the "Water-cure." If that does not relieve me, I shall surrender to the certainty of an early death. For if Magazine-articles affect me so terribly, I am sure a duodecimo will give me the dyspepsia, an octavo shatter my nervous system, a quarto flush my cheek with the deadly "hectic," and a folio lay me in the grave.

Should any one ask "is this sketch fact or fiction?" I will state, privately and confidentially, of course, that perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't; or, in the guarded language of the old lady, when asked her opinion whether there was any such thing as a "mare's nest;" "Wall, now, there mought be, and there moughtn't be, but, then agin, there mought be." At all events, authorship has its dangers and its vices; and among them, my fellow-students, "guard against *ambition*; by that sin fell" your servant.

I have the honor, Messrs. Editors, to remain, yours, if you publish; yours doubly, if you praise.

'AN AUTHOR.'

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#### CATULLUS.\*

NOTWITHSTANDING the great number of persons who obtain a degree by a four years' residence at college, there are very few who know the character and extent of the literature of Greece and Rome. The perusal, more or less critical, of Virgil and Horace, of selections from Sallust and Livy, from Cicero and Tacitus, is far from bestowing a complete knowledge of the treasures contained in the Latin language. Still less does the amount of Greek acquired in a collegiate course, make manifest all the beauties and the full worth of Grecian poetry, eloquence, and philosophy. By the perusal of the works which college laws prescribe, we only enter an extensive garden full of fruit and flowers. A further study of ancient authors would bestow the fruit, and enhance the enjoyment of the flowers of the classics. But few reap the harvest which might be gathered from the broad field where poets, orators, and philosophers have toiled and sown the seed. This cannot be ascribed to the draught from the classical fountain which is

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\* Selections from Catullus, for the use of Classical Students, with English Notes. By G. G. Cookesley, M. A., one of the Assistant Masters at Eton. Revised, with additional Notes, by C. A. Bristed, late B. A. Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. New York: Stanford & Swords, 1849.

obtained at college ; since by this all must be filled with the desire to drink deeper and longer of what is sweeter than nectar.

The lack of proper text-books which undoubtedly exists, may partially account for this neglect of ancient literature. While we have an abundance of editors of such classical works as are read in a regular course of education, there are few or none who have stepped aside from this beaten path to assist us in acquiring a knowledge of the less familiar portions of antique lore. On the other hand, the reason why so few are found to edit the works not required to be read in a fashionable course, is, doubtless, that there are so few who pursue the ancient languages farther than they are compelled to pursue them. But if a general demand be made for text-books, scholars will supply the demand ; or if text-books be furnished, it is accordant with experience to declare, that purchasers will be found who will also be readers. Accordingly, we are glad to be able to register the present contribution of Mr. BRISTED to the number of classical text-books, especially since it seems calculated to increase the attention of students to the ancient languages.

Critics, whose opinions have very much weight in the literary world, have long since declared, that the writings of CATULLUS possess great and peculiar merits. He lived in the golden age of Roman literature ; his birth having occurred about 85 B. C., his death forty-three years afterwards, B. C. 42. We are informed that he was of good family and fortune ; but as appears from his Odes, he was so profligate and extravagant as to be compelled to mortgage one of his villas. That he was a good Greek scholar, and that, too, when Greek learning was not fashionable at Rome, is evident from the fact that he has " translated Greek poems into Latin verse, and in his writings has expressed the simplicity, the grace, and the vigor of the Greek muse in a manner unapproached by any other Roman."\*

The chief productions of Catullus which have survived to our day, are : the " Epithalamium of Peleus and Thetis," and " Concerning Atys." Besides these he wrote numerous Odes on a variety of subjects, chiefly, however, to commemorate his loves and his rivalries. The elegance of his playfulness and the deep feeling which is often manifest, at once win for him the favor of the reader. When he pleases, he is familiar without being vulgar and is sublime without being bombastic. Some of his amatory effusions to Lesbia are unequaled in their ardor of sentiment and choiceness of expression. The " Lament at the death of Lesbia's Sparrow," breathes a fervency of affection which always characterizes the true poet, and is unsurpassed in beauty. The expression :

" Qui nunc it, per iter tenebricosum,  
Illuc, unde negant redire quemquam :"

(which occurs in it,) will be recognized as remarkably similar to the English : " the bourne whence no traveler returns."

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\* Biographical Notice, p. 10, Mr. Bristed's edition.

Both Virgil and Horace, however they may excel Catullus in other respects, must yield to him, in the expression of the passions. As an amatory poet we know of no superior to the Veronian; and, we think, all who read his Odes to Lesbia, will award to him the palm for heart-gushing love-verses. But the delicacy of sentiment and elegance of expression which generally prevails, are sometimes sadly forgotten, and the grossest impurity of thought and of word take their place. No poet ever stood so much in need of a prudent expurgator as Catullus. In the case of other writers, we are often compelled to accept of all they have written or none, so intimately is the obscene blended with the excellences of their works. But with Catullus, the matter is different. When he sinks into impurity, he seems to lose his poetry with his morality, so that by expurgation no poetic beauty is lost, while the reader avoids some of the grossest passages in the whole range of language. In the English edition, which Mr. Bristed has adopted as the basis of his "Selections," the expurgation is complete; while in the German editions to be found in our Society Libraries nothing is omitted, their phlegmatic editors deeming it a duty to print every word our author wrote whether worthy to be read or not.

In a work like the present, the character of the Notes is an important consideration. One who has perused a "pocket edition without notes," can well afford to hear a tirade against annotations, and still give in his approval to the labors of critical editors. There can be no good reason why explanations of meters and of obscure allusions should not be collected and printed in connection with the text. When this is not done, the student is obliged to rummage metrical grammars and classical dictionaries, to find what might be expressed in a note of a few lines, with much greater clearness and satisfaction to him. Unless the mere labor of thumbing several volumes is in itself an advantage, and we do not conceive it to be, the assistance of a judicious editor is of great value.

Such Mr. Bristed has shown himself to be. The notes, both original and selected, are calculated to assist where assistance is needed, and to give rise to an affection for the author and for the classics generally. All of the ideas advanced or endorsed by Mr. B., do not agree entirely with those entertained by some other scholars of high merit. Nor is it to be expected. The construction and meters of a dead language furnish an ample field for discussion and for honest difference of opinion. Still every one will coincide with us in the assertion, that Mr. Bristed deserves well of every reader of Catullus for this edition of the poet's works.

E. H. R.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

THERE! Reader, wasn't *that* cleverly done, though? Didn't we achieve our editorial bow then, in "about the tallest," or rather, in the *lowest* style known in the fashionable, at least, the College world? If, however, our salâm did not suit you, friend, we are really sorry, exceedingly so,—but it is too late—we can't try it again—and, besides we think it was "done up" after the most approved Parisian manner, and shall decidedly object, therefore, to repeat it, except by private and special request. And now you are looking for an Editor's Table,

"All neat and complete,  
And slick all over;  
Jest like, I snum, a bran new barn  
Right in a lot of clover,"

as a long-limbed, whistling and whittling Yankee, who had gone "out West" from some place "down East" to speculate, but who, smit suddenly with the "love of song," had become an ardent devotee of the Muse, and a hair-brained rider of a Rozinantean Pegasus, so felicitously and graphically said of a certain village which met his admiring eyes somewhere on the banks of the Muskingum or Ohio, or—or—we don't know what river it was—we only remember the fact, that is all. But we intended to ask you, reader, what you wished us to talk about at this our present interview;—whether you desired our "confab" to be of a somewhat familiar and social sort, or more formal in its character—whether it should be on some special topic, or of a heterogeneous and miscellaneous nature. Have you any subject to propose, adapted for our mutual edification and amusement, or shall we discourse about matters in general, with now and then a brief dash at something in particular, as for instance, Our Maga—College doings—the weather—the cholera—vacations, etc.; or shall we start some interesting theme for debate, as "Whether the Moon has any t'other side, or no," or, "Whether Freshmen are properly eligible to the office of Sophomores;"—the same query may apply to Sophs. in respect to Juniors, with even greater interest;—or, "Whether two and two, metaphysically speaking, really, after all, make four;" or any other important questions, which may be worthy of debate? The latter is doubtless the most agreeable as well as the wisest course—besides, it is "rather warm about these days," as the old Almanacs used to say, and to bring three consecutive ideas within moderate distance of each other in the month of July, is a task of no small difficulty, and consequently it cannot be expected that when they are brought into collision, any very astonishing number of sparks should be elicited for your illumination. An Editor, we are well aware, is expected to be a huge wit—a prodigiously humorous biped, who has only to open his mouth, and instantan there gushes out, like bottled beer, a torrent of jokes, witticisms, puns, satirical cuts and comical dashes, sparkling, foaming, in an endless stream, and sending up a cloud of aroma, pleasant to the senses, and bewitching as exhilarating gas. We, however, are not sufficiently acute to appreciate the reasonableness of this expectation; we object to this tacit demand—we think it absurd, a thing preposterous per se. If you don't agree with us in this, just try it, my friend, for once—get into our editorial chair some one of these days—thermometer up to 98° in the shade—air pulseless as that of an oven—the sky like molten brass over your head, and clouds of dust pouring in at your window;—try to be witty now—d'ye give it up?—rather warm business, you think—so do we.

Talking about editorial chairs will serve to remind you, reader, that you are at present, in an editorial "Sanctum"—a place supposed to be highly literary in its atmosphere and possessing all possible accessories to the enjoyment of life—filled with fun—crammed in every nook and corner with jests, quaint conceits, and humorous hits at every body and every thing—stacks of puns all "cut and dried" under the table—piles of epigrams, burlesques and caricatures, ready to be fulminated in the very next No.—and whole cartloads of literature, destined to immortalize their authors, lying on every shelf. Whether this is the case with *our* editorium, we shall not venture to say. The most that we can do is to offer you our hospitality—tender you a cordial welcome, give you our arm-chair, make you at home, and—do you smoke? you do, eh!—sorry

for it, *we* don't—we were cured of that habit years ago; so smoked that we were *cured* in a *physical* sense completely, and have never fingered a cigar since. Was it not a lucky escape we effected then, reader, from the regions of smokedom, and,—if you use the weed in question, would it not be well—it is a mere suggestion—had you not better follow *our* plan? Try it once for six months or so—do?

Vacation! does n't the word sound pleasantly in the ear as one utters it? Does it not flow smoothly over the tongue, calling up delightful remembrances of past pleasures and awaking as vivid anticipations of future joys? Well, there is a vacation before us, and we have never watched for the autumnal equinox and the signs of decadent summer with greater interest than during this sultry season. How wearily beneath this torrid sky the weeks "slow-circling" drag themselves along! But it will not be so long, reader, we *guess* it won't, eh, no—

"There's a good" vacation "coming!" etc.

Then what fishing excursions, what bewitching, care-dispelling rambles in the dim, quiet woods,—

————— the forests

God's first temple"—

what freedom from books and the toil of study, what evenings for pleasant visits, what mornings, cool and breezy, for undisturbed and silent thought—all this and much more! Of course, we don't allude to *ourselves* in any such connection—not in the least, oh, certainly not, do not believe it—we only make the observation, applicable in a general sense, that wild ducks and pigeons may expect a "little more grape" than usual about those days—black squirrels will be seen turning remarkable somersets, and describing parabolas off the trees—fish, trout, for example, will be noticed trying to *swim on the grass*, and various other things will take place which we cannot now particularize.

We had intended to perpetrate an extensive Table for your benefit, reader, in this No. but we fear this may not be—we have received a sudden intimation that we must economize in the matter of space, as we have already reached "the jumping off place" in our Editors' ollapod, so we must end our lucubrations rather abruptly.

We feel that we must apologize for the extreme length of the article entitled "Reminiscences" &c., but it could not well be abridged or divided. Nothing but its peculiar character prevented its rejection. We hope it will be acceptable to our readers. We intend to reform in this matter in future Nos. of our *Maga*.

On account of the space occupied by the Prize Essays, several articles intended for this number have necessarily been excluded. They will appear in due time. Among these we may mention "Lines to \* \* \*, on receiving a white Rose-bud," "National Congress," etc.

"Our Calamities often emanate from ourselves" is most *decidedly* rejected. It is lamentably deficient in energy, point, measure, and general execution, so that it would honor neither the author nor the Magazine. We recommend him to use the scissors freely, when he attempts another poem of the sort, or else we must for him, and editors' shears are savage instruments, merciless in the extreme.

The next number will be published about the 7th of August.

We have space only for a brief notice of our Exchanges. "The Indicator" deserves much praise for the tone of its articles, at least, we can say this of the last No. We wish our brethren at Amherst all possible success in their noble enterprize.

"The University Magazine" has much that is entertaining in its issues and we solicit from its conductors a punctual exchange.

"The Collegian" is equally successful in its efforts to gratify its readers. We should be glad to excerpt from its pages some amusing hits, could we find space.

We close with a suggestion to contributors that they hand in their articles for publication *early* in the month, that no delay may be needlessly occasioned your Editors.

VOL. XIV.

No. IX.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES  
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

AUGUST, 1849.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.

PRINTED BY T. J. STAFFORD.

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XIV.

AUGUST, 1849.

No. IX.

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SOMETHING ABOUT "KAVANAGH."\*

HAVE you read the new book—"Kavanagh"? Perhaps you "don't like" Longfellow; you are not familiar with him; and, as an Herculean friend of ours does, you condemn each and all of his works, the moment that you see their coming announced by the publisher. That same huge friend laughs at us because we have fallen in love with this successor of "Evangeline." And when we tell him of its beauties, and picturesqueness, and truths, he only curls his lip and says "Booh!" or, perhaps, "Bah!" and then turns up his little nose and solemnly thinks that we are "very green!" But all that is nothing. We form the same opinion of him that he does of us; to wit, "You are no judge, if—," &c. And there we are balanced; yet not exactly balanced, for we have read the book and he has not; but he has heard a "member of the bar" read a few pages from it, and our big friend has an awful reverence for the law and its limbs.

Nevertheless we are in love with "Kavanagh." We have wandered through its fascinations for the ninety-ninth time, and its fragrance continues to linger about us. It is a pleasant companion for any leisure hour; and so, in our opinion, is everything that comes from the pen of its author. Mr. Longfellow is our particular favorite. We regard him as the most accomplished, the most thoughtful, the most elaborate, the most chaste of American Poets. Bryant, and Dana, and Halleck, and Willis, and Emerson have, each, their own admirable peculiarities, and, also, their mutual resemblances. But Longfellow stands by himself, peculiar and ever distinct. No one of his brotherhood resembles him, and he resembles no one of them. In his literature, he seems to us more of an Oriental than an American; and turning from other poets and coming suddenly upon his

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\* *Kavanagh, a Tale.* BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields, 1849. 12mo. pp. 188.



lyrics, is like passing from a wild, though, perhaps, beautiful country, into an enchanting vale of the East,

" margined by fruits of gold  
And whispering myrtles ;  
Where every air is heavy with the sighs  
Of orange-groves, and music from sweet lutes,  
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth  
I' the midst of roses !"

But Mr. Longfellow is a doomed man ; doomed by that spiteful army of anonymous critics, whose sensibilities are too dull to discover any good in any thing, and who always judge his books by what they *are not*, rather than by what they *are*. These are famishing bull-dogs, skulking about every literary gateway, to growl and snap at each visitor, whether he be a gentleman or a rogue. A Connecticut clergyman, laying aside his sackcloth, chops out a burlesque on "Evangeline," for the New Englander. Some penny-a-liner, in New York, for the promise of a warm breakfast, journalizes an elaborate tirade on "Hyperion." Some literary coxcomb, because he is tired of "the ladies," and has nothing else to do, turns up his nose and tosses his perfumed handkerchief at the morality of Longfellow's Poems ; and another displays his pedantry to the readers of the Whig Review, by professing that his muckrake has discovered in "Kavanagh," an imitation of Richter's mystic novels, or of Dickens, or of Lamartine's "Les Confidences,"—a work which some people are so independent as to consider exceedingly vain and self-glorifying.

But, despite the critics, we always find, in every thing that Longfellow writes, a severe intellectual beauty. To us, his expression is ever a melodious sweetness ; his spirit is ever hopeful, and wise, and religious. He dips his pen in man's pathetic nature, and a response comes up from the heart, as he whispers to us its secrets, and portrays its mysterious workings. His command, also, over every style of language and every variety of rythm, even to the much abused and "inexorable hexameter," is complete. Whatever he undertakes, he finishes like a workman. Not a little, however, of that perfection which characterizes his writings, is owing, doubtless, to his peculiar education. His mind was disciplined in Europe. In 1825, and at the age of eighteen, he took his bachelor's degree at Bowdoin College, and, immediately leaving America, spent the four following years in traveling over the European continent ; lingering awhile to study at Gottingen. On his return, he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages at Brunswick. In 1835, he resigned this post, and again crossed the waters, going into Sweden and Denmark to acquire a knowledge of the languages and literature of Northern Europe. After an absence of nearly two years, he reached home, and accepted a professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard College, which he holds at the present time.

These foreign experiences and acquirements have given to Long-

fellow's poetry, and to his prose also, a rich and deep coloring. And his ripe and elegant scholarship has added not a little to the polished refinement of his works, which, as we have already intimated, seem to be too refined for the taste of some of his countrymen. One thing, certainly, enhances the value of every thing that he writes. It is the fact that his published writings are few in number, and are never protracted to that fashionable and tedious length, characteristic of those who write for the publisher and "for the times." Mr. Longfellow has never sold himself to the baser tastes of the people; nor need he, nor can he. His popularity with the lovers of refined literature is acknowledged and permanent. His writings, beautiful, compact, and pithy, as they are, philosophical in their texture, constructed with consummate skill, must live as long as lives the language in which they are written.

With such thoughts we take up "Kavanagh," the latest of Mr. Longfellow's works. With such thoughts we always delight to follow the pen that told us the unique story of *The Skeleton in Armor*, that traced the stirring *Psalm of Life*, that has nobly sung *Excelsior!* and chanted the *Voices of the Night*, and has measured the music of *Evangeline*, and has pictured the *Footsteps of Angels*, and that "smile of God"—

"Maiden: 'with the meek, brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies,  
Like the dusk in evening skies!'"

But, really, we did not intend these semicritical eulogies, when we took up our pen. It is the theme and the hour that has provoked them. "What hour?" did you ask? A sensible question, my good sir; for, since, according to the *Wiseman*, there is a time for every thing, there is a time for reading "Kavanagh;" and a place also. "Kavanagh" is a gentle book, if we may so speak; and you must read it not where the glaring heat is reflected to your cheek by the brick walls and the dust of the metropolis, where the clamorous din of a busy world fills you with confusion, where the glorious sun, in his setting, "drops down a chimney, or is split in two by a barber's pole." Read it in the cool of the day, as you lie in a sequestered spot under the trees; where the mingled harmonies of nature and of pastoral life come indistinctly to your ear,—the musical laugh of a brook that tumbles down the glen hard by; the whisper of green leaves overhead; the trill of a forest bird; the lowing of distant cattle; the faintly-heard clatter of a country wagon, traveling the distant road; and the sound of flails from far-off farms, "beating the triumphal march of *Ceres* through the land." Or read it at the gathering of these still summer twilights,

"When the hours of day are number'd,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul that slumber'd  
To a holy, calm delight."

Then, wheel your arm chair up to the open window ; the window that looks upon flowers, and arching vines, and blue hills in the distance ; and there read it aloud to *her*, while she, lovingly,

" Takes the vacant chair beside thee,  
Lays her gentle hand in thine."

But stay ! Let us leave the affectionate twain at the window, and turn the pages of our book. We will turn them simply as readers ; as ardent lovers of pastoral scenes, and incidents, and characters, such as only our author can sketch. We do not open the book as a "critic," nor yet to tell you its story ; but only to tell you something about its incidentals.

There are its prominent characters, which you cannot but notice, smiling upon you, as they constantly pass and repass,

" With a slow and noiseless footstep,"

and always moving at just that indistinct distance which renders them enchanting, and troubles you with an uncomfortable desire to know more about them, while your straining eye clings to their disappearing forms. Blue-eyed Mrs. Churchill, "who had something of Martha in her, as well as of Mary," has completely captivated us. Do you not think that she embodies the beau-ideal of a wife ? We wish that Longfellow had told us more about her. We wonder where Churchill found her, and if there are any "more of the same sort" left. She is introduced to us in her husband's study, where, at the close of a September afternoon, she has lighted the lamp and is awaiting his coming. He, having completed his daily duties as the village school-master of Fairmeadow, leaves the empty school-house with a feeling of infinite relief.

"All the bright young faces were gone ; all the impatient little hearts were gone ; all the fresh voices, shrill, but musical with the melody of childhood, were gone ; and the lately busy realm was given up to silence, and the dusty sunshine, and the old gray flies, that buzzed and bumped their heads against the window panes."

He locks the outer door, and, casting a glance at the last caricature of himself which the boys have chalked on the fence, muses homeward, by a circuitous path through the pines, and the meadows, and the orchards, and along the margin of the river. It is dark when he reaches home, and his good wife greets him "with looks of love in her joyous blue eyes ; and in the serene expression of her face he reads the divine beatitude, 'Blessed are the pure in heart.'" The children have a frolic, become sleepy, are kissed good night, and the maid of all work, puts them to bed. After tea, Mr. Churchill and his wife playfully chat away the evening. And here is presented such a delightful view of the character of his admirable wife, that we must tell you all about the incidents of that evening. Churchill is wearied by his day's work. He begins to pace the study. He gazes rapturously at the books ranged along the walls, and thinks how many bleeding hearts and aching heads have found consolation in writing those pages. His wife sits by the table, plying her needle, occasion-

ally pausing to bite off the thread and look up to her husband, but not venturing to disturb his meditations. The books seem to him as living beings. Their authors gaze at him from the walls, and commune with his spirit. Then he dreams of fame, (for Churchill is a dreamy man,) and he thinks that the time may come when he shall be to some one, what these authors are to him; and suddenly, in the enthusiasm of the moment, he exclaims,—

"Would you have me like these, dear Mary?

Like these what?" asked his wife, not comprehending him.

Like these great and good men,—like these scholars and poets,—the authors of all these books!

She pressed his hand and said, in a soft, but excited tone,—O, yes! Like them, only perhaps better."

This pretty act of the evening play over, Churchill seats himself at the study table, and arranges his papers for writing. His wife, true to a wife's affectionate duty, takes her seat opposite to him, with her work in her hand, ready to join in any diversion agreeable to her husband. They talk of this and that. He tells her of what he has been thinking during the day. He has thought that the study of mathematics, now dull and prosaic, may be rendered poetical.

"For my part," answered his wife, "I do not see how you can make mathematics poetical. There is no poetry in them."

"Ah, that is a very great mistake! There is something divine in the science of numbers. Like God, it holds the sea in the hollow of its hand. It measures the earth; it weighs the stars; it illumines the universe; it is law, it is order, it is beauty. And yet we imagine—that is, most of us—that its highest end and culminating point is book-keeping by double-entry. It is our way of teaching it that makes it so prosaic."

Then he arises, and goes to the book-case, and takes down an old quarto volume, and lays it upon the table. It is a Sanscrit book of mathematics. They chat about its quaint title, and its author, and the purposes for which it was written. He reads the preface, which contains a beautiful legend of the Hindoos, and mystical salutations to the Hindoo deities; then turning the leaves, he comes to the poetical mathematics, on some of which he and his wife very playfully disagree.

"One-third of a collection of beautiful water-lilies is offered to Mahadev, one-fifth to Huri, one-sixth to the Sun, one-fourth to Devi, and six which remain are presented to the spiritual teacher. Required the whole number of water-lilies."

"That is very pretty," said the wife, "and would put it into the boys' heads to bring you pond-lilies."

"Here is a prettier one still. One-fifth of a hive of bees flew to the Kadamba flower; one-third flew to the Silandhara; three times the difference of these two numbers flew to an arbor; and one bee continued flying about, attracted on each side by the fragrant Ketaki and the Malati. What was the number of the bees?"

"I am sure I should never be able to tell."

"Ten times the square root of a flock of geese—"

Here Mrs. Churchill laughed aloud; but he continued very gravely,—

"Ten times the square root of a flock of geese, seeing the clouds collect, flew to the Manus lake; one-eighth of the whole flew from the edge of the water amongst a multitude of water-lilies; and three couple were observed playing in the water. Tell me, my young girl with beautiful locks, what was the whole number of geese?"

"Well, what was it?"

"What should you think?"

"About twenty."

"No, one hundred and forty-four. Now try another. The square root of half a number of bees, and also eight-ninths of the whole, alighted on the jasmines, and a female bee buzzed responsive to the hum of the male inclosed at night in a water-lily. O, beautiful damsel, tell me the number of bees."

"That is not there. You made it."

"No, indeed I did not. I wish I had made it. Look and see."

He showed her the book, and she read it herself. He then proposed some of the geometrical questions.

"In a lake the bud of a water-lily was observed, one span above the water, and when moved by the gentle breeze, it sunk in the water at two cubits' distance. Required the depth of the water."

"That is charming, but must be very difficult. I could not answer it."

"A tree one hundred cubits high is distant from a well two hundred cubits; from this tree one monkey descends and goes to the well; another monkey takes a leap upwards, and then descends by the hypotenuse; and both pass over an equal space. Required the height of the leap."

"I do not believe you can answer that question yourself, without looking into the book," said the laughing wife, laying her hand over the solution. "Try it."

"With great pleasure, my dear child," cried the confident school-master, taking a pencil and paper. After making a few figures and calculations, he answered,—

"There, my young girl with beautiful locks, there is the answer,—forty cubits."

His wife removed her hand from the book, and then, clapping both in triumph, she exclaimed,—

"No, you are wrong, you are wrong, my beautiful youth with a bee in your bonnet. It is fifty cubits!"

"Then I must have made some mistake."

"Of course you did. Your monkey did not jump high enough."

She signaled his mortifying defeat, as if it had been a victory, by showering kisses, like roses, upon his forehead and cheeks, as he passed beneath the triumphal arch-way of her arms, trying in vain to articulate,—

"My dearest Lilawati, what is the whole number of the geese?"

Churchill, "after extricating himself from this pleasing dilemma," seats himself at the table and makes preparations to write. His wife reminds him that he has not answered Mr. Cartwright's letter, "about the cottage bedstead;" nor the letter from "the young lady who sent you the poetry to look over and criticize;" nor Mr. Hanson's letter, "who wants to know about the cooking-range."

"And he began to write with great haste. For awhile nothing was heard but the scratching of his pen. Then he said, probably in connection with the cooking-range, 'One of the most convenient things in house-keeping is a ham. It is always ready and always welcome. You can eat it with any thing and without any thing. It reminds me always of the great wild boar Scrimner, in the Northern Mythology, who is killed every day for the gods to feast on in Valhalla, and comes to life again every night.'

'In that case, I should think the gods would have the night-mare,' said his wife.

'Perhaps they do.'

And then a long silence, broken only by the skating of the swift pen over the sheet."

Mrs. Churchill silently follows her needle and her own train of thought. At length she looks up and tells her husband of a pedlar that called at the house during the day. But the abstracted school-

master vouchsafes no reply. His noisy pen whirls and dashes away over the paper, until, after a long and busy labor, his half dozen letters are finished and sealed ;

"and he looked up to his wife. She turned her eyes dreamily upon him. Slumber was hanging in their blue orbs, like snow in the heavens, ready to fall."

We have quoted the incidents of this September evening, thus copiously, because they give us the best picture of Mrs. Churchill which the author has sketched. We get a glimpse of her again at the Thanksgiving dinner, and, after an interval of three years in the tale, she passes before us once more, "her eyes bluer than ever, her cheeks fairer, her form more round and full." And she has completely captivated us. We see in her, as her husband did, "a picture always new and always beautiful, and like a painting of Gherardo della Notte." And when you, good sir, are ready for a wife, hunt you up a Mary Churchill. Don't you take any thing less ; that is, if you want a wife of whom you will be proud. We are here tempted, while we speak of these things, to offer you a bit of advice, (and do not esteem us officious,)—it is that you do not become "engaged" while you are in college ; for, as one of these incipient alumni has just told us, college engagements are premature, and not apt "to hold." And we have another bit of advice. When you are ready for the market, armed and equipped as the law directs, and, realizing the awful responsibilities of a perpetual matrimony, you enter the field for a prize, then do not be so —, we beseech you, as to confine your search for a Mary Churchill, to the circumference of a circle, whose centre is the pulpit of the college chapel, and whose radius is not more than two or three miles ! We know that we shall be trounced for this advice, by that damsel to whom we doffed our hat in the moonlight, the other evening. But we shall not mind that. It is our failing to disregard occasionally the wind and the weather.

Every Fairmeadow has its Alice Archer ; a fair and delicate girl, of deep sensitiveness, of deep sorrow, and of deep love. Her complexion was pale, and her eyes "seemed to see visions." She was silent and thoughtful, a creature of noble spirit, of strong emotions, of tears, of reveries sad and joyous, an only daughter, the solace of her aged and querulous mother, with whom she led a lonely life. She died of a broken heart,—a melancholy but common death. She cherished a love which, by an heroic self-sacrifice, she never betrayed, and which was, therefore, never requited. She prayed, she wept, she dreamed joyously, but the sorrowful secret of her love was ever her own. Her dearest friend divined it not. No one suspected it. Public curiosity, public pity, knew nothing of it. To the fidelity of her friendship she sacrificed the vast wealth of her heart, and to the object of its inextinguishable love she became, thenceforward, "what the moon is to the sun, forever following, forever separated, forever sad !" She faded ; she fell sick ; people said she was "dangerously ill of a fever." Ah, what that fever was, none but the sufferer knew ! Day by day her crushed heart exhaled its vital odors, until all were

gone. Gently, as the passing of the evening air, she passed away; and when the first snow came, falling silently through the long November nights, it covered the lovely grave of Alice Archer! Her painful tragedy was ended; ended her secret sorrow and her secret love. And her sad history is the history of many of her sex. "She died young, of a broken heart!" would speak many a marble sentinel in the churchyard, had it a tongue.

Cecilia Vaughan is a rare character. She appears to a stranger as a young lady of noble mein, with "a fair and beautiful face shaded by long, light locks, in which the sunshine seemed entangled, as among the boughs of trees."

"Endowed with youth, beauty, talent, fortune, and, moreover, with that indefinable fascination which has no name, Cecilia Vaughan was not without lovers, avowed and unavowed;—young men, who made an ostentatious display of their affection;—boys, who treasured it in their bosoms, as something indescribably sweet and precious, perfuming all the chambers of the heart with its celestial fragrance. Whenever she returned from a visit to the city, some unknown youth of elegant manners and varnished leather boots was sure to hover round the village inn for a few days,—was known to visit the Vaughans assiduously, and then silently to disappear, and be seen no more. Of course, nothing could be known of the secret history of such individuals; but shrewd surmises were formed as to their designs and their destinies; till finally, any well-dressed stranger, lingering in the village without ostensible business, was set down as 'one of Miss Vaughan's lovers.'"

Cecilia's only companion was a warm and faithful friend of the same age and sex, and resident in the same village. Cecilia was rich and healthy; her friend was poor and pale. But she dearly loved her friend, and delighted to carry sunshine into her little sanctuary—"that columbarium lined with warmth and softness and silence." They walked together; they sat together; they unreservedly poured forth their thoughts to each other in daily conversations, or in long and impassioned letters, written in the evening and transported by a faithful carrier-pigeon. The attachment and intimacy of these two young girls is one of the most charming pictures in the book. It is a constant and beautiful rehearsal of the "great drama of woman's life." It seems too pure, too artless, too confiding, for such a world as this.

We want to know more of Cecilia Vaughan. We want to see her in full womanhood. She passes before us an embodiment of the nobility and delicate refinement of her sex, in a form of exceeding grace and exquisite mould. No wonder that she had many "lovers, avowed and unavowed." We warrant that you would have been one of them, had you lived in Fairmeadow.

Sally Manchester, or rather "Miss" Sally Manchester, (for she desired that people would always use the handle that belonged to her name,) makes us laugh. We have seen "lots" of Sallys, just like her, in our New England villages; and they always stir the fun in us. She lived with an old lady in the village, in the capacities of a very excellent chambermaid and a very bad cook. She was a large woman and stout, with masculine features, who looked upon toil as play, and is described in domestic recommendations as "a treasure, if you can get her."

"She did all the house-work, and in addition took care of the cow and poultry,—occasionally venturing into the field of veterinary practice, and administering lamp-oil to the cock, when she thought he crowed hoarsely. She had on her forehead what is sometimes denominated a 'widow's peak,'—that is to say, her hair grew down to a point in the middle; and on Sundays she appeared at church in a blue poplin gown, with a large pink bow on what she called 'the congregation side of her bonnet.' Her mind was strong, like her person; her disposition not sweet, but, as is sometimes said of apples by way of recommendation, a pleasant sour."

It happened that, in the progress of human events, and quite in accordance with natural laws, Miss Sally Manchester "fell in love;" in consequence of which fall she frequently expressed her intention of retiring from the kitchen and chambers of her mistress, and taking unto herself a kitchen and chamber of her own, together with one itinerant dentist, "who, in filling her teeth with amalgam, had seized the opportunity to fill a soft place in her heart with something still more dangerous and mercurial," and who had promised to share, at some future time, her "bed and board," according to law. But this itinerant dentist was so itinerant that the wedding-day, although it had often been agreed upon, could never be brought near enough to save it from postponements. One day she received the following letter from her dental lover. It is one of the best hits in the book. It is just such a letter as you wrote, on a similar occasion, if ever you were involved in amorous entanglements; as, we warrant, every other man in college is, or has been! And if you never have been in such delirious scrapes, we advise you to study this letter, for it will be of very especial use to you as a model when your time comes, which is sure to come, sooner or later, according to the infallible Doctrine of Chances.

"It is with pleasure, Miss Manchester, I sit down to write you a few lines. I esteem you as highly as ever, but Providence has seemed to order and direct my thoughts and affections to another,—one in my own neighborhood. It was rather unexpected to me. Miss Manchester, I suppose you are well aware that we, as professed Christians, ought to be resigned to our lot in this world. May God assist you, so that we may be prepared to join the great company in heaven. Your answer would be very desirable. I respect your virtue, and regard you as a friend.

MARTIN CHERRYFIELD.

"P. S. The society is generally pretty good here, but the state of religion is quite low."

At this letter Miss Sally "curbed in like a stage horse." She was haughty and proud; then she became composed and dignified, and requested that "the man—she scorned to name him—might never again be mentioned in her hearing."

"Some women, after a burst of passionate tears, are soft, gentle, affectionate; a warm and genial air succeeds the rain. Others clear up cold, and are breezy, bleak, and dismal. Of the latter class was Sally Manchester. She became embittered against all men on account of one; and was often heard to say that she thought women were fools to be married, and that, for one, she would not marry any man, let him be who he might,—not she!"

Miss Sally, never married. Through all the vicissitudes of later years, she resolutely adhered to her resolution. It was of no avail for Mr. Vaughan's man, Silas, to sigh away his soul every evening,



through a keyed bugle. It was of no avail for him to write her letters with his own warm blood,—“going barefooted into the brook to be bitten by leeches, and then using his feet as inkstands.” No! Miss Sally will not marry—not she! We admire her spunk.

Turn we now to Lucy, the pretty serving maid, an orphan girl, of dark eyes and Milesian blood, whose impressive fate is sketched with the strongest effect. She disappeared from the village suddenly and mysteriously, and, at the same time, “the Briareus of boots, an ill-looking man,” was missing. After a long absence, the poor girl returns, with a heart broken and a brain bewildered. She immediately yields to the delirious influences of a camp-meeting in the neighborhood, and in the midst of the excitement, drowns herself in the river. On the evening of her suicide, two friends are walking the woodlands, near the tents of the enthusiasts. Through the still twilight, and lifted from a multitude of voices thrilling with emotion, they hear the awful and ludicrous words of the Millerite song,

“Don’t you hear the Lord a-coming  
To the old church-yards,  
With a band of music,  
With a band of music,  
With a band of music,  
Sounding through the air?”

The friends hurry away homeward, thinking of the deep tragedy which these deluded people are acting. The tumult fades behind them.

“They reached the wooden bridge over the river, which the moonlight converted into a river of light. Their footsteps sounded on the planks; they passed without perceiving a female figure that stood in the shadow below on the brink of the stream, watching wistfully the steady flow of the current. It was Lucy! Her bonnet and shawl were lying at her feet; and when they had passed, she waded far out into the shallow stream, laid herself gently down in its deeper waves, and floated slowly away into the moonlight, among the golden leaves that were faded and fallen like herself,—among the water lilies, whose fragrant white blossoms had been broken off and polluted long ago. Without a struggle, without a sigh, without a sound, she floated downward, downward, and silently sank into the silent river. Far off, faint, and indistinct, was heard the startling hymn, with its wild and peculiar melody,—

“O, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,—  
O, there will be mourning, at the judgment seat of Christ!”

But we have already rambled too far, and yet have not shown you the half that we intended of this pretty book. We wish that we had room to transfer to these pages some of its pictures of nature, some of its humor, some of its truthful thoughts. But we must allow you to find them when you read the book. You will admire the descriptions of the advent of spring and autumn and winter, and the pastoral sketches here and there made. You will laugh at the school girl’s letter, telling, among other village gossip, of Billy Wildermings, who, having played truant, promised his mother that, if she would not whip him, he would experience religion; and at the “domestic and resident adorer, whose love for himself, for Miss Vaughan, and for the beautiful, had transformed his name from Hiram A. Hawkins to H. Adolphus

Hawkins," who kept the village store, and whose bland physiognomy was stamped, as were his linens, "Soft finish for family use," who, as his sympathetic sister averred, "spoke blank verse in the bosom of his family." Indeed this Hawkins is a genuine character; he lives here in college, and he lives in Fairmeadow; he is very fond of the ladies; he thinks the moon is beautiful; the author calls him a "perfect ring-dove; and, like the rest of his species, he always walks up to the female, and, bowing his head, swells out his white crop, and utters a very plaintive murmur."

But it is not right to lay aside our pen without telling you that "Kavanagh," like every other work of Mr. Longfellow, has a moral. It centers in Churchill, a kind-hearted soul, amiable, and intellectual; who was, unfortunately, a poet by nature, and, still more unfortunately, a schoolmaster by destiny; who could never learn to say "No!" who kept his head full of fine plans which he intended to execute to-morrow—to-morrow; always pursuing his "flighty purpose," but never overtaking it. His good wife considered him "equal to great things," and so he was. But he was too amiably weak to accomplish them. She would gently chide him, then he would seat himself at his table and arrange his papers to begin his work. But the butcher's cart drives up the back yard and he must needs have a chat with the butcher. A traveling agent calls at his house and he must spend the precious hours in gossiping with the traveling agent, to whom he discloses some of his fine projects, which the enterprising itinerant carries away and executes before Churchill is seated again at his papers. A whole leisure afternoon is before him; but the soft-hearted man gives it away to a romantic academy girl, who wishes him to write a preface to her "Symphonies of the Soul and other Poems." Thus he lived from day to day. Each succeeding month finds the same ink in his pen, the same blank sheet upon his table, the same to-morrow in his view. Thus he lived from year to year; constantly allowing the most trivial things to postpone the great designs which he was capable of accomplishing, but had not the resolution to begin!

"Thus he dallied with his thoughts and with all things, and wasted his strength on trifles; like the lazy sea, that plays with the pebbles on its beach, but under the inspiration of the wind might lift great navies on its outstretched palms, and toss them in the air as playthings."

There are many Churchills in the world. There are many at our very doors. We meet them every day, and their lives, like his, certainly will be a failure. While they are musing, the fire is burning in other brains. While they are dreaming, others are acting. What they are planning others have already executed. O, man, up, and shake thyself! Let outward circumstances alone! Let accidents, and exigencies alone! Arm thyself with an unconquerable Will,—with a stern and inflexible Purpose, that shall sway all things as the blast sways the reed!

W. R. B.

## A TOWNSEND PRIZE POEM,

BY FRANCIS M. FINCH, ITHACA, NEW YORK.

## THE ICEBERG,

## A LEGEND OF THE ARCTIC SEAS.

"ALTHOUGH therefore the Deity, who possesses the power of winding and turning, as he pleases, the course of causes which issue from himself, do in fact interpose to alter or intercept effects, which without such interposition would have taken place; yet it is by no means incredible that his Providence, which always rests upon final good, may have made a *reserve* with respect to the manifestation of his interference, a part of the very plan which he has appointed for our terrestrial existence."

PALEY.

A BANNER braves the Arctic breeze;  
 A Sail in the North. A sail o'erleaps the Northern seas,  
 Where tent of ice and circling zone  
 With flakes of crimson twilight strewn,  
 And every curve with radiance crowned,  
 Like isles of silver, float around.  
 With stately tread, the crystal throng  
 March to the billow's mournful song,  
 Like stars that line the arch of night,  
 Or phantoms, robed in folds of white,  
 That guard the felon's turfless tomb—  
 Children of Fancy, Fear, and Gloom.  
 Floating Ice. Pale warriors, armed and helmed with steel, (1)  
 In broken column sweep the field;  
 And Mosques, where Moslem myriads kneel,  
 Their Arab creed, the sword and shield,  
 Toss high their turret arms of snow  
 Where wave and cloud together flow.  
 Frail barques of ice in slumber rest,  
 Or lightly leap the billow's crest;  
 While bending swans, with motion light  
 And frozen plume and wings of white,  
 Throw back Cytherea's planet glance,  
 Like sunbeams from a Templar's lance.  
 And then, where curves a snowy train  
 In woven waves of foam and spray,  
 The lordly Iceberg plows the main,  
 With golden crown and locks of gray;  
 His foe, the storm; his realm, a zone;  
 The boundless sea his emerald throne:  
 And o'er the dripping Ocean King  
 The Aurora Borealis. Th' Aurora bends its arch of fire; (2)  
 Waves in the North a flaming wing,  
 Or throws to Heaven a golden spire;  
 While brightly o'er its crescent line  
 The locks of myriad dancers shine,  
 And, springing from the Magnet star,  
 Flies off full many a glowing ray,  
 Full many a burning beam and bar,  
 Bathed in a show'r of crimson spray.  
 All silent is the night! (3) A word,

A sullen wave, a flying bird,  
 Would startle from their dreamy rest  
 The echoes hushed on Nature's breast.  
 All brilliant is the night! Her throne  
   An arch of stars. Before it stands  
 Orion, with his tri-gemmed zone,  
   And 'round it dance the Pleiad bands,  
 While, in the North, the silent lyre,  
 With silver frame and strings of fire,  
 Sleeps on untuned. With gleaming scale  
   That burns along the crowded skies,  
 Like plates that link a warrior's mail,  
   The Dragon's spiral folds arise;  
 And floating near the Eagle's wing  
 The Swan sails 'round her azure ring.  
 All cheerless is the night! The Sun  
 His summer race of fire hath run,  
 And southward now his chariot steers,  
 While, like a fading torch, appears  
 Above the dim horizon's gloom,  
 The waving of his crimson plume.  
 And all is damp, and drear, and cold,  
 The air, the ice, the cheerless wave:  
 What arm so strong, what heart so bold,  
   Would dare these banded foes to brave!  
 What arm! what heart!—The sailor's arm,  
 That loves to baffle surge and storm!  
 The sailor's heart, that laughs at fear,  
 And only droops when skies are clear!

Night and the  
 Stars.

The Red Horizon.

A banner woos the sleeping breeze!  
 A sail o'erleaps the Northern seas!  
 As dawn-light threading groves of snow,  
   While crystals to its cordage cling;  
 At eve it floats as currents flow,  
   And calmly folds its canvass wing.  
 It came from conquering Albion's isle,  
 And many a mingled tear and smile,  
 Hopeful smile and doubtful tear,  
   On deck, and shroud, and spar were seen  
 As shore and castle disappear,  
   And fades the distant island queen.  
 On to the zone, the crystal zone,  
 It bounds along and bounds alone!  
 A bird that skims the wavelet meek,  
 But tears the surge with iron beak;  
 A barque that fears not storm or foe,  
 But leaps to meet the billow's blow!  
 On! still on! it cleaves the main,  
   With quivering mast and creaking spar,  
 With flying rope and tightened chain,  
   Swift as a Naiad's ocean car.  
 On! still on!—a panting steed  
 That flies the spur with lightning speed;  
 A meteor shaft that rends the night  
 And leaves behind a line of light!  
 On! until the Northern isles  
   Of azure tinted ice and snow  
 Bar its path with massive piles,

The "Falcon."

The Voyage.

And fetters on its cordage throw !  
 On ! until the evening queen  
 Lights her palace dome with stars,  
 And flings upon the ocean sheen  
 Chains of steel and silver bars !  
 Night in the North !—and cold and drear  
 The breeze that sweeps the Falcon's deck !  
 Clouds in the West !—but bright and clear  
 The star that gems the Eagle's neck ! (4)

The Mariner.

And now the weary Mariner  
 Hath lashed the helm and furled the sail,  
 And dreams of home, and things that were ;  
 Repeats the song and wondrous tale ;  
 And tells, beside the cabin fire,  
 Wild stories of the ocean-wave ;  
 Strange legends of the Typhoon's ire,  
 The Petrel's flight, the Mermaid's cave,  
 The phantom form of phantom barque  
 That madly sweeps the midnight sea  
 When clouds unroll, and skies are dark,  
 And howls the storm-wind fearfully ;  
 Strange legends of the Trident king, (5)  
 Whose throne is 'neath th' Equator's ring ;

The Tale and Song.

And thrilling tales of Corsair proud  
 With loaded belt and glaring eye ;  
 Of soaring wave and sinking cloud  
 That join with columns, sea and sky ;  
 And now the song, the daring song,  
 From wave to island floats along,  
 From peak of ice to field of snow,  
 O'er frozen crag and crystal floe. (6)  
 From lip to lip the chorus springs,  
 And clear each joyous cadence rings,  
 And flash the eyes no fear could dim  
 As rings the dauntless ocean hymn !

### I.

The Mariner—the Mariner !—

His cradle is the wave ;  
 His bride the barque that bears him on ;  
 The coral reef his grave ;  
 His evening lamp, the lightning flash  
 That burns where tempests form ;  
 Nor trembles he when billows break,  
 For God is in the storm !

### II.

The Mariner—the Mariner !—

His heart is on the sea ;  
 His chosen home, the dashing foam,  
 The billows wild with glee ;

He loves the surf, the breaker's roar,  
 Nor fears impending harm  
 When fireballs tip the quivering mast,  
 And madly whirls the storm !

### III.

The Mariner—the Mariner !—

He sleeps beneath the sail ;  
 His pillow is the anchor coil ;  
 His dreams of rock and gale.  
 In vain the struggling winds contend  
 Above his sleeping form !  
 He heeds them not, he fears them not,  
 For God is in the storm !

Sleep.

Then sleep on gentle pinion came,  
 And weary limb and drooping frame,  
 Caught from her lip the breath of balm  
 That stills the bounding pulse of life,  
 Like to the smiling sunset calm,  
 That chides the Ocean's angry strife ;  
 And all beneath the Falcon's wing  
 On couch repose, in hammock swing,  
 While swiftly through the vale of dreams  
 The pennon waves, the sabre gleams,  
 The father frowns, the mother smiles,

The maiden weeps, the foe beguiles,  
And sadly moves the funeral train,  
Or sweetly floats the nuptial strain,  
And troop the elves of Fancy by,  
That dance at eve, at morning die !

One eye, one sleepless eye alone,  
O'er azure vault with diamonds strewn,  
O'er cliff and crag and crystal plain,  
Watched for the storm-chief's sable train;  
Swept, with an eagle glance, the sky  
Where Luna's crescent orb went by,  
Where Sirius lamped the starry field,  
His locks with ocean foam-drops wet,  
And waved aloft his tinted shield  
Of blue inwove with violet. (7)

The Watcher.

Alone, Idallan paced the deck,  
And stormily, as billows roll  
O'er sunken rock or floating wreck,  
Dashed waves of feeling o'er his soul.  
His was a form to lead the strife  
When other hands threw down the blade,  
To battle with the storms of life  
When all around him sank dismayed,  
To struggle on with iron will,  
And though defeated, conquer still !  
Gray lines of mingled light and shade,  
Entwined with locks of raven hue,  
O'er brow and cheek of olive strayed,  
And arched an eye of fireless blue,  
Whose glance was calm, and clear, and cold,  
And spurned the drooping eyelid's fold.

Idallan.

Yet Error round his heart had twined,  
In myriad curves, her serpent fold ;  
And thronged the mystic cells of mind  
With sceptic thoughts, and dreams of old,  
Dark words of scorn, and shapes of air,  
That prison Hope, unchain Despair.  
For him the flow'ret bloomed in vain,  
And vainly crept the tendrilled vine ;  
The spheres led on their vestal train,  
With measured march and chant divine,  
But he, the scoffing dreamer, spurned  
The Godlike truths that o'er him burned.  
That eve he saw each crystal isle  
Float calmly o'er the Arctic sea,  
All radiant 'neath th' Aurora's smile,  
And, like the wave that lashed it, free,  
But murmured as the deck he trod,  
"Chance, or a dream !—there is no God !  
There beams no sign in yonder star,  
There burns no cross in yonder sky,  
No king controls the tempest war,  
No God holds angel court on high !  
There shines no proof of power divine  
On yonder Iceberg's radiant peak ;  
It gleams not on the golden mine ;  
It frowns not on the mountain bleak ;

The Sceptic.

Nor springs it from the flowery sod!  
 Deception all!—there is no God!"—  
 No God!—and yet the impious word  
 Ran tremblingly through every vein,  
 And chilled the pulse of life, and stirred  
 The leaves of thought, till, like the rain  
 'Tween flower and leaf, stole through a gem  
 From Truth's own glittering diadem;  
 And milder thoughts, and gentler dreams,  
 Like blossoms borne on mountain streams,  
 Went floating through the mists of mind,  
 And left a balmier air behind.

Italy.

From bright Italia's cloudless clime  
 To Albion's darker isle he came,  
 In manhood's bold and brilliant prime,  
 To chase the flashing meteor, Fame!  
 With vibrant wing, the sunny gales  
 Of Florence o'er his cradle blew,  
 Where wing-like waved the snowy sails  
 That o'er the crystal Arno flew  
 Neath marble bridge (8) and palace wall,  
 By tower, and tree, and columned hall.  
 There first his planet sank in gloom;  
 There slept his love, the lost, the true;  
 And, garlanding a sainted tomb,  
 Pale violets drank the morning dew.  
 She died—the young, the trusting wife;  
 They saw her fading day by day,  
 And heard the feeble pulse of life  
 Beat softer till it ceased to play.  
 She died—and through each loosened braid,  
 That veiled the mother's drooping head,  
 A child's caressing fingers strayed,  
 And pressed the cheek whence life had fled.  
 She died!—Idallan saw her die!—  
 Closed the pale lips, no more his own;  
 Veiled with its lash the rayless eye;  
 Then stole away to weep alone!  
 They buried her! He stood beside  
 The grave where slept his confined bride,  
 And saw them plant the marble there,  
 And robe with vine and flow'et rare  
 The damp, dark earth that barred the light  
 From orbs close-veiled in hopeless night!  
 Years fled—long weary years—and twined  
 Green laurels on Idallan's brow,  
 Gay trophies of the victor mind

Death.

Wanderings.

Whose bride was dark-haired Science now.  
 O'er many a sea, and many a shore,  
 Where sail or flag ne'er waved before,  
 By many a rock and arid isle,  
 For many a long and stormy mile  
 He wandered, gathering everywhere  
 The stone, the gem, the blossom rare;  
 Exploring gulf, and coast, and bay,  
 And bringing map and chart away;  
 While ever, like a thing of light,  
 A maiden lingered at his side,  
 With playful smile and locks of night,

Like those that graced his Southern bride.  
From golden morn to silvery eve,

From matin chime to vesper bell,  
The father could not bear to leave  
The voice, the smile, he loved so well ;

The Father and  
Daughter.

And every glance of Eva's eye,  
And every pulse of Eva's heart,  
Seemed warmer than a Tropic sky  
When first the flowers of summer start,  
Seemed gentler than the soothing beat  
Of fountain drops on marble floor,  
When leaf and coral droops with heat,  
And burning winds sweep sea and shore.

And when from England's isle he came,  
'Neath England's cross of crimson flame,  
To brave the storm, to face the breeze  
That rides in wrath the Greenland seas,  
That glance of love shone round him still,  
That heart still beat for him alone ;  
And while at night, with iron will,  
*He* watched the tide with mountains strewn,  
Though cold and keen the evening air,  
And spectral-like the Iceberg's glare,  
*She* slept, while on the wings of even  
Came dreams of home and thoughts of Heaven.

One night alone—that starry night,  
When, rapt in musing solitude,  
Not e'en the screaming sea-gull's flight  
Disturbed Idallan's thoughtful mood,  
And strangely o'er his troubled soul  
Dark clouds of doubt and sorrow stole,—  
That night alone she could not close  
The parted lids that spurned repose,  
But while the midnight moments fled,  
And shadowy forms, with soundless tread,  
Stole darkly o'er the curtained wall,  
Like elves that haunt an ivied hall,  
She lingered o'er a Norman tale

Solitude.

Of Templar Knight and Eastern maid,  
Of threatening Baron, sheathed in mail,  
Of truth and truthful hope betrayed,  
And floating on from line to line,  
Like morning bird from flower to flower,  
When first their dew-tipped corols shine,  
Or clears away the summer shower,  
She heard, unmoved, the vibrant chime  
That marked the noiseless flight of Time.  
And she was beautiful—a child  
Of warmer climes and sunnier skies,  
Where e'en th' autumnal blast is mild,  
And blue-eyed Spring ne'er droops or dies.  
Dark silken tress and raven braid  
O'er brow and cheek, in arches, strayed ;  
O'er creeping vein and curve of snow  
Where slept the blushing rose-leaf's glow ;  
Each glossy band, a wave of jet,  
A mourning plume in marble set.  
Her glance was wove of love and light ;  
Its dwelling, lustrous orbs of night ;

Eva.



Its shield, a lily's vestal leaf  
 Half blushing 'neath the warm caress  
 Of vernal sunbeams, bright and brief,  
 But tinged with truth and tenderness ;  
 And dreamily, and calm, and still,  
 It floated on from heart to heart,  
 And woke the slumbering passion thrill,  
 And tipped with fire the Cyprian dart,  
 Till wealth, and mind, and scoffing Pride  
 Plead for a seat at Beauty's side.  
 And she was innocent. The smile  
 That wreathed her lip was warm and true ;  
 Untinged with scorn, unlinked with guile,  
 And pure as drops of morning dew.  
 Her voice was strung with gentle words,  
 A quivering chain of blended tones,  
 Like those that float from singing birds  
 When leaflets drape their forest thrones.  
 And Genius, in his upward flight,  
 Had flung to her a priceless pearl,  
 Clear, as the gems of starry light  
 That gleam where ocean eddies whirl ;  
 Had poured upon her joyous heart,  
 In flashing waves, the fires of Art,  
 And taught her in the moonlight beam,  
 In painted flower, and winding stream,  
 In cliff, and crag, and creeping vine,  
 To trace each artful curve and line,  
 And feel, in Fancy's thoughtful hour,  
 The promptings of immortal power ;  
 And strewn around, lay many a scene  
 Of sunny lawn and sky serene,  
 Dark crayon sketch of cottage home,  
 Of tower, and church, and palace dome ;  
 And here lay barren isles of snow,  
 And icy lakes, and crystal towers ;  
 And there, disarmed of shaft and bow,  
 Love smiled amid the summer flowers.

Genius.

Dreamily droops the maiden's head,  
 As droops a rose at evening's close ;  
 Heavily falls her father's tread,  
 As falls the furious battle blows,  
 When war piles high the smoking field  
 With splinted lance and crimsoned shield.  
 Nearer and nearer comes it now ;  
 A smile flits o'er her lip and brow ;  
 And, tossing bright romance away,  
 She wakes anew the slumbering fire,  
 And bounds to meet her smiling sire,  
 And mingles with his locks of gray,  
 Her own dark tresses ; praying then  
 For some light song of Italy,  
 Some ballad of fay-haunted glen,  
 Some tale of ancient chivalry ;  
 And listening with a dewy glance,  
 While, mournfully, Idallan weaves  
 The mingled threads of Time and Chance,  
 And shapes them into legend leaves ;  
 And treads once more his Southern home,

The Meeting.

And stands beneath the massive dome, (9)  
 Where oft the maids of Florence kneel,  
 And tell their beads with pious zeal,  
 Where columns frown ; a fluted band,  
 That round the silent altar stand ;  
 Then whispers of the hallowed tomb (10)

Where every voice is hushed and low,  
 Where sleeps, in dim monastic gloom,  
 The dust of Godlike Angelo ;  
 Where he, who scanned with tireless eye  
 The floating lights that throng the sky,  
 Who brought each circling planet near,  
 And threw an arch from sphere to sphere,  
 Who pierced foul Error's fair disguise,  
 Famed Galileo, mouldering, lies.

Michael Angelo.

Galileo.

And then, with glance of kindling pride,  
 He paints the myriad gems of Art  
 That live and breath on every side ;  
 From canvass and pedestal start ;  
 And, like the glorious Planct-chime,  
 Fill every soul with thought sublime ;  
 Here, Guido's lines of glowing light,  
 In graceful curves, burn warm and bright ;  
 And here the marble Paphian queen,  
 With snowy form and modest mien,  
 With glance, half love, half sweet alarm,  
 'Round every heart twines Beauty's charm.

The Venus De  
 Medici.

Thus passed a rapid hour, and then  
 Idallan paced the deck again,  
 While softly on the evening air  
 Went up a murmured music prayer ;  
 A hymn of praise, a sacred song,  
 Like those that thrill the courts above,  
 When angel train and seraph throng  
 Tune heart and harp to strains of love.  
 And Eva's faith was pure and true,  
 And earthward many an angel flew,  
 Lured from the chanting spirit train,  
 By one bright maiden's suppliant strain ;  
 So soft and low the trembling tone  
 That breathed its prayer at Heaven's throne.

#### EVENING HYMN.

Father ! bless thine erring child ;  
 Hush the heart by sin beguiled,  
 Peaceful, when its God hath smiled.

Teach my heart to beat for thee,  
 Thou, whom angels wept to see  
 Slain on clouded Calvary.

Teach my soul to rest on thee,  
 Thou, whose armies joy to see  
 Drooping brow and bended knee.

Holy Spirit ! wing thy flight,  
 Dove like, from thy starry height ;  
 Guard me in thy silent night !

Saviour ! calm the waves of fear ;  
 Bid thy bow of love appear ;  
 Arching ever—ever near.

Father ! Saviour ! Spirit blest !  
 Triune God, yet lowly guest,  
 Guide me to thine Heavenly rest !

The prayer was ended. Slumber sealed  
 The lip still warm with tones of love ;  
 And silence, like a guardian shield,  
 Hung darkly from the clouds above.

The Journey north-  
ward.

The morn, the glorious, golden morn !  
 How warmly bright its pennons wave !  
 Gay bands of fire its locks adorn,  
 And wreaths of foam its chariot lave !  
 And onward flies the Falcon now,  
 And Northward points its leaping prow,  
 And fiercely, through the howling seas,  
 It flies before the morning breeze.  
 Around the ice-locked Cape it whirls ;  
 The Arctic air its flag unfurls ;  
 And many a sea it passes o'er,  
 Where Greenland's bleak and barren shore,  
 Close-barred with crag and tower of stone,  
 Flings out its walls and scowls alone ;  
 And onward still, thro' strait and bay  
 Where fields of ice stretch far away,  
 Where prowls the lonely Northern bear,  
 And leaps the deer, and bounds the hare,  
 Where over lakes of ice and snow  
 Flits by the fur-clad Esquimaux,  
 Onward ! 'mid the whirling tides  
 That race thro' narrow avenues,  
 The iron-breasted Falcon glides  
 Where never barque had dared to cruise.

## Discoveries.

Thus days, and months, and circling years,  
 O'er spanned with mingled hopes and fears,  
 Went swiftly by, and left behind  
 New standards, torn by conquering mind  
 From Truth's grim towers ; new gems of light  
 Long hid in Error's covered night.  
 Full many a current's noiseless flow,  
 And many a rock, and headland low,  
 And open bay, and mountain isle,  
 Scarce tinged by Summer's golden smile,  
 Idallan's eye explored, and then,  
 With treasured wealth from Nature won,  
 He seeks proud Albion's shore again,  
 Swift as the Eagle seeks the Sun.

## Homeward.

And homeward flies the Falcon now !  
 To sunnier islands points her prow ;  
 To sunnier climes, where flowers bloom,  
 And darker grows the wild bird's plume,  
 Where earlier flies the winter king  
 Before the balmy gales of Spring,  
 Where leaves are green, and skies are blue,  
 And eyes are warm and brilliant too,  
 And mellow earth and ambient air  
 Their robes of richest radiance wear.  
 Homeward ! Ah ! the sailor's eye  
 Smiles to see the Falcon fly,  
 As fleetly o'er the laughing foam  
 It bounds along and bears him home ;  
 While distant islets fade away,  
 As fades the Sun at close of day.  
 Homeward ! E'en Idallan's brow  
 Is flushed with hope and pleasure now ;  
 With fancy gleams of England's shore,

Of toils and fears and danger o'er;  
 And Eva's step falls lighter still,  
 And wilder dreams her bosom thrill,  
 And dizzying thoughts around her cling,  
     Till glows her cheek, at Love's command,  
 As glows the fragile ruby ring  
     That burns upon her slender hand.  
 Homeward! Now the Southern shore  
     Of Greenland meets her eager gaze,  
 And loud and grand the ocean's roar  
     Drowns feebler tones of prayer and praise.  
 And night rolled on—a starless night—  
     A night of hurrying cloud and storm,  
 Of blazing sky, and billow white,  
     And Danger's dark, monastic form.  
 Alone, within a narrow bay (11)  
 Of circling ice, the Falcon lay;  
 Zone before and zone behind,  
 Its verge with foaming breakers lined;  
 Clouds above and night below,  
 And death in every billow's blow!  
 On it comes!—they saw it rise,  
 And robe in gloom the western skies—  
 A frowning mass of tempest ire,  
 A sea of darkness veined with fire!  
 Onward still! From pole to pole  
 Its chariot wheels their thunder roll,  
 And wilder than the maddened speed  
 Of hunted deer or frantic steed,  
 The cloud, the wind, the surges rave,  
 And Devils guide each howling wave!  
 O! how the straining timbers reel,  
 And curve and crack from yard to keel,  
 While rope and chain are torn away,  
 And, veiled in clouds of stormy spray,  
 The shattered vessel madly dives  
     Headlong against the icy bar,  
 And, like a sea-hawk, fiercely drives.  
     Then soars amid the tempest war!  
 And O! how many a brow is pale;  
     How many a mingled curse and cry  
 Float wildly on the driving gale,  
     From souls that do not *dare* to die!  
 How many an iron heart is stilled,  
 How many an eagle eye is filled  
 With blinding tear-drops, where before  
 Had gleamed no pearls from sorrow's store!  
 How Eva's robes and raven hair  
 Floats loosely 'mid the lightning's glare,  
 As, clinging to her father's side,  
 She checks his wild and daring stride,  
 And trembles like a fading rose  
 When fierce the wind of Summer blows!  
 But O! it heeds them not!—the storm!—  
     The fire eyed storm, that laughs at fear;  
 That revels in the chief's alarm;  
     And rudely spurns the maiden's tear;  
 And O! it heeds them not!—the wave!—  
     The scowling wave no barque could ride,  
 That opens deep a yawning grave,

Night and Clouds.

The Ship Beset.

The Storm.

Danger.

And nods its helm with fiendish pride!  
 It bends, it breaks the straining mast!  
 In ragged pennons tears the sail!  
 And still the whirlwind, blast on blast,  
 Makes every manly spirit quail!

Death!—"Tis a dream—a fitful dream,  
 An hour of mingled joy and pain  
 To those who peaceful die! They seem  
 Pale flowers that sleep to wake again!  
 But *such* a death! Could they but brave,  
 On ocean's breast, the wind and wave;  
 Could they but skim the open sea,  
 Their course unbarred, their pathway free,  
 Each heart would beat with dauntless pride,  
 And scorn the foe so oft defied!  
 But death within a frozen wall!  
 A storm 'mid circling crags of snow,  
 Black waves of cloud o'er spanning all,  
 And dark and deep the current's flow!  
 The thought, in shivering lines of fear,  
 Rends every heart—chills every tear!

The Iceberg!

But hark! that half sepulchered groan!  
 And see! that outstretched arm of stone!  
 It points them to the Western wave—  
*The Iceberg!*—God of Mercy, save!  
 Borne swiftly on the tempest wing,  
 It comes, the threatening monster king!  
 It crashes through the circling floe, (12)  
 While chains of fire around it glow;  
 It parts the surge, it tears the cloud,  
 And sweeps the sea, a tyrant proud,  
 While trembling in its onward path,  
 The Falcon waits its blow of wrath!  
 And nearer gleams its frowning crest,  
 And broader grows its mighty breast  
 That towers above the swollen surge  
 In battlements of ice and snow,  
 While, eddying 'round its broken verge,  
 Mad currents whirl their ceaseless flow!  
*The Iceberg!*—How the startling cry,  
 In tones of frantic terror, rang;  
 And prayers of deathlike agony  
 From heart and lip to Heaven sprang!  
 But cold and stern as island rock  
 That waits, unmoved, the tempest shock,  
 Idallan watched the reeling form,  
 Borne onward by the hurrying storm,  
 Without one word, one trembling prayer—  
 Chilled by the breath of cold despair!

Despair.

The Suppliant.

And Eva saw the rocking pile  
 Sweep downward, like a floating isle,  
 While terror flew from side to side,  
 And courage stood in marble pride,  
 And kneeling by her sire, she prayed  
 And sought a pitying Savior's aid.

O ! madly roared the tempest then,  
Like Tigers in their jungle den,  
As lance and ball around them play,  
While feasting on their mangled prey !  
And fiercely rolled the parting surge,  
Like leaping rock from mountain verge,  
When twisted trunk and slender branch  
Bow to the crashing avalanche !  
Yet kneeling still—still undismayed,  
The suppliant maiden calmly prayed !

*And God replied !* The shifting gale  
Wheeled round into the Northern sea,  
And southward with its dripping sail  
The towering island floated free !  
It dashed upon the circling bar,  
And proudly, as the triumph car  
That swept the columned streets of Rome,  
And bore the laureled victor home,  
It parted wide the breaking zone,  
Its path with myriad fragments strewn,  
And out upon the Ocean wide  
Sailed far away in stately pride !

The Rescue.

The helm ! the helm !—Idallan's cry  
Ran clear beneath the lowering sky ;  
And Hope, new-born in every heart,  
Spread joy around and smiled again,  
As trampled flowers in beauty start  
When warmly falls the genial rain ;  
And ring of axe and metal stroke  
As down the ponderous hammer fell,  
Reviving strength and courage woke,  
And made each vein with ardor swell.  
The deck was cleared ; the tattered sail  
And severed chain replaced, and then,  
With joyous leap before the gale,  
The Falcon plowed the surge again.  
Along the path of foam and spray,  
Where late the Iceberg forced its way,  
The barque glides on, and, freed at last,  
Bends lightly to the Northern blast.  
And every heart is joyful now,  
And warm the flush on every brow,  
Saved in danger's darkest hour  
When worse than vain was human power ;  
Rescued from a cheerless grave  
When God alone was near to save !  
Idallan's soul was bowed at last !  
The slavish chains of Error riven !  
The cloud that veiled his spirit passed,  
And joyous flew his heart to Heaven !  
The storm was hushed—the calm blue sky  
Looked down and smiled benignantly ;  
The surge no plumes of sea-foam wore ;  
The strife of battling winds was o'er ;  
And warm and bright was Nature's smile,  
As sought the Falcon Albion's isle.  
Idallan sat by Eva's side,

Safety.

"God liveth."

And kissed the lip that touched his own ;  
 Quelled was his spirit's impious pride ;  
 His voice had found a milder tone.  
 And oft, when morn and noon had passed,  
 And rose th' uncounted stars of even,  
 And all save Eva slept, he cast  
 One glance at her and one at Heaven,  
 Murmuring, while the deck he trod,  
 Dear treasures these !—*My child—MY GOD !*

#### NOTES.

- (1) Pale warriors armed and helmed with steel, &c.

The effect of refraction upon masses of ice would be to give them varied and singular forms. Says Capt. Parry, in an account of one of his voyages, "The Horizon was very much distorted by refraction in all directions, causing the ice to assume a great variety of *fantastic* forms."

- (1) Th' Aurora bends its bow of fire—

In this, and the following lines, the five different forms of the Aurora are alluded to, viz: the "arch;" the broad glow like "twilight;" the "streamers;" the "merry-dancers;" and the "corona."

- (3) All silent is the night.

Travelers universally speak of the silence which reigns in the Arctic regions, as one of the marked peculiarities of the scene. The same phenomenon has been noted in the Antarctic.

- (4) The star that gems the Eagle's neck.

Altair—the brightest of the three stars in the neck of the Eagle.

- (5) Strange legends of the Trident King.

The ceremony common among sailors, of "crossing the line" is here alluded to.

- (6) C'er frozen crag and crystal *floe*.

A "floe" of ice, in nautical language, differs from a "field" only in being clearer and newly formed.

- (7) ————— his tinted shield  
 Of blue interwove with violet.

"While continuing our experiments on sound, this evening, Mr. Fisher and myself remarked that *Sirius*, which was nearly on the meridian at the time, exhibited the most beautiful *violet* and *blue* colors that can be imagined."—PARRY.

- (8) 'Neath marble *bridge* and palace wall,—

"The bridge of St. Trinita, built of *marble* in 1557 by Ammanati, is designed in a style of elegance and simplicity unrivalled by the most successful efforts of modern artists."—MC CULLOCH.

- (9) And stands beneath the massive dome.

The *Duomo*, or Cathedral of Florence, of which Maclaren says "The interior is very striking, but spoiled by a circular screen of Grecian columns round the altar."

- (10) Then whispers of the hallowed tomb, &c.

In the church of *Santa Croce*, at Florence, lie the remains of Michael Angelo, Galileo, Machiavelli, and Alfieri.

- (11) Alone, within a narrow bay

Of circling ice, the Falcon lay, &c.

The frequency with which vessels are "beset" in the ice has been remarked upon by all Arctic navigators. Ships sometimes remain thus imprisoned for weeks.

- (12) It crashes through through the circling *floe*.

"The peculiar danger of these straits, often noted by former navigators, arises from the strong tides and currents that rush in from the Atlantic, and cause *continued* and *violent* movements among the huge masses of ice with which the channels are filled,"

LESLIE.

## BROKEN LINES FROM AN ANGLER'S WALLET.

## I.

## THE STREAM.

—————"A hidden brook,  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune."

—WHAT! another hill to climb! Yes; or, if you please, a mountain. And the path is none of the best, nor is there a chance for an observation till we reach yon huge rock above. Comrade, although a true Waltonian, rather demurs at a brook that has the presumption to run down a mountain, and would evidently prefer a smooth meadow or open quiet wood. But as there is no help for us but action, we will push on. A few minutes and we are on as high ground as we wish to be—the big rock is gained.

Now, while you are putting your Conroy together, for the murmur of the hidden brook in the gorge is plainly heard, take one look at the Salisbury lake and the blue Norfolk and Berkshire hills, and tell me if you ever saw a scene of more quiet beauty. A sleepy hum comes up from the distant forges; their smoke curls lazily upward in the hazy air; yon skiff scarcely provokes a ripple on the lake, were it not—but Piscator has little eye for scenery and grows impatient.

Look out for the ice that binds those great clumps of moss-covered roots and stones. A ray of sunshine here is a rarity, and, although the gorge in this place is but a slight and shallow wave in the mountains, the frost holds on till the July heats, cooling the fragrant air, and the clear spring stream, and occasionally breaking away beneath the rambler who, too unsuspectingly, trusts his whole weight to its uncertain strength.

A pretty stream and rapid. And these bright runs and dark eddies, what lurking places for the black wood trout! And while we are cutting a ten foot switch, as limber and lithe as a fairy's wand, do you disentangle your extra fine tackle that clings so pertinaciously to those hemlock boughs, carelessly tossed from your highly finished rod, and listen while we deliver a short homily on trout-fishing in the woods.

When you fish among the bushes and in woods, always be satisfied with a plain switch, cut with your jack-knife, and a stout, hair line. In such places you will generally find the best sport; for anybody can fish out the meadows; farmers' boys and girls, who think much of dace and suckers; the old man himself, who is quite certain that trout are growing scarcer every year; the city cockney, who imagines that he is a second Izaak Walton or Christopher North, because he has spent twenty dollars in Fulton street, and has read the first edition of the Anglers' Guide. All these find themselves posed, the minute they get into the bush; the farmer breaks his hooks and scares out large trout from under logs; his boys and girls lose their shoes in the mire and go home with torn clothes; and the cockney finds that there is no room for those elegant casts he has read about, and, to his dismay,



breaks his top joint and loses his fine silk line in the stiff branches, before he has advanced five minutes into the wilderness.

But with care, and a light switch that will bend double, and a stiff line, running through a couple of rings hastily whipped on and fastened in a coil near the hand, and a disregard of wet feet, you can fish the most bushy streams with a success astonishing to even those who have never been able to penetrate the thick bush with their awkward tackle and unskillful hands.

On the contrary, where the stream is large and deep, and especially where it flows much through cultivated country, the best of tackle is absolutely necessary. In such waters a full reel and a long rod will take trout, when their extreme shyness will not allow a near approach with inferior tackle. It is often necessary to reel out hundreds of feet of the fine and almost imperceptible thread, that the old and wary fish may not even so much as suspect the tempter; that the slender gut quivering in the water may cut off all visible connection, and, unseen, lure the giddy trout to his own destruction.

Well done for Piscator! the fellow, while we have been discoursing, has actually cased his rod, followed our advice, and from that black eddy has tossed two noble fish upon the rocks. Noble, we say; for, as yet, the stream is comparatively small, and a couple that weigh nearly a pound are not to be despised. Below we shall find fish not to be tossed out so easily.

Following along the stream, our creels growing heavier and heavier with the spotted beauties, we have gradually threaded a part of the descending gorge, and now stand where the water makes its first sheer plunge down the steep mountain. Every particle of the wave is shivered into foam and spray against those sharp rocks; and from the dark and wind-tossed pool below arises a grateful mist. Hard going down, this. Over every root, and rock, and tree, grows the wet and slippery moss; our hands can scarcely obtain a hold; our feet are sadly puzzled for lodgment; but for these tough shrubs, growing out so friend-like from the almost perpendicular wall, Piscator and ourselves would, before this, have been searching for our bruises at the bottom of the gulf.

Now, in this black pool, look out for monsters! Hitherto, they come from a long run below, but no further; and what better habitation could the bright trout wish, than this rocky and gravelly bin? Our lengthened line, sunk by a plummet, goes to the depth; there is a slight tightening—a slack of a moment, a sudden tug; by the feeling, that is no small fish! and, again there is little room, just here, for what Christopher North would call scientific angling. The trout is there; he cannot go up the fall, nor will he go below; there is no use here for the ringing reel. As the Mississippian does the catty, we must take him out hand over hand with a horizontal pull. He comes slowly; there is no hurry; he cannot well break away, for the hook is firm, and, at a convulsive spring, our hands relax and he wastes his strength on the water; again he yields to the gentle pressure; he comes in sight; what a beautiful back! and, as he wavers, what a sparkling

side! The poor fellow's strength is gone; he nears the shore; a quick grasp secures and lays him on the fresh moss; as elegant a two-pounder as ever fed in the clear running stream. He was the monarch of the flood, and the pool has lost its king.

More, worthy to be his sons, or, perhaps, his younger brothers, lurk amid the depths, shunning the tempting bait, and the fate of their companions. Let us leave them for some brother in the gentle craft, or perhaps for ourselves at some future day, and take another step down the steep mountain.

A tree blown down into the next linn. And its roots are firmly locked at the top, and its branches away in the water below. Completely does it fill the pool with its torn yet budding branches; nature, although reversed, still bids the roots to draw nourishment and the sap to flow; and till some mighty freshet sweep it away, it will effectually secure the denizens of the deep wave from the allurements of the skilful angler.

Not far below, sounds the third waterfall. As we stand at its brink we can just discern, amid the gloom, the progress of the stream through the sloping thicket and level meadows beyond. The descent here is the most difficult of all, and will probably be the best rewarded. Slipping from mossy trunk to rocks overgrown with ferns; catching at roots, shrubs, weeds, anything, to stop us from a heavy fall; now bending a sapling, till it threatens to part from its rocky bed; again dislodging some huge fragment, that thunders down into the gulf, we stand, at last, on tolerably level ground. The sides of the chasm, smooth and black, are relieved by the white flow of the falling stream. The water, shivered at the bottom on a bed of shelving stones, bounds up and falls like rain on the troubled pool. A chilling wind sucks through the gorge; although on the plains the sultry sky is scarcely cooled by a breath of air. And the spot is weird and primeval, as when the red man alone set foot in the forest.

Gently, Piscator; never be in a hurry with a large fish! Like old Christopher, give him a minute to the pound, at least. There is little danger of his breaking away if you draw him so, steadily, and never give him a chance to jerk at the top of the water. A fish is strong there; and we have seen many noble ones lost, when, for the first, they showed their broad black backs above the flood, and then raising their heads as if in their last agony, gave one sharp, vigorous bound, and were off. Now, how gently he comes in; twin brother to the monarch of the upper pool; stay, let us lay them side by side. Lovely pair! In your death you shall not be divided.

The sun is low on the western mountains as we reach the meadow, and here there is an instant change. Occasional rods lying on the bank, from the switch to the sapling, attest with how much eagerness and assiduity every particle of "easy fishing" is sought. And just round yonder bend do we espy an enterprising youth whipping the stream with an immense cotton string, and proudly bearing a forked stick, on which hang, wilted and dangling, three or four Lilliputian trout and dace; the whole scarcely weighing a moiety of a pound. Come Piscator, comrade, our creels are full.

## II.

## THE LAKES.

"Upon thy bosom, silver lake,  
The wild swan spreads her snowy sail;  
Before her breast the ripples break,  
As down she glides before the gale."

Wordsworth would call Old Northwest and its twin brother, mountain tarns. The ascent to them is steep and nearly three miles long. There is something strange and well nigh awful in great sheets of water on high mountains, a disruption of the hills, a new outlet suddenly opening, an overflow, are fearful causes of ruin. A single earthquake, and lo, a second deluge!

The forest hangs gracefully over the water, and casts in every cove and nook a deep and grateful shade. The breeze that is always blowing here, breaks the waves into unnumbered mirrors. Our boat, pulled by strong arms, cuts swiftly through the flood. A slight haze, no bigger than a man's hand, has just risen in the south, promising to veil the bright day, and bring us the sportsman's and angler's delight; "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky."

So long, however, as the glowing orb shows his face, it will be expedient for us to try the angle in the shade. For here, in the broad and glaring light, although the pickerel basks and the lake perch plays, yet they seem careless of food, and spurn the tempting bait, as if indignant at the fraud.

Right here, then, O most chosen comrade, drop the rude anchor. Above, the breeze is stilled by the huge trees that cover us with their boughs, the surface of the flood is but gently moved; and below, in the clear water, the rich dark weeds, and the occasional glance of a bright side, give abundant proof of a plentifully stocked preserve. The silvery minnows, netted so carefully in the brook below, dart in the pail, unconscious of their approaching fate—the keen hook, the shark-like jaws so soon to entomb their quivering inches.

Easily and airily the slender strong line falls upon the water, guided by a rod such as only Conroy can make. The minnow seeks the depths, and, just from his own shallow stream, is probably astonished at the mighty wave; gently he is impelled to and fro, that he may not too lovingly embrace the tangled weeds at the bottom; now almost at the surface; now in the depths; now in—but the line suddenly tightens, and with almost imperceptible sound is swiftly running off the reel. There—the yet unknown leviathan has reached his favorite haunt, and is ravenously but quietly gorging his sweet mouthful! 'Twill not do to hurry him. Old Izaak recommends giving him ten minutes for the quiet enjoyment of his dinner; and we shall certainly allow him half that, while we amuse ourselves in seeing our fellow Piscator take care of that school of perch. The greedy rascals!—no matter how fast their companions are twitched bodily out before their eyes, they come up just as readily, if possible a thought more ravenously, to certain destruction. Evidently disappointment has marked them for her own; the bottom of the boat is strewn with the green and gold beauties, and still they come.

But it is time to attend to the necessities of our friend below. He is manifestly impatient, and by the way he begins to shake the line, the iron has entered into his soul. That was a fine run, and that, another. He is in sufficiently deep water, and shall have his own way, subject, of course, to a few restrictions. Firstly : Mr. Pike, as I see by your silver shine—you must not, on any account, bury yourself in those very inviting weeds, nor again twist yourself around that half-submerged log ; nor, again, must you ask for more line ; for you can't have it ; and, lastly, don't bite the leader off, for, being the very strongest wire gimp, it might possibly injure your teeth. Yet the fellow pulls strongly, and well he may, for as he continually draws nearer he shows an enormous back, and a head beyond all comparison. Weaker and weaker now ; almost gone ; there, he shows his side. He is fairly killed ; and with a stout landing net we draw in a goodly bulk of five pounds, unresisting.

A sullen haze has spread over the sky, and gloom over the water. And as the captured was probably the solitary denizen of this peculiar spot, venture we out more upon the broad lake ; yet not over the deepest water ; for depths there are in these mountain lakes that no sounding line has yet fathomed, reaching down to unknown and exhaustless springs.

A beautiful fish, Piscator, and although not quite equal to the monster of the Cove, doubtless superior to the majority of the finny race that surround us. Better proportioned, too, than any we have met with, so far. His head is within proper size ; whereas a pike, after the common sort, wears his most atrociously enormous ; and appears to be a kind of practical phrenologist. He is troublesomely fond of his smaller neighbors, and manifests his affection in a way inexpressibly gratifying to himself and alarming to them. He is the Malthus of the aquatic world, and takes a more sensible way of inculcating his doctrines, than that gentleman did. He is a decided anti-socialist ; and yet nothing pleases him better than to live in close proximity to a thriving community of little fishes.

Now for a couple of trolling lines and a row to the outlet. The reels swiftly unwind, and as we gently urge the oars, far back a slight ripple on the wave shows where the silk crosses the dividing line between the two elements. Not that we expect much in trolling once down ; not that we care for much ; for, seriously, we doubt the possibility of taking home a moiety of what we have at present ; still it would be gratifying to end off with a good tail-piece to our day's illustrations. Nothing yet ; almost ashore ; there ! the left hand rod goes down like a shot. Pull in !—quick ! before the fish dives to the weeds ! Fairly hooked was this last pike, and not the least of all. He has hardly strength for a gasp ;—we would more fully describe his capture, but unlike Homer's heroes, fish are generally wounded in the same place and in the same manner. And yet, reader your curiosity has been better satisfied to-day, than that of an eager enquirer we once knew of—“ Uncle Ben,” says he, “ where the deuce *do* you catch such splendid sheephead ? ” “ In the mouth,” was the sober reply. C. A. B.

## Editor's Table.

COME is the time of moonlight rambles and mad dogs, of serenades and summer complaints, of softening influences and snakes in the grass, of delicious delicacies and disastrous dysenteries, of dreamy nights and dusty days, of custard creams and crying children, of languid loafers and love-lorn lasses, of an hundred and ten Fahrenheit and another number of the *YALE LIT!* . . . THIS 'getting out' a *YALE LIT* is one of the easiest things in the world, provided, always, that the 'fellow what gets it out' is a pretty good fool (an ugly word that!). He must, *par consequance*, be of the afore-mentioned character, or, in the first place, he would never have undertaken the job. And, having volunteered, and slept upon his honors, and found no escape, he must be of the afore-mentioned character, or, in the second place, he will never succeed.\* When Sirius rages, then is the time for him to *work*. When the scorching sun pours in upon this hand, and, upon that, float 'fine dry particles of earth or other matter,' then is the time for him to *think*. When diminutive insects of the genus *Culex*, 'whose sting is peculiarly painful and vexatious,' chant their lively ditties in one ear, and certain hymenopterous creatures have something keen to say in the other; when winged squatters of various species, claim, without title, a settlement upon the promontory formed by the arcs of the two similar cavities of the organ of smell; when, through the numberless excretories and respiratory apertures of the pellucid and insensible cuticle of the super-stretched retromucosum and of the thicker and very sensible cutis commences the imperceptible evacuatory movement of the luciferous fluids which naturally congregate in the material organized substance of the intelligently mortal animal man—(w-h-e-w!); when very obliging subscribers tap at the door of the sanctum, and leer with interest over the manuscripts, and express most excruciating affection for the dear little sufferer, 'conducted by the students of Yale College' (!), and impregnate the atmosphere with vile Scafarlattis, and stud the rich Wilton with expectorations, and overturn books, and freely and abusively criticise 'the last number,' and knock down the arm-chairs, and slap the editor's face, and slam the door—bang!—then, then is time for him to *write*! And such is time at which we are writing! . . . . THERE is a rumor that the following Curiosities are to be placed in Trumbull Gallery, on exhibition, for the benefit of amiable young men, who are too lazy to take care of themselves. But we give no credit whatever to the rumor:—

Batting from the 'bustle' of life.  
 Bones from the skeleton of a sermon.  
 Brains from the head of a nail.  
 Bricks from the 'arch above.'  
 Bridle of a night-mare.  
 Cravat for a neck of land.  
 Cream from the milk of human kindness.  
 Corns from the foot of a precipice.  
 Chips from a sunbeam.  
 Essays from a pig pen.  
 Fancies from the breast of a chicken.  
 Gloves for the hands of a clock.  
 Handle for a blade of grass.  
 Hat for the head of a discourse.  
 Hairs from the tail of a comet.

Jelly from the current of life.  
 Knots from a string of beans.  
 Kisses from the lips of a rose.  
 Lashes from the 'eye of day.'  
 Lecture from the jaw of a whale.  
 Legs for an Editor's Table.  
 Lock for the trunk of a tree.  
 Music from the horn of the moon.  
 Pants for the legs of a triangle.  
 Pockets for a coat of paint.  
 Shirt for the back of a bill.  
 Stirrup for a saddle of mutton.  
 Teeth from the mouth of a river.  
 Wax from an ear of corn.  
 Water from the running spring of a watch.

\* This idea is not original with the Editor. Macaulay, the man that is so fond of saying 'such smart things,' has got off the same idea, in his critical damnation of Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson; where, after insulting Croker, and black-guarding the old Doctor until not a white spot is left in his character, he turns his vials of wrath upon poor Boswell, saying—"Boswell was one of the smallest men that ever lived. If he had not been a great fool, he would never have been a great writer." According to this fellow, there seems to be hope for us, Editors!

A HAT for a head of cabbage was formerly in this collection ; but applications for it were so numerous that the Managers were compelled to dispose of it at private sale. It was purchased by the man who always happens to be smoking his 'last cigar' ; who never has any change at the Post Office ; who takes married ladies to concerts ; who picks his teeth with a jack-knife, and is assiduously cultivating the shadow of a moustache ; who calls Railway Stations Depots, and a leg a limb ; who abounds in sickly witticisms ; who 'really did not look' at the lesson on which he 'rushed' ; who took an 'appointment' and the consumption, and is otherwise notorious. . . . . **STANDING COLLARS!** They remind us of Freshman days ; of days of toil and trouble ; of obsequiousness and viridity ; of modesty and metaphysics ; of slavish ambition and womanly strife ; of brotherly bugs (oh ! horrors !), and fatherly tutors ! Deliver us, hereafter, from everything like those days ! But we speak of Standing Collars. Three years ago—i. e. when we 'entered College,' i. e. when we *were* Freshmen—Standing Collars, those geometrical appendages to modern gentility, were just as scarce, hereabouts, as—as—as hen's teeth ! There were only two Freshmen that wore the articles ; and as for the Sophomores, and Juniors, and Seniors, why, they were as ignorant of them as—the 'logicker' at Hartford is of Puritan Theology ! Indeed, such was the astonishment with which these white mathematical upstarts were regarded in this little stagnant world, that the 'upper classes,' (whose linens, albeit they were mathematical, were not, if 'Tradition be Authentic,' very white,) looked upon the two unfortunate individuals introducing them, as little better than Innovators, Radicals, who desired to turn the world right side down, and the poor washerwomen right side up. It was then that the humorous Dr. Homes well said,

"Our free born race, averse to every check,  
Has tossed the yoke of Europe from its neck ;  
From the green prairie, to the sea-girt town,  
The whole wide nation turns its collars down !"

But now, mark ye the change ! Standing Collars are up ; their beauty and importance is beginning to be appreciated. They are, now, as numerous in College as are those pestering fellows that live, by day, in dark recesses, in 'some boundless contiguity of shade,' and, by night, 'call 'round' to share your bed with you, and yourself with them. Tarry you upon the Chapel steps and notice the Standing Collars that pass by to their devotions. Of all shapes, sizes, and complexions are they ; inclined at every angle with the Meridian, and rising to all altitudes above the Horizon. Some are fresh, and many are wilted ; some are white, and some are of many colors ; some are stiff, and more never had any stamina ; some are of the genuine cut, and most are of domestic manufacture ; some fit easily, and some tormentingly ; some are quietly sawing off the overshadowing ears, and some slowly drilling, into the windpipe, an outlet for superfluous gas, &c. ; some make

"The uplifted eye salutes the sky,"

and some, with Puritan rigidity, bid the wearer, under the penalty of a severed 'head-stalk,' look neither to the right hand nor to the left. But, barring all the freaks which they play upon those crane-necked, lantern-jawed chaps, whom Nature never intended should wear linen, the genuine, scientific Standing Collar is the only decent raiment for a man's head-stool.

"I know it cuts your ear ;

I know the points will sometimes interfere ;  
I know that often, like the filial John,  
Whom sleep surprised with half his drapery on,

You show your features to the astonished town  
 With one side standing and the other down ;—  
 But O, my friend ! my favorite fellow-man !  
 If Nature made you on her modern plan,  
 Sooner than wander with your wind-pipe bare,—  
 The fruit of Eden ripening in the air,—  
 With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin,  
 Wear Standing Collars, were they made of tin !  
 And have a neck-cloth—by the throat of Jove !  
 Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove !”

....In a recent issue of *Sartain's Magazine*, appeared a short Poem, from that poet of all poets, Longfellow. It is called '*Sands of the Desert in an Hour-Glass.*' We find upon our table the following incomplete imitation, from some facetious pen. The poet seems to have tumbled from his Pegasus, before arriving at his journey's end, and is now, very likely, floundering about in that self-'same mud' of which he speaks so pathetically.

#### MUD OF JUDEA ON THE TOE OF AN OLD BOOT.

A toeful of black mud, from the hot clime  
 Of Juda's sea coast brought,  
 Upon this boot, becomes the spy of Time,  
 The minister of Thought !  
 How many centuries has this black mud been  
 Along those seacoasts strown !  
 How many strange "sa serpints" has it seen,  
 How many histories known !  
 Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite  
 Stuck in it as they passed,  
 When into Egypt, from the Patriarch's sight,  
 They hurried like the Old Harry—fast !  
 Perhaps the boots of Aaron, old and rare,  
 In it lost all their polish ;  
 Or Cæsar's horses kicked it into air,  
 When he went the B'hoys\* to demolish !  
 Perhaps the whale that swallowed Sampson stout,  
 Upon this mud, there scattered like clover,  
 Did, with a thundering belch, heave Sampson out,  
 Who with this same mud was spattered all over !  
 Perhaps—————

Here, probably, the poet fell, as intimated above. Cannot the Christian people of this Christian country be stirred up to send him relief? Have they no bowels of compassion? No? 'not a bowel'? .... EDITORS No. 1 and 2 confess themselves no smokers! (see pages 330 and 380, of this Volume.) It is evident 'to every reflecting mind' that we must publish our principles also. We do 'smoke;' and we think of those who cannot appreciate the delightful and harmless luxury of the Indian 'leaf adroitly roll'd,' as we think of a friend who is indifferent to Music, or Poetry, or a 'gentle being,' or the influences of these twilight hours, dreamily 'whispering like a sea-shell.' We speak not of the 'quid.' We have no love for that—not a bit! and though the

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\* The original history of this race is lost in the fabulous labyrinth of Antiquity. Their exact geographical position has never been determined; nor is it known that they ever existed. STAN. LEE.

elaborate '*Dissertatio de Masticatione Foliorum Tabaci et Ceterarum Rerum Omnium*,' which an old German doctor published more than a century ago, discusses well the 'pleasures and advantages of chawing,' we are content to let alone the 'pig' in all its forms,

'Whether ham, bacon, sausage, souse, or brawn,  
Leg, blade-bone, bald-rib, grisking, chime, or chop.'

It is very common for some, (don't 'flare up,' sir, we have no reference to you!) who affect all sorts of 'propriety' and 'consistency' to condemn smoking and smokers as 'low and vulgar,' and sometimes even as 'immoral!' Their judgement is, no doubt, very satisfactory to themselves. But, after all, we cannot help pitying their lack of sense and charity. We believe it can be proved that temperate smoking is, to a healthy constitution, not only harmless, but exceedingly beneficial—physically and mentally. But we do not intend to do it; for you reason only on this wise—Some lean and billious young student, a smoker, but who burns the 'midnight oil' and daily absorbs large quantities of vile tea and coffee, and 'bacon for breakfast,' and 'salt mackerel, No. 3,' on Sunday mornings, dies, in accordance with natural laws, of liver or heart complaints. Some rubicund and portly lounge of the hotel, an inveterate smoker, but who daily deposits in his stomach ten pounds of beef with a proportional quantity of vegetables, &c., and who spends twelve hours in his arm chair and twelve in his bed, happens, on some still night, to 'slip his wind.' You contemplate these and such facts, and aver that smoking shortens life! But did you make a post mortem examination? We will tell you of 'constant smokers' who lived to a healthy old age. DR. PARR, of whom it is said that his intellectual spark always went out when the fire in his pipe went out, lived to the age of *seventy-eight*. THOMAS HOBBS, 'who smoked to excess,' lived to the age of *ninety-two*. IZAAK WALTON, 'who had a taste for tobacco as well as a love of angling,' lived till he was upwards of *ninety*. DR. WM. LLOYD, 'who was an inveterate smoker,' lived to the age of *ninety-one*. SIR ISAAC NEWTON, 'who was as fond of tobacco as his great master, Dr. Isaac Barrow,' lived to the age of *eighty-four*. Will that do? You say that smoking 'renders the body listless and the mind inactive!' But Robert Hall, the brightest light of the English pulpit—Lord Bacon, the 'wisest of mankind'—Milton, 'whose soul was like a star'—Dr. Isaac Barrow,\* 'a most learned, good and truly pious man'—Sir Matthew Hale, the 'devout and upright judge'—John Locke, and all the literary worthies of 'olden time' were, and many of our time are, good smokers. This fact is recorded in their histories, and we have no reason to doubt it. It suggests a lesson, which we will put into 'elegant versicles.'

These great smokers thus remind us  
We may make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Cigar stumps on the sands of Time!

You say that 'smoking is expensive!' So are boots. So are daily meals. Do you propose to go barefoot? to keep up a perpetual fast? Surely we have no objections! . . . . We like what CHARLES SPRAGUE says in the following lines. And whoever, at 'the dying day's decay,' has applied that anodyne, a fragrant cigar, to his troubled spirit—has experienced its friendly assistance in his private meditations—has tested its sympathies in the dark moments of anxiety and despair—has seen it, with its 'pillar

\* The Historian says of Barrow, 'He was of a healthy constitution used no exercise or physic, besides smoking tobacco, in which he was not sparing, saying it was an *instar omnium, or panpharmacum*!'



of cloud,' shutting off the distracting world, when his mind was wrestling with thought—will join with the poet in his eulogy

## TO MY CIGAR.

"Yes, social friend, I love thee well,  
In learned doctors' spite;  
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,  
And lap me in delight.

What though they tell, with phizzes long,  
My years are sooner pass'd?  
I would reply, with reason strong,  
They're sweeter while they last.

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art  
A monitor, though still;  
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart,  
Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou'rt like the man of worth, who gives  
To goodness every day,  
The odor of whose virtues lives,  
When he hath passed away.

When, in the lonely evening hour,  
Attended but by thee,  
O'er history's varied page I pore,  
Man's fate in thine I see.

Off as thy snowy column grows,  
Then breaks and falls away,

I trace how mighty realms thus rose,  
Thus tumbled to decay.

A while, like thee, earth's masters burn,  
And smoke and fume around,  
And then, like thee, to ashes turn,  
And mingle with the ground.

Life's but a leaf adroitly roll'd,  
And time's the wasting breath,  
That late or early, we behold,  
Gives all to dusty death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe,  
One common doom is pass'd;  
Sweet nature's works, the swelling globe,  
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee now?—  
A little moving heap,  
That soon like thee to fate must bow,  
With thee in dust must sleep.

But though thy ashes downward go,  
Thy essence rolls on high;  
Thus, when my body must lie low,  
My soul shall cleave the sky."

But enough on Smoking. We would 'remark in conclusion,' that we are out of cigars! . . . . THE CHOLERA of 1832 appeared in New Haven on the 11th of July. It remained in the City for 50 days. The number of cases was 44. The number of deaths was 17. It did not enter College, nor disturb its regular session. The City has, thus far, been almost entirely exempt from the Cholera of 1849. Still the 'chances and changes of this mortal life' seem to be exceedingly multiplied around us. Fevers and a malignant dysentery are prevalent, sometimes as fatal as the grim 'pestilence that walketh in darkness,' and it behoves men to take especial care of themselves, now, when the earth and the air and all things seem to be pregnant with the seeds of death. . . . OUR CORRESPONDENTS are as humorous as they are innumerable. Their effusions bubble up with the most refreshing nonsense and the most exquisite agitations of wit; all 'confidential' of course! Listen to this '*Rhyming Lesson*;' it is as 'funny as funny can be,' and as laconic and pithy as our dog's tail, which, by the way, we recently abbreviated:—

Stick to your aim, as flies stick to molasses,  
As bull dogs stick to cows, as sugar sticks to glasses!  
Straight forward in your purpose, as goes the iron track,  
Go about your business, and never get run over by a hack!

In eating dinner, fast not for the pie;  
It may not come, it may be sour and dry.  
Eat what's before you, whether clams or chickens,  
Live in the present, or else go to the—dickens!

Look out for the engine while the bell rings!  
Slap dab the mosquito just when he stings!  
Never knock a man down when you're flat on your back;  
For omnes knocks manet, and omnes manent—*whack!*

ANOTHER correspondent, in an elaborate paper upon the '*Greatness of our Country*,' has this beautiful thought:—'Great men stand like towers above, while small men stand like towers below!'—We suppose that he means shot towers. 'B. G.' is informed that we have read Poetry 'some,' and that we are quite confident that all the poetical

capabilities of '*The Modest Toad stool*' and '*The Gentle Dandelion*,' have been already exhausted by Mrs. Sigourney and Mrs. Childs—who says that a black boy is 'the living gospel of Freedom bound in black!'—(very fine)—and a score or more of boarding-school misses 'of all ages and sexes.' But if we are wrong, we will publish your sonnets. 'JONAS,' you are not original! The '*Epigram*' which you send is older than the 'oldest inhabitant!' If you propose to 'do' any more, you had better pay the postage! But, passing the rascality, the *Epigram* is good enough to print again:—

"It rained a deluge. Joseph reached home late;  
Long tugged the bell; at last popped out a pate.  
'Who's that there ringin' now?' squalls sleepy Bet;  
'Tis I, you jade!' says Joe, I'm wringing wet!"

LARGE quantities of 'learned lumber' are piled up in our Sanctum, chiseled and seasoned, and ready and fit to contribute to the construction of another—the FIFTEENTH VOLUME of this Magazine. But whether this Volume shall be constructed or not, depends entirely upon you who read, not at all upon us who write. We are willing to undergo all toil and drudgery to carry our YALE LIT. through another year, but we cannot undergo the pecuniary expenses. We are willing to drain our poor brains, and that too, without thanks or sympathy, but we cannot drain our purses. You must give us money sufficient to publish the MAGAZINE, or we must stop the Press. We should be very loath to do the latter, yet, if you look at the matter aright, you could not expect us to do otherwise. 250 paying subscriptions are necessary to meet the expenses of publishing a VOLUME of the YALE LIT. . . . In the table of CONTENTS of this Volume, a few articles are entered 'Anonymous.' The authors of some of these articles have never sent us their cards; the authors of others prefer the honors of the 'Great Unknown.' PEGASIDES EPHIPPOS is evidently 'one of 'em.' . . . THE author of the interesting paper, '*Modern Researches in Etruria*,' commenced in No. VI, has not yet furnished us with its continuation. . . . WE have tried every way to lug into this TABLE the cant phrases 'our Maga'—'our beloved Maga'—'dear Reader'—'gentle Reader'—&c. &c., but we can't do it—(horrible pun, sir, but accidental). . . . EDITOR No. 4 has just tapped at our door, to say that he has more than a bushel in store, of wit running o'er, and puns by the score; which he has long kept in pickle as sharp as a sickle, on purpose to tickle all tastes that are fickle! He's a right funny fellow, not a spot on him 's mellow, nor with age is he yellow; and his armor is sheen, and his wit is so keen that fat people grow lean, and the graveest old dean splits his side with a scream; and sedate No. 1 folds up his old pun, and avers that he's 'done,' as he jumps up to run; and No. 2 falls to blowing, for he's full to o'erflowing, and there's no room for stowing; and tall No. 5 to the floor makes a dive, and is roaring so loud that a curious crowd in the street raise a clatter to know what's the matter; and through the sash openèd, No. 3 thrusts his head, and repeats to the folk No. 4's tearing joke; and away run the boys and the dogs and the people, and out peal the bells from each church-tower and steeple, and up comes a breeze that blows down the trees, and overturns houses, and splits open trowses, and scatters all dirt, and overturns all skirts; and of the town, full one half are crazed with the laugh; and horses are neighing, and mastiffs are baying, and babies have fits, and loud mew the kits, and men saw\* their legs, and spoil the eggs in the market-man's stand, and milk

\* Reference is here made to the old Roman custom '*saw off my leg*!' at the delivery of a good joke. Consult *Achpenesezetumguzzle*, Tom. 842, page 7963, *passim*, &c. Lon. Ed.

straightway curdles, and old maids break their girdles all over the land, as onward o'er mountain and moor the joke flies, till, fatigued with the journey, it—stagger—and—dies! . . . We have before us a copy of the Valedictory Poem and Oration, ("Poem and the Valedictory Oration,") delivered before the Senior Class, July 3d, 1849. Our first thought is, that had our printer published these productions, they would have been issued with fewer typographical errors and flashy touches of type and ink. But never mind the shells. The gems lie inside. The Oration is abridged, and it improves much on acquaintance. The Poem has lost none of the beautiful influences that attended its fine delivery. The eloquent addresses to the Rocks—East and West, to the Bay, to the Elms of the College Lawn, and to the Old College Halls, will insure their author 'a remembrance and a name,' as long as those 'twin giants' shall keep their sentinel watch over the city, or the 'broad Bay' shall float a shallop, or the 'dark Elms' cast a shadow, or the 'old Halls' be noisy with the 'earnest toil' of mind.

"Gray rocks, by Heaven's own arches spanned,  
Twin giants guarding sea and land,  
The vine shall wreath thy brows of stone,  
The cloud shall make thy crags its throne,  
When harvests wave and orchards bloom  
Upon each long forgotten tomb.  
Though stern the fate your dark lips tell,  
Farewell, gray ramparts, fare-ye well!

Broad bay, upon whose heaving breast  
The billow waves its battle crest,  
Our shallop helm and dipping oar  
Shall part thy locks of foam no more;  
We may not plow thine azure plain,  
Or count thy snow-tipped hills again,  
Yet while the tides of Ocean swell,  
Farewell, brave billows, fare-ye-well!

Dark elms, beneath whose emerald dome  
Music and smiles have built their home,  
Within whose realm of summer shade  
Our dreams like wanton birds have strayed,  
We shall not see thee clothed again  
With verdant wreath or crystal chain,  
Yet long may leaf to leaflet tell  
Our parting word, our sad farewell!

Old halls, through which the whirling tide  
Of earnest toil and wrestling pride  
Has rolled with many a billow shock,  
As rivers lash the Sundered rock,  
Thine aged walls shall ring no more  
With word or song of ours. 'Tis o'er—  
The changeful dream, the witching spell;—  
One thought is left us;—'tis farewell!"

Why in the world the 'Printing Committee' issued so small an edition (300) of these works, nobody knows. Every one wants duplicates of this, the best Valedictory Poem of our College, but none are to be had! . . . As we write the last words in this last number of this Fourteenth Volume, we are reminded of our arrival at another 'distance post' in our college course. That 'young Eternity,' which this four-years journey seemed to be when we entered upon it, is really coming to an end. The 'college generation,' upon whose heels we have closely pressed, is deserting us; and the light that streams in at the open door, through which it is passing out into the world, kindles within us a desire to leap forth, also,

"Amid the massive enginery of life,  
Where brawny Labor wields the ponderous sledge  
And Genius works with harnessed elements,  
Amid the stunning chaos of the world!"

And yet we sometimes feel reluctant to go. We are persuaded that no happier days await us, than these college days. When they are gone, cares will scowl and responsibilities hang upon us. But these will make the MAN; and even their loss will, in turn, sadden the spirit no less than the loss of these college days.

"Why is my spirit sad?  
Because, 'tis parting, each succeeding year,  
With something that it used to hold more dear  
Than aught that now remains;  
Because the Past, like a receding sail,  
Flits into dimness, and the lonely gale  
O'er vacant waters reigns."

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¶ The FIFTEENTH VOLUME commences with October, 1849.



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